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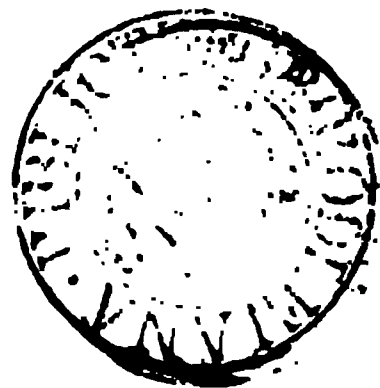
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Per. 3977. d. $\frac{59}{9}$

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW.

EDITED BY
JOHN MORLEY.



VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 1, 1868.

(VOL. IX. OLD SERIES.)

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1868.

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LONDON :
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XIII. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1868.

THE LEGAL BOUNDARIES OF LIBERTY.

“THERE is no right in this country under our laws so sacred as the right of personal liberty.”

This dictum of Baron Bramwell's contains an important truth. But it is not true exactly in the sense in which it would be understood by most persons; and of the jury who heard, and doubtless applauded it, few probably comprehended its full import. There has been current, in fact, of late years so much loose talk about the unlimited freedom of action and speech secured by our institutions, that even those who should know better often seem to forget the existence of the most notorious laws. When the Sheffield outrages first attracted notice, you might hear respectable gentlemen asseverate that such offences must be made illegal. These worthy citizens apparently entertained the impression that maiming and murder, though acts deserving moral reprobation, were not crimes.

The object of this essay is to show: firstly, that the laws are by no means, either in theory or in practice, so favourable to what is generally called individual liberty as many popular modes of thought and of expression would imply; secondly, that the freedom from legal interference which Englishmen actually enjoy, results from the prevailing tone of public sentiment rather than from the nature of our laws.

The right of individuals to combine in order to effect common objects is, it will be admitted one of the most important of the privileges of freemen. That this right of combination must be restrained within some limits is obvious. But an impression prevails that the law of England is specially favourable to this right, and that, speaking roughly, whatever acts may be lawfully done by one man alone, may be lawfully done by ten men in combination. This impression is naturally produced partly by the fact that Englishmen constantly associate together for common objects, partly by the absence from the statute-book of any laws about the “right of association.”

The impression, however, though natural, is grounded on error, for the law imposes, in practice as well as in theory, limitations on the right of combined action, which, if peculiar, are also stringent.

The Courts check combinations, in the first place, by the refusal to recognise a large number of contracts and of rights founded on such contracts, on the ground that these agreements are "contrary to public policy." In other words, the judges possess and exercise the power of refusing to enforce—that is, of virtually setting aside—any contract which is, in their judgment, on the whole, likely to be injurious to the public interest. The tendency of modern decisions to increase this power is so marked as to excite the alarm and censure of some most eminent and conservative lawyers.¹ Its effect in impeding combinations, either among masters² or workmen, is considerable, and must by this time be known even to the general public. The disallowance of agreements which, though not violating any rule of law, are deemed contrary to public policy, indirectly checks combinations.³ But it is not the most powerful weapon which the Courts wield against associations thought by the judges hurtful to the public.

The most effective arm now possessed by the Courts for the suppression of illegal or hurtful associations is the "law of conspiracy." This weapon has been gradually forged by successive generations of judges, and, after having been suffered to rust, has been reset, brightened afresh, and sharpened for use. Its nature and the mode in which it affects the right of combination is not well understood by the public, and well deserves consideration.

Conspiracy is defined by high authorities as "an agreement of two or of more than two persons to do an illegal act, *i.e.*, to effect something in itself illegal, or to effect by unlawful means something which in itself may be indifferent or even lawful."⁴

It has been described by other high authorities as "a combination or agreement between several persons to carry into effect a purpose hurtful to some individual, or to particular classes of the community, or to the public at large."⁵

Both these definitions are substantially the same, and are marked by equal vagueness. Their vagueness and uncertainty become still more manifest when it is noticed that the very term in the definition on which most depends is ambiguous, since "unlawful" means in its primary and usual sense "anything which the law forbids under penalties," and also means in a secondary sense, better known to lawyers than to the ordinary public, "anything which the law will not aid, though it will not immediately punish it."⁶ Thus,

(1) See for example the remarks of J. W. Smith, 1. S. L. C., 334.

(2) *Hilton v. Eckersley*, 24 L. J. 353, Q. B. (3) *Hornby v. Close*, L. R. 2, Q. B. 153.

(4) *Reg. v. Rowlands*, 5. C. C. C. 466.

(5) *Steph. Comm.* 318.

(6) *Cowan v. Milbourn*, L. R. 2 Ex. 236. The second definition of conspiracy avoids

smuggling is unlawful in the sense of being prohibited under penalties. A contract in restraint of trade is unlawful in the sense of being a thing which the law will not aid, though it will not punish it.

So vague and uncertain in fact is the definition of conspiracy, that eminent judges have often been as much perplexed as other men to determine whether particular combinations did or did not come within its scope. Thus, in one celebrated case the same association which appeared to one eminent and learned judge indictable as conspiracy, appeared to his equally eminent and learned brother a perfectly legal combination, and to the majority of the court a combination which was not illegal in the sense of being criminal, but was illegal in this sense, that it ought not to be recognised by the law.¹

The fact that the crime of conspiracy has never received an accurate definition has made this branch of the law a field for judicial legislation cloaked under the form of interpretation, and has further made it the chosen means of the Courts for regulating the equally vague and indefinite right of combination. Hence the law of conspiracy has grown and flourished, and the process of its growth and development is noteworthy.²

It has, in the first place, been clearly settled, both by decisions and by statutes, that masters and workmen stand as regards conspiracy in the same position. The one class may combine to lower, and the other class to raise wages, without exposing themselves to indictment. Masters and workmen³ alike may, as long as they proceed peaceably and without threats or intimidation, direct or indirect, persuade other persons to take the same course as themselves. An employer may persuade a fellow-employer to stand out for lower wages, a workman may persuade a fellow-workman to insist on a rise in wages. It is also perfectly clear that the agreement of several persons by molestation, intimidation, or coercion, to influence the conduct of others, is an indictable offence.⁴ What, however, is coercion or intimidation? Upon the answer given to this question the practical character of the law mainly depends, and it is by their replies to this question that the Courts have interpreted, *i.e.*, in reality enacted, the law of conspiracy. The most elaborate and, at the same time, latest exp'a-

the use of the word unlawful, but lets in ambiguities of an analogous kind, under the term "hurtful."

(1) *Hilton v. Eckersley*, 24 L. J. 353, Q. B.

(2) The Law of Conspiracy is, as regards combinations of masters and workmen, affected by 6 Geo. IV. cap. 129, explained by 22 Vict. cap. 14; but these Acts, as has been said by high authority, re-enact the common law of the land. It should be remarked that though the combinations referred to throughout this essay are mainly combinations between masters or workmen, the principles of the law apply to all combinations.

(3) *Reg. v. Selsby*, 5 C. C. C. 495. Before 6 Geo. IV. cap. 129, workmen and masters did not stand in the same position. The masters might combine when the workmen could not.

(4) *Reg. v. Bailey*, 16 Law Times, N.S., 859.

nation of the law on this point is to be found in Baron Bramwell's charge at the trial of the persons engaged in the tailors' strike. His exposition of the law is so remarkable that it should be quoted as far as possible in his own words. The following is the account of the most important passage in his charge as it is given in the most trustworthy public report:—

“They, the jury, were quite aware of the pains taken by the common law by the writ of *habeas corpus* . . . to secure to every man his personal freedom. . . . But . . . liberty was not the liberty of the body only, it was also a liberty of the mind and will; and the liberty of a man's mind and will to say how he would bestow himself, his means, his talents, and his industry, was as much a subject of the law's protection as was that of his body. Generally speaking, the way in which people had endeavoured to control the operation of the minds of men, was by putting restraints on their bodies, and therefore we have not so many instances in which the liberty of the mind was vindicated as was that of the body. Still, if any set of men agreed among themselves to coerce that liberty of mind and thought, by compulsion and restraint, they would be guilty of . . . conspiring against the liberty of mind and freedom of will of those towards whom they so conducted themselves. He was referring to coercion or compulsion—something that was unpleasant and annoying to the mind operated upon; and he laid it down as clear and undoubted law, that if two or more persons agreed that they would by such means co-operate together against that liberty, they would be guilty of an indictable offence.”¹

The judge's meaning, if any doubt as to it exists, is made clearer by the following passage in his charge:—

“Even if the jury should be of opinion that the picket did nothing more than his duty as a picket, and if that duty did not extend to abusive language and gesture, such as had been described, still, if that was calculated to have a deterring effect on the minds of ordinary persons, by exposing them to have their motions watched and to encounter black looks, that would not be permitted by the law of the land.”

This charge should be read again and again by any one who wishes to know what the law of conspiracy has already grown to, and what expansion it may in future take, under a course of judicial exposition.

It is conspiracy (to begin with) to combine in order to effect an unlawful object, or to effect a lawful object by unlawful means.

Hence it is conspiracy to combine to coerce or intimidate others.

It is coercion or intimidation to restrain or threaten to restrain another person's liberty. Hence it is conspiracy to combine for objects, even though lawful in themselves, if it is intended (in order to effect them) to restrain another person's liberty.

Since, further, liberty means freedom of the mind and will, as well as freedom of the body, it is conspiracy to combine against another person's liberty of mind and freedom of will.

But liberty of the mind and freedom of will are menaced when a

(1) *Reg. v. Drewitt and others*, 16 L. S. N. S., 855.

person is threatened with, or exposed to, having his conduct influenced by anything unpleasant or annoying to his mind.

But it is unpleasant and annoying to the mind to encounter black looks.

Therefore it is a conspiracy for two or more persons to combine together to influence others by black looks.

The law of conspiracy has, it will be seen, developed to extraordinary proportions, and may assume a yet larger growth, if legal casuists work out the results which flow from Baron Bramwell's conception of a conspiracy against freedom of mind and will.

It is probable that his words are not to be taken as really applicable to all the cases to which they might in strictness be made to apply, and it is possible that by conspiracy against the freedom of mind nothing more is meant than a conspiracy against the freedom or comfort of the body with a view to influence the mind. Still, it is perfectly obvious that the law as represented by Baron Bramwell, and no one can represent it with more authority, attaches a very wide and flexible sense to the word intimidation. What acts, however, the law of conspiracy has punished in the past, and what it may probably or possibly punish in future, will be best seen by a few examples.

It is, of course, intimidation for A to inflict bodily harm upon B, or to threaten to inflict bodily harm upon him, and it is, of course, therefore, conspiracy if A and C threaten to inflict bodily harm upon B in order, say, to induce B to join their club. So far every one is agreed, and the law and common feeling exactly coincide.

But a somewhat more complicated case may arise. A and B agree not to work with C because C will not join their club, or because, having joined it, he declines to pay up his subscriptions. Equally fair-minded persons will hold different opinions as to whether this conduct does or does not amount to intimidation. On the one hand it may be urged that C is certainly threatened with injury, it may be very great injury, by A and B. On the other it may be maintained that as A and B are under no positive obligation to work with C, their conduct, though it may be foolish, and in many cases morally wrong, is not intimidation or an undue infringement upon C's rights. It must also be remembered that if A and B refuse to work with C, C and his friends may refuse to work with A and B; and that if, on the one hand, C's independency must be respected, so also must the right of A and B to choose what associates they like.

Whatever may be the decision of the public, or of impartial men, on this point of casuistry, the decision of the law is perfectly clear. The law holds that C is coerced and intimidated, and that A and B are conspirators. Thus a real case arose almost exactly parallel with the supposed one. A trade society fined a member for disobedience to rules. On his refusal to pay the fine, the other members of the

club declined any longer to work with him, and thereby deprived him of employment and compelled him to pay the fine.¹ The members of the union were in consequence of this conduct convicted on a charge of conspiracy. This case exactly illustrates the legal view of the crime. It would be difficult to show that any one of the acts complained of were in themselves illegal, or, at any rate, that they would have been unlawful if done by one man acting alone, or by each of the members of the society acting *bonâ fide* without an agreement. In other words, A may decline to work with C because C does not pay a fine due to his union. So, again, may B or D. But if A, B, and D agree to pursue this course of conduct, they conspire.

In perfect conformity with the decision in the case referred to, it has been decided that it is a crime for workmen to give notice, though without any other menace, that they will not remain in employment with one of their fellow-workmen unless he joins their union.²

Take now the following imaginary case. A, B, and C are physicians, who are justly shocked by D, a fellow-physician's unprofessional conduct. They decline to consult with him, and even cut him in public. Are they guilty of intimidation and conspiracy? Certainly they would not generally be thought criminals, though possibly the correct legal answer to the question is, that if they act in the manner supposed, each man acting simply in consequence of his own sense of professional propriety, they have not violated the law; that if, on the other hand, they act by agreement, they are conspirators. As a matter of fact, this nice question will never be raised, in all probability, before a Court of Law. If, however, the supposed physicians should be put on their trial, they might find some difficulty in distinguishing their case from "*Skinner v. Kitch*," and their counsel would be hard pressed by Baron Bramwell's dicta as to combinations against freedom of mind and will.

Take another case, by no means so unlikely to arise, and which, if it does arise, is certain to give employment to the Law Courts. A body of men on strike wish to know what members of the working classes do or do not take employment with certain masters. Warned by Baron Bramwell's charges, the men on strike are most careful not to address the other workmen in language good or bad, but pickets are employed simply to watch certain work-places, and to follow, without in any other way annoying, certain workmen. Are the pickets and their employers conspirators? They certainly are so, if their object is to annoy the men they watch. But a question may arise whether the mere watching and following is in itself an unlawful act. On the whole, an impartial reader of recent judgments will incline to think that in the supposed case the men on strike

(1) *Regina v. Hewitt*, 5 C. C. C., 162.

(2) *Skinner v. Kitch*, Law Reports, 2 Q. B. 392.

conspire; for it is not even certain that one man can follow another to an extent which becomes annoying, without incurring considerable risk of being subject to a criminal charge.¹ Yet if the course of action we have supposed amounts to conspiracy, it will in many cases be practically impossible for workmen to carry out a strike without a violation of the law.²

It is not to our purpose to follow further the casuistry of the Law Courts. It has, it may be conceived, been sufficiently shown that the law places very stringent limits on the right of combined action. It is no doubt true that the law is most careful of individual liberty; that is, the law considers each man, when acting alone and in his individual capacity, to have a right to pursue almost any course of action which is not directly in violation of the law; and, moreover, the law is always prepared, when the rights of individuals, acting singly, come into conflict with the rights of persons acting in combination, to sacrifice the right of combination to the right of individual liberty. There is much to be said in favour of this course of proceeding. There is also something to be said against it. What is, however, of immediate importance is, that at a time when there is a constant tendency for conflicts to arise between what may be called social and individual rights, the view taken by our Law Courts as to the rights of individuals, and of combinations of individuals, should be as clearly understood by the public as by the judges.

The law, it has been shown, restricts the right of combination. The law also places strict limits on liberty of speech and freedom of discussion; though many of our readers will not believe that this is so, partly because the restraints of the law are often in practice overstepped with impunity, partly because we have all so often boasted in one form or another that England is—

“The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will,”

as to make it difficult to realise that laws exist and are occasionally put in force which are distinctly opposed to the liberty of discussion. It may however be confidently asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the law interferes at once with freedom of discussion and with religious liberty. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to assert that the right to religious liberty has never in theory been recognised by the law of England. Theoretical intolerance has lived on in the Law Courts modified by a large amount of practical toleration existing in the world without them, and by statutes which remove the legal penalties attached to religious heterodoxy.

(1) *Reg v Bailey*, 16 *Law Times*, N.S. 859.

(2) *Reg. v. Selsby*, 5 C. C. C. 495. Some expressions in this case seem almost to imply that the kind of watching supposed would not be illegal, but these expressions are hardly consistent with the language used by Baron Bramwell.

The Christian religion, though the fact may often be forgotten, is still part and parcel of the law of the land, and "the maintenance of blasphemous and impious opinions, contrary to the doctrines and principles of the Christian religion," is, by statute, no less than by common law, a "detestable crime."¹ It may be thought that no more is meant by this than that it is criminal to speak with contumely and wanton scurrility of the Deity or of the religion of the State. This view derives some support from statements of eminent jurists, such, for instance, as the following passage from Blackstone:—"Though it is clear that no restraint should be laid upon rational and dispassionate discussions of the rectitude and propriety of the established mode of worship, yet contumely and contempt are what no establishment can tolerate." But this view, though natural to a modern Englishman, is not correct. It may further be thought that the statute 9-10 Will. III. c. 32, and the doctrine that Christianity is the law of the State, are for practical purposes obsolete. Any one who entertains this opinion is mistaken. A recent law case² shows at any rate what is the law as to the right of religious discussion in the opinions of the Barons of the Exchequer. The case is so remarkable, and deserves so much attention, while it receives so little, that we may be allowed to give a somewhat minute account of it.

Mr. Cowan, as secretary of a Secular Society at Liverpool, hired a room of Mr. Milbourn, the defendant, for the delivery of lectures in advancement of the views of the society. The subjects of the lectures were advertised. Among these subjects were the following:—"The Character and Teachings of Christ, the former defective, the latter misleading;" and "The Bible shown to be no more inspired than any other book." It was further intended by Mr. Cowan to give a ball and tea-party in memory of Tom Paine. Neither were the lectures delivered nor the ball given. The Chief Constable of Liverpool called on Mr. Milbourn, and informed him that if the lectures were allowed, opposition would be made to the renewal of a license attached to the rooms. Thereupon Mr. Milbourn refused to carry out his contract to let the rooms, and Mr. Cowan brought an action to recover damages for the breach of the bargain. The judge of the Passage Court at Liverpool ruled that the lectures announced were blasphemous and illegal, and the contract therefore void. This ruling was on appeal upheld by the Barons of the Exchequer. It may be well to quote some part of these judgments *verbatim*.

"It would be," says Sir Fitzroy Kelly, "a violation of duty to allow the question raised to remain in any doubt. The question is whether one who has contracted to let rooms for a purpose stated

(1) 9-10 Will. III. cap. 32.

(2) Cowan v. Milbourn, Law Rep., 2 Ex. 230.

in general terms, and who afterwards discovers that they are to be used for the delivery of lectures in support of a proposition which states, with respect to our Saviour and His teaching, that the first is defective and the second misleading, is bound to permit his rooms to be used for that purpose in pursuance of that general contract. There is abundant authority for saying that Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, and that therefore to support and maintain publicly the proposition I have mentioned, is a violation of the first principles of the law, and cannot be done without blasphemy. I therefore do not hesitate to say that the defendant was not only entitled, but was called on and bound by the law to refuse his sanction to the use of his rooms for this purpose." Baron Martin was quite of the same opinion, but protested against the notion "that this is any punishment of the persons advocating secularist opinions, it being merely the case of the owner of property exercising his rights over its use."

Baron Bramwell coincides with the judgment of his brothers, with this important difference, that he apparently grounds his judgment not so much on the breach of the common law, as upon the fact that the lectures were an intended violation of the statute 9 and 10 Will. III. cap. 32, which prohibits the denial, "by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking," that "the Christian religion (is) true, or that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament" are "of Divine authority." He also expresses satisfaction at the result of their lordships' judgments, on the ground that "the placard must have given great pain to many of those who read it."

It is not in itself specially remarkable that an Act should remain on the Statute Book not consistent with ordinary modern liberal feeling. It is, of course, also, not a subject either for blame or for praise that judges should carry out the provisions of any existing Act, whatever be its character; and as long as 9 and 10 Will. III. cap. 32 remains on the Statute Book, occasional victims like Mr. Cowan will be caught in its meshes, though such victims may be cheered or provoked, according as care for their principles or for their pocket predominates, by the reflection that the very same sentiments which they happen to find a difficulty in delivering are propounded by authors of reputation, and published daily by publishers of good repute. The judgments, nevertheless, of the Barons of the Exchequer are worthy of remark.

These judges give a sense to the word "blasphemy" different from and far more comprehensive than what it receives from the usage of common life, or of writers who, on questions of language, are at any rate authorities not of inferior weight to the Barons of the Exchequer.

Blasphemy, according to Dr. Johnson, is "properly and strictly" "an offering an indignity or injury unto God Himself, either by words or writing."

In a Law Court it must be presumed words are used in their "strict and proper" sense ; but if Johnson's definition is correct, it is difficult to make out that Mr. Cowan is guilty of blasphemy. In order to establish this, you must have recourse either to the doctrine that all attacks on the religion of the land amount to blasphemy, or to a very remarkable interpretation of the doctrine that "Christianity is part of the law of the land."

The principal importance, indeed, of "Cowan v. Milbourn" lies in the application given by the Chief Baron to this legal dogma. Christianity, he lays down, is part of the law of the land ; and, therefore, to maintain that the character of Christ is defective is blasphemy. To make out this conclusion it is necessary to supply the suppressed premise that the Christianity which the law recognises is necessarily Trinitarian Christianity. If so, it follows not only that Christianity, but that Trinitarianism, is part and parcel of the common law of England. It is, perhaps, a little difficult to see how the dictum handed down from judge to judge, that Christianity is part of the law of the land, can be modified into the doctrine that Trinitarianism is part of the law of the land, unless the common-law judges are able to answer dogmatically the question, what are the essentials of Christianity ? This inquiry has been found one perplexing to the minds of as profound theologians as are the Barons of the Exchequer, and is one to which even the collective wisdom of the Bench may find it somewhat difficult to give an answer.

The Barons of the Exchequer are, if not the highest authorities on points of speculative theology, certainly very high and most reliable authorities on questions connected with the law of England. Their decision completely bears out the assertion that our laws are not tolerant of free religious discussion, for it is apparent that this decision rests on principles far wider than were absolutely required for the determination of the case. The Chief Baron, at any rate (and it would be difficult to name a lawyer of higher authority), obviously holds that the delivery of the lectures was "unlawful" in the strictest sense of that word.

The consequences that follow deserve notice.

In the first place the repeal of 9-10 William III. cap. 32 will not, it is obvious, of itself provide for freedom of discussion on the subject of religion, for there would still exist the impossibility of controverting any of the main doctrines of Christianity without violating the principles of the common law. It is, further, almost certain that publishers are "bound" by law not to publish many works which now issue every day from the press, without subjecting either author or publisher to legal penalties ; for it is scarcely conceivable that if Mr. Milbourn was "bound" not to allow the lectures to be delivered, he could have been at liberty to publish them. There

exists one celebrated book, the main gist of which might be pretty accurately summed up in the titles of Mr. Cowan's proposed lectures. We never, however, heard that either Professor Newman or his publishers incurred legal penalties for publishing "The Phases of Faith."

It further results that the public propagation of anti-Christian doctrines is, if not directly illegal, at any rate impracticable without violation of the law. Suppose, for example, a fervent Jew wished to propagate his religion. He must of necessity discuss the claims of Christianity. He certainly could not do so with any effect unless he were at liberty to argue that the teaching of Christ was erroneous. Yet this he could not publicly maintain without violating the law which makes Christianity parcel of the law of the land. A somewhat similar remark applies to the position of a thoroughgoing Unitarian who wishes to spread his creed. It is, therefore, possible that we may have the edifying spectacle of a Unitarian judge pronouncing from the Bench lectures, of which the object is the promotion of Unitarianism, to be in violation of the common law of England, and blasphemous.

Another consequence may be suggested as at any rate possible. If any one will reflect on the combined effect of the law of conspiracy, and of the common law with regard to blasphemy, he will perceive the possibility, not to say probability, that the promoters of any scheme for the propagation of new forms of belief may find themselves unexpectedly conspirators. Thus, it is at least possible that the Liverpool Society of Secularists may have been guilty of conspiracy, since they seem to have been a combination to effect an unlawful end, to wit, an attack on that Christianity which is the law of the land, by unlawful means, to wit, the delivery of blasphemous lectures. If they should ever be indicted it will be some consolation to them to reflect that other more celebrated societies have come very nearly within the grasp of the criminal law.

It has now, therefore, been shown that the law imposes strict limits on freedom of action and freedom of discussion. It will, however, be said, and with much force, that obsolete statutes and isolated decisions of the Courts are not of much consequence except to the unhappy victims who occasionally suffer such inconveniencies as befel Mr. Cowan.

But in truth the importance of the existence of legal theories which are rarely introduced into practice, and of statutes which are rarely quoted, is not to be measured by their immediate effect. Their importance consists in this—that as long as the law is in theory either intolerant or oppressive, our security for the existence of practical freedom depends, not (as it should do) on the maintenance of laws which cannot be changed without due deliberation, but on the permanence of a condition of public sentiment which fluctuates from

day to day, which has undergone great changes, and which may at any moment undergo changes still greater.

It is, however, supposed that the current of English feeling sets so strong in favour of personal liberty and of freedom of opinion that it is certain always to check the working of laws which tend in an opposite direction. This supposition rests on a very slender and insecure basis. There is no doubt much talk current in favour of freedom and toleration, but in truth modern Englishmen are not specially zealous either for liberty of action or for the free propagation of opinion. The most that can be said with truth as to the sentiments of the public on any question regarding the limits of liberty, is, that it is too uncertain, indefinite, and capricious, to be called either systematically tolerant or systematically intolerant.

It will scarcely, for example, be easy to find two men who represent the good sense, and what may be called the average feeling of the day, better than Baron Bramwell and Baron Martin. Yet when a question regarding toleration comes before them they are at sea. We do not say this because they gave judgment against Mr. Cowan. They were most probably perfectly right in holding that Mr. Cowan had broken the law, and so holding, were bound to give the judgment they delivered. Our remark has reference not to the judgment they gave, but to the sentiments with which this judgment was accompanied.

Baron Bramwell did not regret the result of their judgments, because the placard "must have given great pain to many who read it." He must, therefore, be taken to think that opinions ought not to be published offensive to the public among whom they are propagated. A lecturer gives "great pain" in Glasgow if he advertises lectures against the observance of the Sabbath. A lecturer gives "great pain" to many persons in Cork if he advertises lectures of which the object is to show that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is false. It would not be fair to assume that if means were found, without breaking the law, to put an end to the advertising of anti-sabbatarian lectures in Scotland, or anti-Papal lectures in Ireland, Baron Bramwell would "not regret the result." No doubt he would regret it, but it is, perhaps, not unfair to assume that he entertains no very fixed theory as to the due limits of religious toleration.

His brother judge is exposed apparently to the same criticism, for he "protests against the idea" that it is any punishment to persons advocating secularist opinions, that they cannot make a valid contract for the room in which their lectures are to be delivered.

If, as might after all be the case, the secularist lecturer found that contract after contract was broken through, to his damage, we conceive that he would feel this, if not a "punishment," certainly a very unpleasant consequence of his opinions.

If learned judges and pre-eminently sensible men show a certain vagueness and uncertainty in their views of the just boundaries of individual liberty, the mass of the public, who are neither learned nor sensible, are certain to entertain still more vague and indefinite opinions.

Let us take one example, and one example only. If you ask any ordinary Englishman how the United States ought to treat the Mormons, you may receive various answers in reply to your question, but almost any answer likely to be received will show that your friend is in the greatest confusion as to what are the right limits of liberty. A, who is always talking of toleration, will tell you that Mormonism must be put down by fire and sword, because Mormonism is immoral. B, who is a fanatical foe to priests, and an enthusiast for the rights of women, may, for all that, reply to your question by an eulogy of a State ruled by the basest priestcraft, and which solves all questions about women's rights in the same sense in which the Southern Confederacy solved all questions as to the rights of labour. Your first friend seems to hold that nothing should be tolerated which is opposed to ordinary morality; your second, that there is a strong presumption in favour of any system which happens to be opposed to the moral doctrines accepted by the mass of the world.

Englishmen, happily, are not forced to come to any practical decision as to the treatment of the Mormons; but a public which cannot decide in theory how the Mormons ought to be treated, cannot entertain any very definite views as regards many of the social questions which will require practical solution.

Public opinion is, therefore, no sound basis on which to rest as a security against the practical operation of laws which in theory are not favourable to freedom. No doubt it is possible, and even probable, that the laws will, as heretofore, be administered in accordance with what is on the whole a tolerant public opinion. The law of conspiracy may remain, and even receive considerable extension,—though here we own to the existence of a practical danger,—and yet men may enter into combinations freely; and the laws against blasphemy may remain, and yet books be published and speeches delivered week by week, which in the view of the law, though not of the public, are “blasphemous.” But another course of events is possible, if not equally possible. Public opinion may encourage, instead of checking, the severe administration of the law. In this case the law of conspiracy will almost imperceptibly impose restraints on the action of any association which the majority of the public happens not to approve, while the law of blasphemy will check the public discussion of all or any of the fundamental questions of religion.

A. V. DICEY.

THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS.

(A LECTURE DELIVERED AT BRADFORD, MARCH 27, 1867.)

PART II.¹

“AN exemplary life and a reputation that stood deservedly high,”—such is the verdict pronounced by Tacitus himself on the first fifty-six years of Tiberius. That in new circumstances and advancing age a man who had earned such a character might to some extent deteriorate is possible and credible. The mildest temper may be soured by calumny and misfortune. The firmest courage may be shaken by a continual sense of insecurity. An honourable disposition may be grievously perverted by sophisms. But all this within limits. The really great criminals of history have been made of other stuff, and have not deceived the penetration of their contemporaries during half a century. Nor were the circumstances in which Tiberius now found himself so very unlike those which he had already proved. Misfortune had beaten on him from his cradle. If as emperor he was haunted by the spectre of assassination, as a subject he had known what it was to live for months in constant expectation of the death-warrant. He had tasted the bitterness of death itself in those four days that preceded his retirement to Rhodes—

*Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditio
Ingressus, Manesque adiit Regemque tremendum.*

On the other hand, an arbitrary, tyrannical, or sanguinary temper could not but have blazed out during the many years when he had wielded the absolute, irresponsible, and often frightfully abused power of a Roman general in his province. Here is the moral problem we are called on to solve. It is easy, if one is dull, to say that such a life exhibits many virtues and many vices.² It is tempting, if one is brilliant, to dispose of it in a cascade of epigrams.³ This is to restate the problem, not to solve it. Literary men are never disturbed by difficulties and improbabilities so long as their periods are neatly rounded. A moral contradiction has even a relish for them, as

(1) Considerable additions have been made to this part since it was delivered as a lecture.

(2) *Τιβέριος πλείστας μὲν ἀρετὰς πλείστας δὲ κακίας ἔχων*.—Dion, lvi. 28.

(3) “Egregium vita famaue quoad privatus vel in imperiis sub Augusto fuit : obcultum ac subdolum fingendis virtutibus donec Germanicus ac Drusus superfuere : idem inter bona malaque mixtus incolumi matre : instabilis sævitia sed obtectis libidinibus dum Sejanum dilixit timuitve : postremo in scelera simul ac dedecora prorupit, postquam remoto pudore et metu, suo tantum ingenio uidebatur.”—Tac. Ann. vi. 51.

affording material for pungent antithesis. But we, who simply want to find out how the facts really stand, shall instinctively distrust these sensational pictures. If we can see our way to a probable and consistent theory we shall be satisfied. If not, we will confess that all is darkness. But at any rate we will not go on repeating a tale that is an insult to plain common-sense.

Tiberius had been invested with the tribunitian and proconsular powers during the lifetime of Augustus, and therefore during the last ten years he had been rather his associate in the empire than his heir-apparent. Independently of this advantage, there was no one who could for a moment be put in comparison with him. Tacitus does indeed labour to produce the impression, by insinuation, rather than direct assertion, that the popular choice, had it been free, would have fallen on the young Germanicus. No doubt the gallant and showy qualities of this young man had made him a general favourite. As little doubt that the serious and ascetic manners of Tiberius, his shrinking from all idle display, his avowed preference for old Roman sobriety and discipline, had made him disliked. But when rulers are to be chosen, a people—or rather, those who in such junctures sway the judgment of the people—will not forget the more solid qualifications for government. And it happens that Tiberius did not assume the full powers of Augustus at once, as he might have done, but waited until they were urged upon him by the Senate. His conduct on this occasion (so hard are some people to be pleased) has been generally set down as hypocrisy. The opportunity is convenient for saying a few words as to his mental peculiarities. He was not a man of thoroughly great and noble mind, like Julius, or Cromwell, or Danton. He had not that self-confidence, that sense of superiority, that noble carelessness of spirit which cannot be troubled by slander and detraction. He was tormented by a perpetual suspicion that he was disliked and underrated by his fellow-citizens. And yet, on the other hand, he knew that he was an able man. He was conscious that he meant well; and he was in a state of chronic indignation against his contemporaries because their affections were evidently bestowed on less worthy objects. But he was not only a sensitive man: he was a proud man. His conscience told him that it was not a noble thing, or a right thing, this fretfulness at popular injustice, this eavesdropping, as it were, to catch the whisper of vulgar criticism. So he laboured to persuade himself that he did not care for it. He started back whenever he found himself doing or saying a popular thing. He found comfort in being able to assure himself that whatever might be his inner weakness, he had never allowed his action to suffer from it. It is recorded of him that a maxim frequently in his mouth was, *Oderint dum probent*—let them dislike me, provided in their hearts they respect me. And even Tacitus drops the remark

that he was ambitious for the approval of posterity rather than of his contemporaries. The words of Velleius, too, will be remembered, that "he cared more for the approval of his own conscience than for what the world might say of him." These writers, however, only half understood Tiberius. If he had really been as indifferent to the opinion of others as they say he was, he would have been a greater and happier man. He is not the only man whom a morbid sensitiveness has driven to assume a cynical exterior.¹

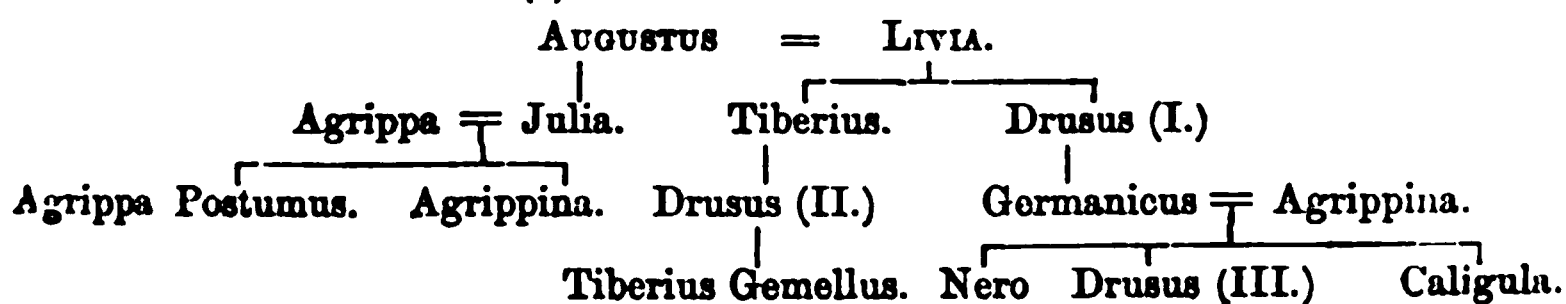
Now when Tiberius showed a certain hesitation in accepting the part which the Senate pressed upon him, Tacitus is quite right in saying that he desired to discover what the principal citizens really thought of it. But the suggestion that he was laying a trap for them is as malevolent as it is unnecessary. Twenty years before, when he saw his own just claims slighted, and the young Agrippas put over his head, he did not stoop to any rivalry with them. He proudly flung up office and retired to Rhodes. And after a long and careful study of his character, I have little doubt that if the Senate had shown any indisposition to trust him with supreme power he would have once more retired from public life. I will go further, and take upon me to say that any one who believes that in the year 14 A.D. a *coup-d'état* was possible, and that Tiberius, or any one else, could have stepped into the shoes of Augustus in defiance of public opinion, shows a profound ignorance of the political situation at that time. It is clear that no one dreamt of returning to the so-called republican constitution. The great nobles felt towards Augustus and Tiberius as an oligarchy always will feel towards one of its members who has overtopped the rest. The grievance was a personal one. Each nobleman chafed at the precedence of the chief of the state because he coveted it for himself. The reigning family came of no royal stock. Their dignity was still green. Augustus and Tiberius were both born simple nobles. The English peerage submits without soreness to the solitary dignity of our present royal family. But if a revolution were to place Lord Russell on the throne, we can under-

(1) The features of Tiberius are well known to us. The development of the upper part of the head is truly magnificent. The eyes are, as Suetonius says, "*prægrandes*," but not prominent. The nose is slightly aquiline, and there is considerable dissimilarity between the two profiles. But what strikes the observer most is the lower part of the face, which betrays that deficiency in confidence and resolution which Tiberius was ever trying to correct. The mouth is small, and almost as beautiful as that of Augustus; the dimpled chin literally insignificant. The face of the fine sitting statue in the Vatican has a very marked and, to my mind, pleasing expression. In the bust in the British Museum we see the same contrast between the upper and lower development, the same peculiar expression, sweet, here, almost to feebleness. But it is in the wonderful colossal head at Naples that we see the Tiberius of Capræ. I cannot think that it represents him in youth. The upper part of course retains its noble proportions. But the mouth and chin, originally insignificant, have lost flesh and fallen away. There remains a face wasted with misery, on which are written wrongs, disappointments, and chagrins.

stand how a Stanley or a Cavendish would feel towards him. That was how a Piso or Æmilius felt towards Tiberius. What Tiberius had to dread was not any collective action on the part of either people or nobles. The people deliberately preferred imperial government. The nobles knew that it was inevitable. The real danger was of conspiracy among individual nobles, with a view not to overturning the throne, but changing its occupant. Julius had fallen under the daggers of such conspirators. The existence of murderous plots by nobles of the highest rank against Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius is beyond dispute. Tiberius, however, had no reason to apprehend that a single voice would be publicly raised at Rome against his accession, for there was not a single nobleman who could have found a party to support him. It was indeed possible that the army of the Rhine, which had mutinied for increase of pay and other concessions, might proclaim their general, Germanicus, emperor if he promised to grant their demands. And it is very likely that the lower orders at Rome would have preferred the young prince to the old one. But there is not the smallest evidence that the nobility wished for Germanicus, and it is intrinsically improbable. If there was one thing of which they had a horror, it was military dictation, and they appear to have looked anxiously to Tiberius to quell the mutiny. As for Germanicus himself, he was well satisfied with his position as adopted son of Tiberius, and could not fail to see how necessary it was that the family should stick together. The mutiny, therefore, was quelled, and Tiberius was firmly established on the throne.¹

Although Tiberius disclaimed all responsibility for the execution of Agrippa Postumus—"the first crime of the new reign," as Tacitus calls it—it was done for his advantage, and whatever blame may attach to it he must bear. The story that Augustus ordered the officer who had charge of the young man to put him to death as soon as he should hear that the throne was vacant, is quite consistent with probability. We know that he regarded the existence of his grandson as a public and private calamity. The mysterious visit to Planasia of a bed-ridden old man without the knowledge of the wife who nursed him we may safely pronounce a ridiculous fiction. The remark of Tacitus that Augustus had never had the heart to put to death any of his family proves nothing at all. Moreover, that celebrated emperor, though of enlightened mind and sweet

(1) GENEALOGICAL TABLE.



manners, had not such a thing as a heart about him. But from the peculiar language of Tiberius, it seems most probable that the order was sent by Livia while her husband still breathed, and before the arrival of her son. A more important question is, how far it was justifiable. We must remember that an attempt to rescue Agrippa and place him at the head of an insurrection was actually in progress, and only failed by a few hours. As it was, an impostor who personated him caused some commotions. It is often prudent to deal mercifully with ordinary rebels. But no Government, whether republican, oligarchical, or monarchical, can or ought to pardon any one who advances claims purely dynastic. No one worth noticing would now-a-days contend that such claims have any validity against a *de facto* Government; and if they have no validity, then to advance them is a heinous crime, for which death is the only appropriate penalty. Even where there has been much to excite our sympathy, as in the cases of Lady Jane Grey and the Emperor Maximilian, the public welfare clearly demanded that the pretender should be put out of the way. The young Agrippa had no title to rule except that he was the nearest male relative of the late chief of the state, in a country where hereditary succession had not been established, and in fact never was established. The historians are unanimous as to his character.¹ In any modern European state, so much have we improved on ancient models, this vicious brute would have been recognised as heir-apparent. But Augustus established another precedent for Roman Imperialism. When Agrippa protested fiercely against the adoption of Tiberius, his grandfather disinherited and banished him, and afterwards, as he continued refractory, caused him to be condemned by a decree of the Senate to military custody for life. Those who call his execution a crime had better say at once that Tiberius should have yielded the throne to him. It is worthy of remark that his sister Agrippina does not appear to have resented or regretted the removal of one who was no less formidable a rival to Germanicus than to Tiberius.

The relations of Tiberius with Germanicus have been made by Tacitus the chief point of interest during the first five years of the reign. I believe the impression produced on most readers is that Germanicus was such a godlike young person, and his wife Agrippina such a model of a woman, that a melancholy old widower like Tiberius, who had no other claim to govern than a life spent in

(1) "*Trucem et ignominia ad censum—rudem bonarum artium et robore corporis stolide ferocem.*"—Tacitus.

"*Ingenium sordidum ac ferox—nihil tractabiliorem immo indies amentiore.*"—Suetonius.

"*Mira pravitate animi atque ingeni in præcipitia conversus—crescentibus indies vitiis.*"—Velleius.

Δουλοπρεπής.—Dion.

the service of the state, ought to have shuffled himself away somewhere, and made room for the brilliant young couple. A more perverse view could not be taken. Germanicus was, no doubt, a gallant and amiable man, and it is much to his credit that he seems to have harboured no treasonable or undutiful thought towards his adopted father. But as a general and administrator he was a mistake. It is easy to see, even from the highly-coloured narrative of Tacitus, that his campaigns in Germany were disastrous failures. After the defeat of Varus, the wisest course would have been to wait a few years, and not resume the attempt to conquer the barbarians until they should have been partially civilised by contact with the empire. To harass them with fruitless and destructive raids was only to plunge them deeper into barbarism and prevent commercial intercourse; and to come off second best in such work, as Germanicus generally did, was to destroy all respect for the Roman arms. Tiberius therefore acted wisely in recalling him and sending him to the East, where he could do less mischief. There he died, and his death is attributed to Tiberius. As the crime was supposed to have been effected by enchantment and sorcery, perhaps I need say no more about it.

The whole conduct of Tiberius towards Germanicus, as related by Tacitus himself, is absolutely faultless; the comments and insinuations are unsupported by any facts, and are often demonstrably inconsistent with facts. They should, at least, warn the reader betimes of the animus of the author. One point is somewhat obscure. Why did Tiberius send Piso to Syria? The Pisos were supposed to look with peculiar jealousy on the elevation of the Julian and Claudian houses. This Piso was a violent, haughty man scarcely concealing his disaffection, who, though he could not deny the noble birth of Tiberius, despised the Vipsanian and Pomponian puddle that ran in the veins of his son. He was therefore just the sort of man that Tiberius always avoided sending into the provinces. The suggestion that Piso was selected to be a thorn in the side of Germanicus is too absurd. It would be an instance of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face, if ever there was one. I would offer an hypothesis, which, whether true or not, at least explains the facts. Plancina, the wife of Piso, was, as we know, a special favourite of the empress-mother, whose wishes Tiberius never thwarted even when he fretted at them. What more likely than that she insisted on a province for Piso? Tiberius, fearing that Piso, once at the head of legions, would give trouble, sent Germanicus into the East, with extraordinary powers, to keep him in check. Tacitus himself drops the remark that Tiberius thought himself safer when the legions were in the hands of Germanicus and Drusus. On the death of Germanicus, Piso did actually raise a mutiny in Syria. The attitude of Tiberius to Piso on his trial was eminently dignified and just. He might have gained applause

by crushing him on the ridiculous charge of poisoning: he scorned to do so. But the crime of mutiny was clearly proved, and he would not overlook it.

Let me endeavour now to give an idea of the main features of the reign of Tiberius. Julius Cæsar had overthrown the aristocracy as the champion, first, of the Roman commonalty, and secondly, of the subject provinces. His successors never forgot that these were the principles on which the throne rested. Vast as the empire was, equal citizenship, with some trifling exceptions, was still confined to the inhabitants of Italy, and did not embrace much more than four million adult males. The rest of the Roman world was governed by those four millions, and stood to them in just the same relation as the nations of India do to you. Under the senatorial government they had been plundered and harassed with terrible uniformity. The establishment of the empire under Augustus had brought them some relief. To these poor provincials it was like stepping out of hell. But many abuses still remained. The Roman governors were generally of the noble class, and oppression and extortion were still common, though not on such a frightful scale as formerly. Those who attentively consider the reign of Tiberius will see that a great point, if not the central point, of his policy was the promotion of the interests of the provincials. The ordinary reader does not notice these things till they are pointed out to him. For instance, when he reads that upon the destruction of twelve great cities in Asia by earthquake, Tiberius not only remitted the taxes for five years, but contributed large sums from his private fortune to help the inhabitants, he thinks it a proper, but very natural measure. It does not occur to him that it was a novelty for a Roman to spend his money on the provinces; that Cato or Cicero would have stood aghast at it, and that it was doubtless loudly condemned by the citizens of Rome, rich and poor alike, who could not understand that provincials existed for anything else than to pour their wealth into the metropolis.

Again, in the days of the republic, governors of provinces used to be changed at least every three years. The nobles all wanted their turn of plunder. Tiberius made it a practice to retain a governor several years in his post. No doubt this innovation was bitterly resented in aristocratic circles; and Tacitus does, in fact, set it down as one of the delinquencies of Tiberius, and gives malevolent explanations of it. But the provincial historian, Josephus, looks at it very differently, and tells us that Tiberius pursued this policy avowedly with the object of saving the provinces from the keen appetites of new governors.

We find the cities of Asia voting a temple to Tiberius, because he had more than once brought to trial at Rome governors who had been guilty of oppression in the East. We find him refusing to drive a harder bargain with the farmers of taxes, who were thought

to be making too good a thing of it, because, he said, they would put the screw on the tax-payers. There were certain provinces still administered by the Senate, and we find them imploring that they might be administered by the Emperor. Thus we can have no doubt that the reign of Tiberius, whatever it was in the metropolis (and to that I will come presently), was in all other parts of the empire beneficent to an extent hitherto unknown. We get these few glimpses from Tacitus. It makes one indignant that when that writer might have left us the inestimable historical treasure of a complete picture of Imperial administration throughout the Roman world, he should have preferred to fill his pages with the grievances of the nobles, who sat grumbling and plotting at Rome. But what is the testimony of provincial writers? You have heard the anecdote I quoted from Josephus. More remarkable still is the testimony of Philo, another Jew, writing, not during the life of Tiberius, when he might be suspected of flattery, but shortly after his death. He winds up a long description of the general prosperity and happiness under the late reign by declaring that "the Saturnian age of the poets might no longer be regarded as a fiction, so nearly was it revived in the life of that blessed era."¹ Tacitus envies the old historians who chronicled "*discordias consulum adversum tribunos, agrarias frumentariasque leges, plebis et optimatum certamina.*" Whether one in a hundred of his fellow-subjects would have cared to return to those fine old times is a question which does not seem to have occurred to him. History has always been written (except perhaps in the middle ages, when there was a church) by the rich or their friends. Rulers who have displeased that class have suffered accordingly. But how would contemporary history look if recorded by an Irish peasant or a Spitalfields weaver? Would he see it *en beau*?

While careful not to burden his subjects, Tiberius was eminently economical in his financial management. For instance, he cut down the expenditure on gladiatorial exhibitions, and abstained from encouraging them by his presence. This is set down in the catalogue of his offences by Tacitus, and probably there was not one of his measures which made him so unpopular in Rome. He made it a rule not to give donatives to the armies, a pernicious practice pursued by his predecessor and successors. Yet by punctual payment of their wages he kept them in discipline and obedience. In his own life he continued to set an example of simplicity. While the great nobles were squandering their vast revenues in vulgar ostentation and debauchery, the Emperor lived in the plainest way, with a small household. He economised his private fortune, but, as Tacitus admits, he did not covet that of any one else, and even if a legacy was left him he did not accept it unless he had been on

(1) Quoted at length by Mr. Merivale, v. 382.

intimate terms with the testator. But though he abhorred wasting money on frivolity, he could be splendidly generous in the right place. His munificence to provincial cities has already been mentioned. Twice in his reign, when large districts of Rome had been destroyed by fire, he contributed enormous sums from his private fortune to repair the damage.¹ But such munificence brought him no credit in the eyes of the nobility, who were discontented because they could not live upon the public revenue, as in the good old times of the republic. We hear of the grandson of the orator Hortensius, one of the richest nobles of the republic, coming to the Senate and complaining of his poverty, which had been caused by his own dissolute life. The Senate wish him to be relieved, but Tiberius reads him a stern lecture. Tacitus narrates this as an instance of his unfeeling character, and evidently thinks that the money wrung by taxation from the provinces could not be better spent than in pensions to needy noblemen.

We have seen that as a general Tiberius had been indefatigable in attention to his duties. He carried this laborious industry from the camp to the palace. No slave in Rome worked harder than the Emperor. For several years he did not quit Rome, even during the sultry months of autumn, when every one who could afford it rushed to the hills or sea-side, but remained at his post toiling at state business, and endeavouring to look after everything himself. Indeed, there is no doubt that he carried this too far, for a really great ruler shows his ability in nothing so much as in knowing how to make other people work for him. Tiberius could not employ the great nobles as his ministers. They were disaffected, and, besides, would have disclaimed any functions except the government of provinces. His son Drusus (II.) had commanded armies with credit, but seems to have preferred pleasure to business.² There was nothing for it, therefore, but to look for a minister in a lower rank of society. Such a minister was Sejanus, whose name, perhaps, is even more odious than that of his master. The charges made against him are, however, very vague, or when they are precise, they, for the most

(1) "Erogandæ per honesta pecuniæ cupiens; quam virtutem diu retinuit quum ceteras exuoret."—Tac. Ann. i. 75. Tacitus never mentions anything to the credit of Tiberius without carefully poisoning it. The "diu" itself is a *suggestio falsi*; the most splendid instance of the munificence of Tiberius belongs to the last few months of his life.

(2) Never was son more unlike his father. Drusus was not *méchant*, but he was passionate and domineering, and had an ominous delight in blood (of gladiators, for instance), which cannot be laid to the charge of his father. Tiberius saw these traits in his character, and was disturbed by them. "You shall not," he said to him once in the presence of several persons, "you shall not break the laws or commit outrages while I am alive; and if I find you attempting it, you shall not have the chance of doing so when I am dead and gone,"—a significant threat from such a man, which might have more than one meaning.—Dion, lvii. 13.

part, break down. They amount, in fact, to this, that being a middle-class man, he had the audacity to be prime minister, and that he was an enemy of the immaculate Agrippina. Agrippina was an ambitious woman, with a violent temper, and she made herself the centre of disaffection at Rome. She always treated Tiberius as the murderer of her husband, and often abused him to his face in the grossest manner.¹ He bore her insolence very patiently, and so far from harbouring ill-will against her children, he treated them as his heirs after the death of his own son Drusus. It is remarkable that one of the most intimate friends of this paragon of propriety, Claudia Pulchra, was a woman of dissolute character, and that her children, whom she professed to educate so carefully, turned out abominably. The eldest son, Nero, was dissolute and seditious. The second, Drusus (III.), is admitted by Tacitus to have been thoroughly bad.² The third was the notorious Caligula. All the daughters were stained with vice; one of them, the younger Agrippina, being the most infamous woman of her time. But the reason why that family shines so in the pages of Tacitus, while Tiberius and Sejanus are painted so black, is very simple. That younger Agrippina was a very clever woman, and she wrote memoirs which we know were in the hands of Tacitus, for he quotes them. These memoirs, no doubt, were the source of the foul stream of calumny which has deluged this reign.³

In the twelfth year of his reign Tiberius left Rome, never to return. I believe that he had two reasons for doing so. He brooded indignantly over his own unpopularity. And just at this time he became aware that in the vile gossip of Rome he was accused of horrible licentiousness—he who during a long life had been endeavouring to set an example of stern morality. The fact that these scandalous stories were circulating came out by chance during a trial at which he was present. He was violently excited. He sprang up and claimed to answer such charges on the spot, or to have them investigated by a judicial tribunal; and it was with difficulty that his friends could calm him.⁴ I imagine that this incident filled up the measure of his disgust at his fellow-citizens, and decided him to leave their company for ever. His other reason was certainly the dread

(1) The fact is that Agrippina was an intolerable woman. During her life she bullied all her contemporaries, and she has bullied posterity ever since in the pages of Tacitus. No one can look at her statue in the Museum of the Capitol without being satisfied that Germanicus was henpecked. The one virtue she is recorded to have possessed is her "*pudicitia impenetrabilis*," surely not such a rare merit in a widow with nine children.

(2) "*Atrox Drusi ingenium*."—Ann. iv. 60.

(3) "*Id ego, a scriptoribus annalium non traditum repperi in commentariis Agrippinæ filiæ, quæ Neronis principis mater vitam suam et casus suorum posteris memoravit*."—Ann. iv. 53.

(4) Tac. Ann. iv. 42. The behaviour of Tiberius on this occasion is eminently characteristic. His apparent cynical indifference to public opinion was entirely assumed.

of conspiracies and assassination, for he chose the island of Caprea as his residence, because it had only two landing-places, which made police supervision more easy. The military force at his disposal in Italy was very small, and we know that he desired to be in a place from which he could escape by sea and reach the army of the Rhine. It certainly is painful to see one who had been confronting danger all his life reduced to this state of anxiety when approaching the age of threescore and ten. But to be surrounded with secret plots, never to know when, how, or from whom you may expect the treacherous blow, will at last unnerve the firmest courage. Because Tiberius escaped such plots, it is assumed that he was in no danger; whereas it was probably his precautions which saved him.

Soon after his departure from Rome, he caused Agrippina and her eldest son, Nero, to be arrested. The latter was eventually put to death. Agrippina died in prison two or three years afterwards. That they were bitterly hostile to Tiberius is admitted. How far they had proceeded in the path of treason it is impossible for us now to say, since we have not got Tiberius's version of the facts. The persistent assumption of Tacitus that he had a spite against that family is sufficiently disproved by the fact that he had marked out Nero as his successor, and that he did actually make the third son, Caius, his heir, in preference to his own grandson. He wished to put the young men through a course of training such as he had undergone himself, that they might be fit in time to rule the world. But the odds are heavy against Porphyrogeniti. They were already quarrelling for the throne which they had done nothing to earn. Nero was the idol of his mother. Drusus (III.) was backed by Sejanus. Agrippina, who was burning to be empress-mother,¹ was afraid that Sejanus would induce Tiberius to pass over Nero, and she was therefore caballing and intriguing and courting the populace, not, perhaps, with any definite design of rebelling against the Emperor—if he would only make haste and die—but certainly to overthrow the minister. Her offence, putting it at its lightest, was just that of Elizabeth's favourite, Essex, whose aim was to destroy his personal enemies, and force the queen to recognise James as her successor. Tacitus says that Nero was naturally unassuming, but that he was surrounded by men hungry for power, who persuaded him that both

Conscious of being only too sensitive to criticism, he tried to steel himself against it. All through life he mistrusted his natural impulses in this as in other particulars, and drilled himself on a pattern which he considered more noble and manly. The incident at the trial of Votienus took him by surprise, and his elaborate calmness forsook him. But no doubt this momentary weakness (as he would think it) caused him more anguish than the calumnies of Votienus. On a subsequent occasion we find him insisting with ostentatious indifference that similar filthy libels should be recited at length, "*patientiam libertatis alienæ ostentans et contemptor suæ infamiæ*," says Tacitus.

(1) "*Æqui impatiens, dominandi avida*."—Tac. Ann. vi. 25.

the army and the populace were only waiting for him to disclose himself; and he admits that under this bad influence the young man used disloyal language. Plans of action were actually discussed, for some of the party urged Nero and Agrippina to go to the army of the Rhine, or to harangue the crowd in the Forum. Tacitus may say that these advisers were agents of Sejanus; but that is because he has nothing else to say. Tiberius had tolerated the outrageous calumnies and insults of Agrippina for ten years with imperturbable patience, knowing that female politicians had never been formidable at Rome. But as soon as there was a young man to deal with, the danger became real.¹

The arrest of Nero and Agrippina was generally attributed to Sejanus, and probably with truth, for Sejanus was now aiming at the throne.² He had married a niece of Tiberius, and thought his chance no worse than that of Tiberius himself had been under Augustus. But he was too impatient to wait for his master's death, and entered into a formidable conspiracy. The old man, however, was determined not to be robbed of life or sceptre by any one, for which I do not blame him; and he struck down Sejanus, as he had struck down Agrippina.

It may perhaps be thought that I have been a long time coming to the main charge which has been brought against Tiberius—that of cruelty. I assure you I have no intention of shirking it. But as his accusers themselves can only level it at the last few years of his life, I do not know why it should occupy more than the last few minutes of this lecture. Tacitus, by constantly harping upon it, has managed to make it the most prominent feature of his character. In dealing with it I must ask you to remember that we have no contemporary historian to guide us, for Velleius appears to have died in the middle of the reign, and has left only some brief remarks on it, which, so far as they go, are very laudatory, while Josephus and Philo, living in the East, trouble themselves little with what was

(1) The feelings of Tiberius were exactly those of Queen Elizabeth, whose severity to Catherine Grey (certainly not an Agrippina), and machinations against James (even when she meant him to be her successor), were prompted by her knowledge that to recognise an heir would be to sign her own death-warrant. "The like had never been demanded of any prince, to declare an heir-presumptive in his life-time; she was not so foolish as to hang a winding-sheet before her eyes."—(Froude, vii. 373.) "There were some among them (a deputation of peers) who had placed their swords at her disposal when her sister was on the throne, and had invited her to seize the crown; she knew but too well that if she allowed a successor to be named, there would be found men who would approach him or her with the same encouragement to disturb the peace of the realm."—viii. 315.

(2) It was in itself an honourable ambition, though in the eyes of the aristocracy unpardonable. The intrigue with Livilla during her husband's life, and the murder of Drusus (II.), were probably inventions of his divorced wife, Apicata. (Compare Dion, lvi. 11.) In his hostility to Agrippina and Nero he was acting in self-defence and in the interest of his master, but his dealings with Drusus (III.) seem inexcusable.

going on at Rome, except so far as it affects the Jews. We depend on Tacitus and Suetonius, who both lived many years afterwards, and drew their materials from the memoirs of Agrippina. If, therefore, I can show you from the pages of Tacitus himself that the charge of cruelty, on close examination, shrinks to very small dimensions, I think I have a right to protest against the injustice which will not allow such a life as I have described to weigh in the balance of credibility somewhat heavier than the improbable assertions of studied malevolence.

For this purpose I will divide the reign into two parts. The first consists of the twelve years before Tiberius left Rome, during which he was, according to Tacitus, more directly responsible for what was done than afterwards. Tacitus leaves on his reader the impression that both periods were reigns of terror, no man knowing when his turn would come to be devoured.¹ Everything resembling a state trial is paraded and made the most of.² Now, how many such cases do you suppose there were in those twelve years, on the showing of Tacitus himself? There were thirty-seven in all. And what sort of cases were they? An analysis of them will surprise you. Twelve were for offences against the Emperor or his family (of which six were stopped by Tiberius, or resulted in acquittal or pardon), six were for extortion or oppression in the provinces, seven for adultery or poisoning, four for false accusation, three for complicity with foreign enemies, two for libel, one for murder, one for corrupt administration of justice, one for mutiny. And now, what was the fate of these defendants? Prepare to be astonished still more. Fourteen were banished, six committed suicide before sentence, two were expelled the Senate, of five the prosecution was stopped by Tiberius in his capacity as tribune, three were acquitted, one was pardoned; of five the punishment is not mentioned, but it was probably banishment; and one, just one, was executed.³ This man was tried and condemned by the Senate in the absence of Tiberius from Rome, and executed immediately. When Tiberius returned he blamed the haste of the Senate, praised one senator who had opposed it, and caused a decree to be made that in future ten days should intervene between

(1) "Non enim Tiberius non aduersatores fatiscabant (seventh year of the reign). His tam assiduis tamque molestis modica letitia interjicitur (tenth year). Nos sæva iussa continuas aduersationes fallaces amicitias perniciem innocentium et eadem exitu causas conjungimus, obvia rerum similitudine et satietate (eleventh year)."

(2) That the list of trials given by Tacitus is complete (if not something more), is not only fairly to be presumed from the spirit he shows, but is distinctly stated by himself. "Neque sum ignarus a plerisque scriptoribus omissa multorum pericula et poenas, dum copia fatiscunt, aut, quas ipsis nimia et molesta fuerant ne pari tædio lecturos afficerent, verentur. Nobis pleraque digna cognitu obvenere, quamquam ab aliis incelebrata."—Ann. vi. 7.

(3) Besides these, there were executed, without trial, the two state prisoners left by Augustus—Agrippa Postumus and Sempronius the paramour of Julia. A pseudo-

sentence and execution. I think it must be admitted that the first twelve years, at all events, of this monster, were not only not cruel, but merciful to a degree which is unparalleled in any reign, ancient or modern. It is also worth noticing that the state offenders of Tiberius were not sent to penal servitude, but lived comfortably in their banishment, as we find from a provision that they should not take more than twenty slaves with them. The fact is that the state trials of Tiberius afford the clearest indication of the basis on which his power rested. He crushed a lawless nobility, and dragged to justice governors who had been guilty of oppression and outrages in the provinces, and who found sympathy among their own class as similar criminals do now. But he was not "*cerdonibus timendus*." He had nothing to fear from the great mass of his fellow-citizens. Can the governments of modern Europe say as much?

In the remaining eleven years of the reign we cannot analyse the prosecutions with the same exactness, because part of the narrative of Tacitus is lost. If there was greater severity it was not uncalled for. Those who are incredulous as to the treason of Agrippina and Nero will at least not dispute that the conspiracy of Sejanus was of a most formidable character. Moreover, Tiberius was absent from Rome, and we know that while he had remained in the metropolis his influence had been repeatedly, and we may almost say steadily, exercised to prevent the law being made an instrument of persecution. By whom? it may be asked. It is too commonly forgotten that informers and state trials were no new growth of the empire. The system sprang up under the republic. Every young man, on entering public life, looked about for some one to impeach as a means of bringing himself into public notice. The informer did not employ an advocate as with us. He wanted an opportunity for airing his eloquence—the accomplishment to which all his education had been

Agrippa and one Curtisius who was heading a slave insurrection, were taken in arms and put to death by martial law. A decree of the Senate banished all astrologers from Italy, and two of them were put to death. Many of the persons whose cases are enumerated above were charged with several crimes, "*majestas*" being one; and it is generally, but very unwarrantably, assumed that all these cases are to be regarded as political trials. But it had always been the custom at Rome for the accuser to dilate, not merely on the offence which was the immediate cause of the prosecution, but on every other charge, strong or weak, which there was the smallest pretext for urging. "*Majestas*," which we shortly translate "treason," had originally meant any act which damaged the state. A law of Saturninus had extended it to outrages on a tribune. Cicero interpreted it to include removing a public statue. So vague a charge was, therefore, naturally added as a count to every indictment of a public character; but it does not follow that either accuser or judges laid serious stress on it. When Tacitus writes, "*Ancharius Priscus Cæcium Cordum proconsulem Cretæ postulaverat repetundis, addito majestatis crimine quod tum omnium accusationum complementum erat*," it is absurd to treat Cordus as a political offender. In "republican" times, indeed, he might have plundered Crete with impunity, and in that sense his friends might fairly regard him as a victim of Imperialism.

directed. Probably there was not a single man of any note who had not in his time been a prosecutor or defendant, or both.¹ A few of the prosecutions for treason were no doubt directed or prompted by Tiberius; but there is not the smallest evidence that he was in any way responsible for the majority of them. The system was a voluntary and self-acting one. The judges were generally the Senate. Now, though the great nobles, as a rule, would have seats in the Senate, it was chiefly filled with supporters of Imperialism. It was like the assembly now sitting in Paris, which, as every one knows, though containing a bitter opposition, is more Napoleonist than Napoleon himself. There was, therefore, a continual tendency to severity quite independently of Tiberius. If it is said that he ought to have checked his partisans, the answer is that in the first half of his reign he did repeatedly check them, and that instances are not wanting in the last half.² His efforts in that direction may have been much more frequent and energetic than we know of, for Tacitus is not likely to enlarge on them more than he can help. After all, the main question is, Were these condemned people guilty or not? If no one stops to ask it, it is because all the unfavourable criticisms on Tiberius are based on the tacit assumption that he had no right to be where he was, and that conspiracy was rather creditable than otherwise. But those who believe, as I do, that his government rested on the only true basis for any government, namely, the welfare of the community, and the consent of the large majority of the governed, will hold that it was not only his right, but his duty to lay a heavy hand on the aristocracy if they would not acquiesce.

During the ten years following the departure of Tiberius from Rome, Tacitus records fifty-seven instances of real or supposed offenders against the Emperor. Of these, eighteen seem to have been executed, eighteen committed suicide, eight were acquitted or spared, three were banished, three purchased safety by turning informers, one was expelled the Senate, and of six the fate is not mentioned.³ Most of them are charged with complicity in the con-

(1) The elder Cato was prosecuted near fifty times, and was himself indefatigable in prosecuting others.—Plutarch, *Cato Major*, xv. The exemption from punishment of a condemned criminal if he turned informer was the provision of a law carried by Pompeius.—Appian, *de Bell. Civ.*, ii. 24.

(2) For discouragement of informers see Tac. *Ann.* iii. 19, 37, 51, 56, 70; iv. 36; vi. 30. I may cite Mr. Merivale, who is by no means disposed to deal gently with Tiberius: "Certain it is that the records of the earlier years of the Tiberian despotism abound in evidence of the Emperor's solicitude for the pure administration of justice, and the constant struggle in which he was engaged with the reckless spirit of violence and cruelty, of which accusers and judges equally partook. Ultimately his own steadfastness and constancy gave way. He yielded to the torrent which he was no longer able to stem."—v. 173.

(3) Among the fifty-seven cases above-mentioned I have included four in which the offence is not clearly specified, and possibly was not political. On the other hand, it

spiracy of Sejanus. It must be remembered that Sejanus was detested by the aristocracy, and when he fell they thirsted for vengeance on all his friends. If there was any undue severity then it is more fairly chargeable on the Senate than on the Emperor.¹ In addition to the figures given above, Tacitus says that two years after the fall of Sejanus all his friends who remained in prison were put to death, without trial, in one day, and he describes a scene of carnage like a battle-field. Suetonius, evidently alluding to the same occasion, speaks of twenty persons being executed in one day. I suspect they were both copying from some random writer; for we find a brother and uncle of Sejanus alive afterwards, though the former had been guilty of an elaborate insult to Tiberius.

There is another topic which cannot be easily handled here, but which it is impossible entirely to pass over. You are probably aware that Tiberius is charged with having lapsed in his later years into the foulest licentiousness. Now this is a sort of charge which from its nature is not capable of direct disproof. A writer who falsifies public events generally lays himself open to refutation. But when he makes assertions as to matters which are essentially of a private and secret character, how are we to meet him? We can only appeal to probability. I have shown you what the character of Tiberius was through a long life. A more clearly-marked character is not to be found in history. I ask you, Is it credible that such a man would break out into dissolute habits at the age of sixty-eight? If he did he would be in his grave in a few months, if not weeks. But Tiberius lived ten years at Capræ. He lived to be seventy-eight, and preserved extraordinary vigour of mind and body to the last day of his life. Any medical man will tell you that this single fact is a more conclusive refutation of these shameful calumnies than a thousand testimonials to character. You may ask me whence these calumnies sprung, and how they obtained currency. Whenever a sovereign retires from publicity, vile scandals of this kind invariably make their appearance. They may be repeated by the popular voice, but it is not the people which invents them. They are generated in fashionable society, among the idlers and sycophants who hang about

must be remembered that there is a hiatus of nearly three years in the narrative of Tacitus.

(1) The career and fate of Sejanus strikingly resemble those of a much better man, Thomas Cromwell. Both had incurred the savage hatred of the class into which and above which they had raised themselves. When Tiberius and Henry VIII. saw cause to distrust their ministers they had only to abandon them to the nobles, who rushed on them like a pack of hounds. If, as Tacitus says, the commonalty joined in the hunt, their fury was more transient as it is less intelligible than that of the nobility. "*Placitum posthac ut in reliquos Sejani liberos adverteretur; vanescente quamquam plebis ira, ac plerisque per priora subplicia lenitis.*"—Tac. Ann. v. 9. The word "*placitum*" fixes this barbarity on the Senate.

courts. On such persons a life of domestic virtue imposes no respect. It adds flavour to the scandal. William III. was a man of finer character than Tiberius, but he resembled him in his unsocial habits and forbidding demeanour, and he did not in his lifetime escape the same foul charges which have clung more persistently to the Roman emperor. In the vile gossip of Jacobite circles Loo was a Capreæ, and Lady Orkney less fastidious than Mallonia. When such tales are improbable in themselves, and come to us through suspicious channels, it is but simple justice to the defenceless dead to reject them, or at least to hold them not proven.

In concluding this lecture let me say that I hope no one will go away with the impression that, because I approve of the government of the Cæsars, I am therefore enamoured of modern Imperialism. The establishment of the empire at Rome was a distinct step in advance. It was the only way in which ancient civilisation could be kept together. It was an enormous boon to ninety-nine out of every hundred of the population. Modern Imperialism is retrograde. It prohibits a free press. It refuses the right of public meeting. It fosters the military spirit. Lastly, it returns to the hereditary principle, which was irrevocably condemned by the immortal French Revolution. It is not so bad as the government of a privileged class. That is all that can be said for it. But no government can meet the wants of modern society unless, whatever be its form, it is in spirit Republican.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

RAWLINSON ON ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN an author's opinions are controverted by an anonymous writer in a periodical publication, it is optional with him whether he will reply or not, and literary etiquette admits that he may decline the contest without being considered to have acknowledged defeat by so doing. The case, however, seems to be different when the author of a four volume history takes great pains, and devotes a considerable space to the task of proving that you are incompetent to form an opinion on a subject which has been the study of your life, and in his own name records that not one of your theories will stand the test of examination. This is the conclusion arrived at by Professor Rawlinson, in his recently completed history of "The Five Ancient Monarchies of the Eastern World," regarding the restorations I have published, at intervals between 1851 and the last year, of the various palaces and buildings of Nineveh and Persepolis. As this history is intended to supersede all previous works on the subject, I should like to have an opportunity of explaining why I dissent from the architectural criticisms of its very learned author, and of stating why, after sixteen years' further experience and study, I still adhere to the opinions I first expressed on the subject.¹

At the same time, I feel that if the matter in dispute were merely a personal one, I should have no right to obtrude my grievance on the public, but the inquiry, how the recently exhumed palaces of Nineveh were roofed and lighted is one that interests every architect or antiquarian who has ever turned his attention to such subjects. Nor do I believe that the educated public can regard with indifference the solution of the problem involved in the restoration of the gorgeous palaces of the Achæmenians to their original splendour. But it is more than even this,—the whole question of the true theory of architecture and of architectural criticism is involved in the discussion: at the present moment few inquiries are occupying more of the public attention, and I feel certain that there are none which require more examination, and upon which it is so important that light should be thrown, from whatever source it may be derived.

It would be extremely convenient if, at the outset of this inquiry, any means existed of ascertaining what Professor Rawlinson's qualifications are for the task of architectural critic which he has undertaken. I am not, however, aware of any special work he has written on the subject, from which his knowledge of the theory might be inferred, nor of any buildings he has erected from which we might judge how he faced the mechanical difficulties involved in all archi-

(1) "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored," January, 1851.

tectural designs. On the other hand, his restoration of the Temple at Mugheir¹ does not give a very high idea of his artistic powers of design. His quoting a pillar from Susa as one from Persepolis,² and founding an argument upon it, does not tell in favour of his accuracy; and his mistaking a horse tent for a temple does not convey an impression that he has mastered the difficulty of reconverting the disproportioned drawings of the Assyrians back into geometric forms.³ Had he done so, and left the horse in his place, he might have spared himself a disquisition on unequal spacing; for he could hardly have failed to perceive that the two pillars near each other represent the end, and those widely spaced the side of the tent. All this, however, is merely negative, and as there is no direct evidence available from which the public can judge of his competence, it must be assumed at the outset that he knows as much of the subject as those whose designs he has undertaken to criticise.

In order to make what follows as clear and as simple as possible, I shall confine my remarks to two points:—

1. The mode in which the Assyrian palaces were roofed and lighted; and

2. The mode in which the Chchil Minar—the great hall on the platform at Persepolis—was completed.

These are the most important questions raised by Professor Rawlinson's criticism, and the most interesting to the public generally. If it can be shown I was correct originally as regards them, the minor points may be left to take care of themselves.

Before, however, proceeding to discuss these, it may be well to state briefly the principles which have guided me in every restoration I have ever made, and which lie, as it seems to me, at the root of the question.

First.—Any restoration to be correct must be conformable with the principles of common-sense; or, in other words, must result in the form best suited to meet the requirements of the purposes for which the building was designed.

Since the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, architects have so generally neglected this rule, that we have almost forgotten its existence. We were so accustomed to see architects putting up Grecian Doric porticoes before churches, jails, panoramas, or private houses, that it never occurs to us to ask what purpose they were intended to serve. And we now see Gothic towers, and castles, and mansions, erected with all the accessories of monasticism or of mediæval warfare, and we never think of asking how far they are suited to modern enlightenment, or to Snider rifles and Armstrong guns. But before the sixteenth century, I assert absolutely and without fear of con-

(1) "Ancient Monarchies," vol. i. p. 99.

(2) *Ib.*, vol. iv. p. 279.

(3) *Ib.*, vol. i. p. 388.

tradition, that no such puerilities were committed; and if any restoration does not result in the most practically convenient design that the mechanical knowledge of its builders could invent, or that the materials at their command would admit of—reject it at once.

A second principle is that every ancient building must form part of a gradually developed series. Whatever may be true of Darwin's theory as applied to Nature's laws, it is absolutely true of all man's architectural works anterior to the sixteenth century. Every building was developed, according to certain well-established principles, out of some preceding one, and if a restoration will not fit into the series—reject it.

As a corollary to this, every building erected in the same age and at the same place, and for the same purpose, is practically identical, *mutatis mutandis*, with all the others.

A third principle is that if the building were erected for ornamental purposes, and your restoration turn out a deformity—pause. This rule, however, is the most difficult of application of the three, because it may happen that the means available do not suffice to enable a restorer to form a definite opinion as to what the people of that country and age may have thought beautiful or otherwise, and in all instances it requires very considerable familiarity with a new style before we can feel sure that we are in a position to judge of it æsthetically.

Bearing these principles in mind when I first turned my attention to the Assyrian palaces, I found only one building older than them, and of the same class, on whose description we could depend. Solomon's house of the cedars of Lebanon, though only 75 feet wide—apparently including the walls—was constructed with three rows of cedar pillars to support its roof.¹ At the other end of the series I found the palaces of Susa and Persepolis crowded with four and six rows of pillars on their floors, and these pillars of such a form as to make it evident that they had only just then been developed out of their wooden originals. It seemed, therefore, quite reasonable to assume that the Assyrians might have used pillars, and those of wood.

Looking to the climate, it appeared certain that the light could not be introduced through openings in the roof, while the excavations proved that it had not been introduced through the lower part of the walls. On the other hand, an examination of the plans showed that there was no difficulty whatever in introducing a sufficiency of light between the walls and the roof, and in such a manner as to exclude both the sunshine and the rain. I must refer to my book for details; but I may state briefly that, so far as I can judge, the restoration there proposed appeared to satisfy all the conditions of the propositions just stated, and was historically, mechani-

(1) "History of Architecture," woodcut 97.

cally, and artistically complete. I do not understand that Professor Rawlinson disputes any of these propositions; indeed, I have no reason to suppose he is aware of their existence; but he finds one objection which he considers fatal. His words are:—

“It seems, however, a strong and almost fatal objection to this theory that no bases of pillars have been found within the apartments, nor any marks on the brick floors of such bases, or of the pressure of the pillars.” “This negative evidence is the more noticeable, as stone pillar bases have been found in wide doorways, where they would have been less necessary than in the chambers, as pillars in doorways could have had little weight to sustain.”¹

A few pages further on:—

“One of these bases is represented, and it is suggested that they supported the wooden pillars of a covered way leading to the palace.”²

Before, however, it can be admitted that these were bases of pillars of any sort, it is necessary to show that something like them in form was used for such a purpose somewhere—I know of none—and, secondly, how such a base could support a wooden pillar. Their tops are absolutely smooth; a wooden pillar placed on them could be pushed off by the first passer-by. For a wooden pillar, it is indispensable that a mortice of some sort should be sunk in the stone; or pins, or cramps, or some means, must be used to unite the two dissimilar materials. None such were employed here, and till they are found I deny that they were pillar bases at all. They probably supported statues or vases; recent discoveries incline me to suppose it was the latter.

To return, however, to the original question. Why should we expect to find bases on the floors of the halls? For my own part, I should be very much astonished and puzzled if we did; and in order that others may understand this, let us glance for one moment at the mode in which the Assyrians constructed their palaces.

They began by erecting a great mound of loose earth, generally above thirty feet high, and proceeded, as soon as it was complete, to place the palace on it. Now supposing they had possessed hard bricks or stone and mortar; if they had built a wall of these materials of ordinary dimensions on this mound, it would have cracked, and split, and, eventually, must have failed. In the same manner, if they had placed stone bases on this loose foundation to support the pillars of their roof, they simply would have sunk into the mass, and brought the roof down with them on the heads of the unfortunate Assyrians. To use either, they must have brought up solid piers through the mound from the solid earth. But this was not convenient; they adopted a plan which seems mechanically perfect, and was at the same time singularly appropriate to their purposes.

The mode in which it seems to have been effected was the follow-

(1) Vol. i. p. 379.

(2) P. 389.

ing. As soon as the substructure was complete, they placed on it their great mound-like walls, averaging from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and arranged them so that the area of the solids, as represented by the walls, should be as nearly as possible equal to the voids forming the rooms, and they did not carry these walls above the height of twenty feet. Such a mass might rest in equilibrio, but the tendency, if any, would be for the floors to rise. To counteract this, after being carefully beaten, they were paved, and on the pavement wooden shoes were placed, circular in form—judging from the Persepolitan examples—and extending over a considerable surface of the pavement. Into these, the wooden pillars were shipped, and by them the heavy roof was supported. Such a system would be in perfect equilibrium, and would last for ever, till disturbed by decay or some such accident as the fire which seems to have destroyed all these palaces; but it would not, after such an accident, and the decay of two thousand years, leave “any bases or any marks of them on the pavement.”

The negative evidence arising from the absence of these bases appears, however, to Professor Rawlinson so insuperable that he abandons at once any attempt to account for their disappearance, and in lieu of this puts forward two suggestions, neither of which, I venture to think, will stand the test of any serious investigation. “The difficulties,” he says, p. 382, “attaching to every theory of roofing and lighting, which places the whole of an Assyrian palace under covert, have led some to suggest that the system actually adopted in the larger apartments is that Hypæthral one which is generally believed to have prevailed in Greek temples, and which was undoubtedly followed in the ordinary Roman house.” He then goes on to say: “On the whole, our choice seems to lie—as far as the great halls are concerned—between this theory and a supposition from which archæologists have hitherto shrunk,—namely, that they were spanned from side to side by beams.” To take the second first, I presume the Assyrians shrunk from it for the same reason as the archæologists, which is, that they felt certain that it would come down on their heads and smother them the moment the scaffold was removed which had been employed in its construction. To roof a hall 42 feet wide would have required timbers 50 to 60 feet long, for they must have projected some distance on either hand into the mud walls, and been heavily weighted by parapet walls at the ends to give them a chance; and even then I maintain it is impossible they should support themselves, much less the heavy terrace roofs of mud, without sagging; and if they once yielded in the least degree, a single rainy season would insure their destruction.

It is hardly necessary to allude to Botta's suggestion (p. 381),

borrowed from the smoke louvres of Armenian underground huts,¹ if for no other reason, at least for this, that the extremely wide spacing of the principal timbers which this system necessarily involves renders it of all conceivable suggestions the one least applicable to the present case. To give Mr. Rawlinson's proposal the least chance, the timbers must be laid side by side, and framed together without any break, and even then, if he will consult Tredgold or any work on the strength of timber, I feel sure he will abandon the idea as utterly impracticable.

The hypæthral suggestion may require a little more consideration, not from its superior applicability to the present question, but because of the collateral issues it involves. For twenty years I have been trying to put this fallacy right. It is dying, but slowly; and it is only by continued reiteration that its end can be hastened. Like the Druidical origin of Stonehenge and the primæval antiquity of Silbury Hill, the hypæthron has become a matter of faith. Those who believe in it are not any longer required to give any reasons for the faith that is in them, but are allowed to consider that they have proved their case, if they can point out any flaw or deficiency in their opponents' argument. In vain I have challenged the production of a single specimen of this strange contrivance, either ancient or modern, as existing in any part of the world. Except the Pantheon at Rome, where the difficulties of the vault forced it on the architect, and in two, it may be three, Roman decastyle temples, which possessed internal courts, that may be so called, I do not know of any examples. It did not exist in Roman houses, as Mr. Rawlinson asserts, because there is all the difference in the world between a partially roofed court and a partially unroofed apartment. It did not exist in Egypt, the most rainless and temperate climate in the world; and no example is known in Persia or India, or any other country I am acquainted with. Yet, strange to say, Professor Rawlinson quotes me (p. 380) as an authority for its existence in India! Had he read the paragraph he refers to, or looked at the plan therein mentioned, he could not possibly have made such a mistake. I have, afterwards, again and again reverted to the subject; as, for instance, in the "Handbook of Architecture," woodcuts 47 to 50. I must, therefore, now be allowed to state, as clearly as I can, that, though the Indian builders may not be the best in the world, they do know something of their art. They put roofs on their buildings to keep off the sun, and to keep out the rain; and they do not immediately afterwards take off a large enough portion of them to let in both. In fact, the hypæthron, as it is usually understood, was impossible so long as common-sense was the prevailing element of architectural design. It was the creation of men who

(1) Botta, "Monument de Nineve," p. 74.

built Grecian temples in northern climates, and is believed in by men who build Gothic edifices in the nineteenth century.

As Mr. Rawlinson does not seem perfectly confident, in spite of all he says, that his architectural suggestions will entirely supersede my "startling" theories, he goes on to say :—

" Mr. Fergusson introduces light from the sides, by supposing that the roof did not rest directly on the walls, but on rows of wooden pillars placed along the edge of the walls, both internally towards the apartments, and externally towards the outer air. The only ground for this supposition, which is of a very startling character, seems to be the occurrence, in a single bas-relief representing an Armenian city, of what is regarded as a similar arrangement."—(P. 381.)

This is not so. When I published my restoration of the palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis, in 1851, this slab had not—so far as I then knew—been discovered. Its existence was first made known to the world in Layard's Second Series of Plates, No. 40, and in his *Nineveh and Babylon*, page 647; both which works were published in 1853. It is quite true that when this slab was brought to light it did confirm my previous suggestion in a very satisfactory manner; so did many others, especially that engraved by Mr. Rawlinson (page 391); or better, in my *History of Architecture*, woodcut 69. Making, of course, the necessary allowance for the disproportion of parts which is universally found in Assyrian bas-reliefs, this slab appears to me as satisfactory a confirmation of my views as I could desire or expect; and had it been entire, I believe that even Mr. Rawlinson would have been obliged to confess that I was right.

While on this subject I may state that not one discovery has been made or one slab brought to light during the last sixteen years, that induces me to modify, in any way, the principles on which my restorations were then made. Were it worth while to redraw the illustrations, I would modify some of the details, as I did in the Assyrian Court at Sydenham; but, unless something very unforeseen is hereafter discovered, I have no fears as to what the verdict of all competent judges must be.

Meanwhile, any one who may have read Professor Rawlinson's elaborate refutation of my theories, will be astonished to find, when the matter is sifted, how little difference there is between us. The suggestion to which he evidently inclines is that noticed above, of a flat roof, consisting of timbers spanning the room, from wall to wall; and he adds, "The upper portion of the walls, which is now destroyed, may have been pierced with windows, which are of frequent occurrence, and seem generally to be somewhat high placed in the representations of the buildings upon the sculptures." (Page 385.) A range of windows in a mud wall 20 feet thick, and of such dimensions as when placed high on one side, will suffice to light a

hall 40 feet wide, is a phenomenon I do not comprehend, and cannot therefore discuss; and when we think that the wall weakened has still to bear the weight of half the roof, I think may safely be put on one side. But, after all, is not this exact what I suggested, with this difference—that the Professor's roof would not bear its own weight, and his windows would not admit the necessary light. I rendered his roof practicable by putting the necessary support under it, and made his windows available by framing them in wood. I feel certain that the Professor would be unable to produce any competent authority who would say he could construct his building; I could bring forward fifty who will contract for mine to-morrow, and agree to maintain it when erected, for any reasonable time.

If what has been said above is sufficient to show that Professor Rawlinson's objections do not quite prove the untenableness of my theories of Assyrian art, it will be easier to demonstrate that his criticisms on my restoration of the Chehil Minar have less foundation than in the former case.

The passages in which Mr. Rawlinson refutes my views as to the mode in which the Chehil Minar was completed will be found in vol. iv., pp. 280 to 287. They are too long for quotation, but when divested from the words in which they are stated, I believe the indictment may fairly be summed up under the three following counts:—

First—The existence of the drains indicated in M. Flandin's plan as existing under the north and south walls of my restoration.

Second—The alleged absence of stone jambs to the doorways and windows, which it is assumed must have existed in these walls. And

Lastly—The total disappearance of the immense mass of materials of which these walls must have consisted.

I must, however, before noticing these, be permitted to state that I decline to allow any weight to attach to Mr. Loftus's opinion on the subject, though quoted with such approval by Professor Rawlinson. Mr. Loftus was a geologist by profession, and never turned his attention either to architecture or archæology till they were incidentally forced on his attention when following his professional avocation as a geologist in the East. Besides this, I believe he never saw Persepolis, and, as far as I could ever learn from him, was only imperfectly acquainted with the subject.

With regard to the first count, it would be satisfactory if we had some more precise information regarding these drains. M. Flandin's description—the only one—is, “Ces canaux, suivant le système général de ces constructions et selon le sol qu'ils traversent, sont, les uns taillés dans le roc, les autres construits en fortes pierres parfaitement cimentées: ils sont fermés par des grandes dalles qui

les recouvrent dans toute leur entendue."¹ Their average section is about 20 inches wide by 30 deep.

Professor Rawlinson thinks the existence of these drains fatal to my views. I consider them indispensable. Let us look at the problem. If all the four porticoes were covered with one roof, as I suggest, its extent north and south would have been 350 feet. Consequently, the rain falling in the centre would have to travel 175 feet—if there were no drains—and be discharged by spouts on the people's heads in front of the three porticoes. This also would have involved the centre of the roof being 15 or 17 feet thicker than at the edges, which, with the class of roof in question, is inadmissible. We, at the present day, get over this difficulty—as, for instance, in the Crystal Palace, in our great railway stations, by using cast-iron columns which are hollow, and draining through them. The Persians, not having this expedient, drained through their walls. It was a thoroughly practical mode of proceeding, and the only one that was available, but it was also one that must have answered its purposes perfectly.

As for the danger to the walls which Mr. Rawlinson believes would take place, if the drain-pipes were stopped to their full height, still a column of water 80 feet high would have no effect in bursting up slabs so heavily weighted as those under the walls. It would raise those in the doorway, but this would in no wise injure the walls. On the contrary, I would assume that in every doorway there was a loose slab that could be lifted, so that access might be had to the drains for the purpose of cleaning or examining them, at distances of about 20 to 30 feet apart.

I did not see this so clearly sixteen years ago as I do now, and may have been timid in stating the argument; but I assert now that drains placed where, or nearly where, M. Flandin puts them, are most important to my theory. If their presence does not in itself prove the existence of the walls, I can offer no suggestion as to the cause why they were placed where we find them. Neither M. Flandin nor Mr. Rawlinson has offered any. According to their view of the restoration, they were useless. According to mine, they were indispensable.

The next objection is, that there are no stone jambs to the doorways as in the other palaces. There are four. It is true, M. Flandin suggests that these may have been pedestals for bulls! But before any one adopts such a suggestion, it surely would be reasonable to ask, do any such pedestals or any such bulls exist in such situations in Persepolis or Nineveh, or anywhere else? If any had existed they would have been quoted. If there are none, the suggestion, according to all the laws of sound criticism, falls to the ground.

(1) Flandin et Coste, "Voyage en Perse," p. 128. †

On the other hand, why are they not to be considered as the foundation of jambs? Mr. Rawlinson admits that they are in the exact position we would expect to find them if they were jambs, and they are of the exact form of all the others on the platform. Looking at M. Flandin's plans, I find at least thirty such forms. All these, whether mere foundations or tall slabs, are admitted to be jambs. Why are these four excluded? More than this, Texier places them as the jambs of three doors (plate 93), not of two; and Texier is in every instance I know a more correct man than Flandin. I never detected him in an error in a matter of this sort. Flandin is frequently guilty of the grossest errors,¹ especially when he had a theory to support, as he had in this instance. If Texier is right as to this fact, Flandin's theory vanishes into thin air, and with it the objection to my theory which was founded on this unstable basis. I feel sure that any one who, without prejudice, will examine both Flandin's and Texier's plans, must admit that these are door-jambs, and, consequently, that they indicate the presence of one wall. If there was one wall, it is so evident that there must have been four, that it does not seem to me it would be any argument against my views if I could not suggest what had become of them. There does not, however, appear to be any difficulty in the matter. The doorways in the other palaces are infinitely smaller than those in the great hall, for the simple reason that the whole scale of the Chehil Minar, and of every part of it, is immensely in excess of that of any similar palace on the platform. It was easy to find jambs and lintels for the openings of the smaller buildings, of from 6 to 10 feet wide, but when the doorway came to be 17 feet, requiring a stone for a lintel at least 20 feet long, and of depth sufficient to support the superincumbent wall, it seems to have been beyond their means and strength. They consequently built the side jambs, and arched the openings with the same materials as were employed for the rest of the walls, and they have perished with them.² All this seems so simple and obvious that I cannot but think it would have occurred to the Professor if he had not been looking rather for objections than for explanations.

The fatal objection, however, is that the walls of the Chehil Minar, or grand hall, have entirely disappeared. What has become of them? Before answering this question, I should like to be allowed to ask another. What has become of all the walls of all the other buildings on the platform? There are some ten buildings at Persepolis—palaces, propylons, and other edifices. All these, it is admitted by

(1) See "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored," p. 107.

(2) The probable form of these arched doorways is shown in my "History of Architecture," woodcut 94^a.

Professor Rawlinson, had walls except this one. But what has become of them? In no one instance does enough remain of any of the walls of any of these buildings to enable us even to guess at the material of which it was composed. Had it been of stone, however small, some heaps of rubbish of it would have existed somewhere. This not being the case, I suggested mud-bricks, so universally employed at Nineveh and elsewhere. Two thousand years would suffice to disintegrate them, to wash their mud off the rock. If it was not this, what was it? It has disappeared, at all events, in nine instances; and, if so, why not in the tenth?

As this is important, let us try if an example will make it clearer. In front of the great hall—the Chehil Minar—there is the great propylon of the same age, and part of the same design. Only one of its jambs remains, but it is identical in dimension and form with those things called bull pedestals by Flandin, a few yards off. Here, however, Mr. Rawlinson admits it to be a jamb, and to mark a doorway in a wall. But where is that wall? It was of the same thickness (17 feet), though probably not of the same height, as those of the hall; but Ker Porter did not see it, Texier did not find it, and Flandin, though he excavated this monument, carefully he says, found no trace of it. But I saw it, and was in consequence enabled to make a correct restoration of the monument. Rawlinson admits this in a note (p. 266), and I refer to it with pleasure, as I believe it is the only instance in his four volumes in which he agrees with me; though he might have added that I was the first to point this out, and restore this building correctly. The great fact remains, that no trace of the walls of this building now exist. The conditions of the problem are absolutely identical with those of the hall, and this being so, the solution ought to be identical also, and is so. There being no walls remaining in the one instance, it is unreasonable to expect their existence in the other. Even here, however, Professor Rawlinson entirely mistakes the grounds on which my restoration of the Propylon was proposed. “The rough faces” (he says, p. 266), “of the great piers on the sides opposite to the doorways prove this.” This roughness, however, would equally well suit M. Flandin’s very absurd restoration of this monument. The fact is, there are several similar monuments on the platform, each possessing some feature the other wants, and when all are compared and put together, the proof becomes a certainty. Had Mr. Rawlinson been inclined to weigh the matter judicially, M. Flandin’s utter failure to comprehend the plan of this monument ought to have shaken his faith in his power to restore the Chehil Minar, and my success might have inclined him to look indulgently on mine. He does not even remark on Flandin’s want of success in this instance, though he tacitly admits it. The truth seems to be that the essential

point in the argument is one which Professor Rawlinson wholly fails to grasp. It is, that exactly the same principles which guided me to the successful restoration of this Propylon were followed out in the restoration of the Chehil Minar, and with the same result. There is immediately behind the great hall, a building as like it, in every essential respect, as any two Greek hexastyle temples are to one another, and it was by supplying from the one what was wanting in the other that the result was arrived at. So evident is this, that after describing my restoration of the Chehil Minar, Professor Rawlinson adds (p. 281):—"The whole building is thus brought into close conformity with the 'Palace of Xerxes,' from which it is distinguished only by its superior size, its use of stone pillars, and the elongation of the tetrastyle chambers at the sides of that edifice into porticoes of twelve pillars each. The ingenuity of this conception," he adds, "is unquestionable, and one is tempted at first sight to accept a solution that removes so much that is puzzling, and establishes so remarkable a harmony between works whose outward aspect is so dissimilar." This seems a misprint for "similar," but whether it is or not, he then goes on to state the three fatal objections which have just been answered, and to which it is not consequently again necessary to allude.

It is probably unnecessary to continue these remarks any further; enough I presume has been said to show that Professor Rawlinson's objections are not fatal to my views. On the contrary, so far as I am able to form an opinion, they do not touch the marrow of the subject. They have, however, forced me to go carefully over the subject again, and with his criticisms before me I feel more satisfied and more confident that I am right, than when I first published my "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored." It is just possible that some future discovery may induce me to modify to some small extent the Ninevite restoration. But this is, to say the least of it, extremely improbable, and I feel perfectly confident that from all the materials at present brought to light no other conclusion can be arrived at. As regards the Persepolitan hall, the case is even more clear. That contains all the elements of a correct restoration according to the principles set forth in the beginning of this paper, to as great an extent as any ancient building I am acquainted with. If this is not so, my science is a failure, and my life has been a dream.

If the facts of the case are as they have been stated above, it may be asked why should a man in Professor Rawlinson's position go so far out of his way to prove them otherwise? Why devote so many pages of what are intended for a serious history to a mere carping criticism of a contemporary's work? In answer to this I think I may safely assert that it was not from personal motives. I have every reason to believe that his feelings towards

me are rather those of friendship than otherwise. He knows that I have always been a warm admirer of his brother's labours, and everywhere and on all occasions tried, in my small way, to defend them against the attacks so frequently brought against them, and this in his esteem I know is a title to consideration.

The secret I believe lies in this, that Professor Rawlinson, like almost every other educated man in this country—out of the profession—looks on architecture as a mere “*corpus vile*,” which he is perfectly justified in using as he pleases in order to exhibit his skill, without thinking whether he may or may not be doing any harm thereby; while, on the other hand, it is well understood that the whole success of English criticism arises from the enjoyment the public feel in the exposure, real or assumed, of any author's faults or failings. The present offered an admirable opportunity for both these purposes, and the Professor knew perfectly well that not one in a hundred of his readers was capable of forming an opinion as to who was right and who wrong in this matter, and that this hundredth man would certainly not take the trouble to do so.

Had it been otherwise—had he been able to grasp the significance of the problem he was dealing with—how different would have been the result of his architectural chapters! Had he been able to discriminate between the architecture of the Turanian, the Semitic, and the Aryan races that inhabited and still inhabit the countries he was describing; had he been able to follow the ever-varying interchange of influences that the one race had on the other, and to show how contact with Egypt and Greece eventually modified the whole; or had he been able to read in those bricks and stones the feelings and aspirations of the people who placed them there, what a picture he might have given us of the ancient central civilisation of the old world! But he missed all this because with him, or with nine-tenths of the public, architecture is merely an art by which architects manage to increase their fees at the expense of our public or private buildings. Beyond this, it is only a plaything or a puzzle.¹

JAMES FERGUSON.

(1) Throughout his work, Professor Rawlinson adopts a practice which I hope may not become common. A great number of the architectural woodcuts in his work are borrowed—I mean the actual wood blocks—from my work or Mr. Layard's. This is quite right, as permission was asked and given—though it is not very usual to do so when the only object is to show how absurd they are—and the source whence they are derived is acknowledged in the table of contents. But in the text, the only place the ordinary reader ever looks at, all reference to the source whence they are derived is sometimes omitted, and when introduced, the expression always is “after” Ferguson or Layard, never “from.” The practice is, to say the least of it, very likely to mislead.

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

[DOUBLE ACROSTICS.]

BUT Mrs. Vandeleur did not post her letter after all; certain unlooked-for circumstances, which will hereafter appear, having conspired to prevent this touching production ever reaching the hands for which it was intended. When the very box she meant to drop it into was cleared that morning, it disgorged a little note for Count Tourbillon, the delivery of which occasioned as much surprise as so imperturbable a gentleman was capable of feeling. It was short, couched in his own language, and written in a disguised hand, which might, as he told himself more than once, be the subterfuge of a lady, a lady's-maid, a bravo, a begging impostor—*parbleu!* even an assassin! It simply prayed him to render himself, as near twelve o'clock as he conveniently could, at a certain spot in Kensington Gardens, where a person would be awaiting him; that person might easily be distinguished as holding the envelope of a letter in the left hand. The rendezvous, it must be well understood, was an affair, not of gallantry, but of business. It was to ask of the Count an important favour; but one which nevertheless it was impossible he could refuse. Finally, the matter in question had nothing to do with love or money, and affected him in no way personally; therefore it implored him, as a true gentleman, not to disappoint the writer.

Count Tourbillon propped this little missive against his looking-glass, and studied it throughout the whole of his morning toilet, continuing his reflections during the consumption of at least half-a-dozen cigarettes. Finally, arming himself with the indispensable umbrella, he sallied forth, resolved to penetrate this mystery, of which the most incomprehensible fold seemed to be that it depended in no way on his own attractions of appearance or conversation.

Few men have a sufficiently clear account with conscience to receive an anonymous letter unhaunted by some shadowy misgivings that one of their old half-forgotten iniquities has overtaken them at last. "*Raro antedecentem scelestum*," says Horace, as though he were actually quoting the Scriptural warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out." A long impunity makes men very bold, but even the most audacious cannot divest themselves of a vague, uncomfortable foreboding, that though the sky be still bright, a cloud is even now behind the hill; though they are yet untouched, the

Avenger is even now bending his bow in the thicket, his shaft perhaps already singing and quivering through the calm air towards its mark.

By preference, by temperament, by education, Tourbillon was "*très philosophe*," a free-thinker, a doubter, a casuist, an *esprit fort*, and a *ricœur*. Turned loose at sixteen into high French society—the best school for manners, the worst for morals, in the world—he would have laughed to scorn any feeble-minded Mentor who should have propounded to him the possibility that pleasure might not be the *summum bonum* of existence; that on analysing the great *desideratum*, the mood we are all aiming at—call it happiness, self-approval, repose, comfort, what you will—a certain property named "duty" might be found to constitute four-fifths of the wished-for whole, and that perhaps the honest health and strength of a barge-man or a coal-porter might fill up the remainder. Tourbillon, I say, would have scorned such a moralist as a well-meaning imbecile, and bade him take his trash elsewhere, with a little less than his usual cold suavity of deportment, because that the man within the man could not but feel chafed and irritated by the horse-hair garment of Truth, wearing through the velvet folds of Falsehood and Self-indulgence with which he was enwrapped.

Few people owed a longer score for peccadilloes, vices, even crimes, than this pleasant, plausible Parisian; that he had not the guilt of murder on his soul was owing to the merest accident. It was no fault of his, as he told himself sometimes without a shudder, that he did not shoot Alphonse de Courcy through the head when they fought about a game of dominoes at Trieste—the Austrian officer who seconded him smoked as only Austrians can smoke, or his hand had been steadier than to shake those few extra grains of powder into the pistol, which caused it to throw an inch too high, and spoil De Courcy's hat instead of piercing that youth through the cavity in which he was supposed to keep his brains. Most of the other sins forbidden by the Decalogue, I fear, Tourbillon had committed without scruple. Perhaps he never bore false witness; certainly never stole; but, *en revanche*, all the rest of his duty towards his neighbour, and especially towards his neighbour's wife, had been neglected and perverted from the day he first entered a *salon* in kid gloves and a tail-coat.

There are hundreds of such men about. Our own country is not without its share. People, good people, ask them to their houses, introduce them to their wives and daughters, shrug their shoulders when the antecedents of these guests are discussed, or observe forbearingly, "Wild, I fancy, formerly, and in one or two serious scrapes; but all that was abroad, you know, and one is justified in ignoring it. Besides, such an agreeable, well-informed fellow, and a thorough man of the world."

There is a vast deal of charity, you see, amongst our fellow-creatures—both that which consists in the giving of alms, or rather dinners, to those who are not in need, and that which covers or excuses a multitude of sins, provided always the sinners be agreeable people of the stronger sex. Let a woman—the victim, we will say, of one of these pleasant diners-out—who has been led by her softer nature into the commission of a single fault, throw herself on the mercy of this same generous, allowance-making society, and she will find she might as well have thrown herself from the roof of a London house on the area railings in the street below.

“Arthur! Arthur! is there no forgiveness?” groaned remorseful Launcelot from the depths of his longing, wayward, false, yet generous heart, while he sat in his mailed saddle, an unwilling rebel to the lord he had so cruelly wronged, and still so dearly loved. Since that good knight—the flower of bravery—repented him too late, how many a tender voice has sent up the same despairing cry in vain! how many a lonely sorrowing woman, eager but to prove the sincerity of her repentance, has wailed in agony for forgiveness on earth, which will only be granted her in heaven!

Count Tourbillon, I need scarcely say, was the last person to distress himself either by regrets for the past or apprehension for the future. Swallowing a qualm or two, as certain visions of a boy who knew no harm, walking at his mother’s side in the gardens of a château by the Garonne, rose to his mind’s eye, and reflecting that he was as well able to pull through a difficulty, and hold his own now, as he had ever been in his life, the Count amused himself by speculating on the approaching interview, wondering of what nature a rendezvous could possibly be, in which the object was avowedly neither love nor war—an appointment made neither by an admirer nor an adversary. “It is droll,” said he. “Let us reflect a little. My faith! it is of those things which break the head to think about.”

He broke his head thinking about it nevertheless, the whole way from Hyde Park Corner to the gate of Kensington Gardens. Each of the many faces he had loved and betrayed rose in succession to remind him of his vows, to reproach him with his perfidy, and, face by face, he dismissed them all without a sigh of pity, a twinge of remorse. He had not even the grace to wish he could undo the past, nor to persuade himself he would act differently if he had his time to come over again. Once only, amongst a score of others who had made a deeper impression on his fancy, he thought of Fanny Ainslie; but it was with a smile of amusement as he recalled her vivacious gestures, her quick temper, and her broken French.

Perhaps in all that phalanx of outraged beauty there might be one memory to avenge the cause of her injured sisters, one Donna

Anna, that this French Giovanni could not quite forget, one lovely phantom, to spoil his rest, like her who haunted the couch of false Sextus—

“A woman, fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Who through the watches of the night
Sate spinning by his bed.

“And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.

“So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the East was grey,
Then pointed to her bleeding heart,
And shrieked, and fled away.”

If so, he stifled her as resolutely as Othello, and with far less compunction. He bade her go back to her place of torment with the others; he could not attend to her now; he had newer matters on hand. Here he was, already at Kensington Gardens, and not a soul in sight but a gate-keeper in a long green coat and a hat with a gold-lace band.

It was a sweet May morning; nowhere sweeter and pleasanter than in grassy, shady, cockney Kensington Gardens. Being a first assignation, at least for aught he knew to the contrary, the Count was, therefore, a little before his time—just as he would have been for a duel. Also, as before a duel, he proceeded to wile away the interval by smoking a cigar, enjoying the warmth of the sunshine, the purity of the air, the freshness of the early verdure, as keenly as if he had been a combination of Wordsworth and Howard, poet and philanthropist. I cannot help thinking there is a certain proportion of men born without consciences at all. It is not that they commit sin—all of us do that; but their enormities seem to burden them neither with anxiety nor remorse. They do not fidget beforehand, they make no resolutions of amendment afterwards; they travel on the broad gauge, so to speak, in first-class carriages, with easy springs, cushioned seats, and a supreme indifference to their destination. They are more plentiful in France than in England, and Count Tourbillon was a very perfect specimen of the class.

Smoking, then, in placid content under a young horse-chestnut, he watched with half-indulgent, half-cynical smiles, the usual business, amatory and otherwise, of this suburban resort, waking into its daily life. The first figure to intrude on his solitude was a foot-guardsman carrying a clothes-basket, followed by a dingy-looking woman, talking, perhaps scolding, with considerable energy. The soldier plodded on inattentive, as one accustomed to the sounds. “Husband and wife!” said the Count to his cigar, with a shrug of

the shoulders. "My faith, how badly it seems always to arrange itself, even amongst the canaille. Hold, here is something more interesting!"

A very pretty girl, with all the outward appliances of wealth, all those subdued graces of gesture which seem only acquired by the constant habit of living in society, was walking by the side of an invalid-chair with the head up, and a man in livery pushing it behind. Her neat boots, her well-gloved hands, her golden *chignon*, her beads, her bracelets, her draperies, all were *point device*, and denoted not only birth and breeding, but enough of fashion to make the Count wonder he did not know her by sight. She bent over the chair so affectionately, seemed so engrossed with its inmate, that Tourbillon felt positively interested, and moved several paces from his station for a nearer inspection of her companion; probably, he told himself, some handsome young lover disabled by a wound or an accident. Bah! the young lover was an old lady of fourscore, in a close bonnet and tortoise-shell spectacles, with trembling hands in long-fingered gloves, and a poor, shaking, palsied head, that turned like the sunflower to the bright young beauty, who was, indeed, the light of its declining day.

"There are illusions," said the Count, replacing the cigar he had taken respectfully from his lips, "and there must of consequence be disillusion to counteract them! Such is the equipoise of existence. I wish my doubtful correspondent would appear with the envelope in his, her, its, left hand. It seems I am here in faction, with but a vague prospect of relief. Patience, 'à la guerre, comme à la guerre!'"

Once more Tourbillon resigned himself to his vigil, which was getting rather wearisome, despite such interludes as a dripping water-dog shaking itself against his trousers, two little girls running their hoops simultaneously between his legs, and a petition from an incoherent slattern, apparently just out of an Asylum for Females of Weak Intellect, that he would be so good as to put her in the direct road to St. Pancras. He looked at his watch. It was scarcely twelve yet. He would make a little tour, he thought, to kill time, and so return to the appointed spot. He walked half-a-dozen paces, rounded the huge smoke-blackened stem of a great elm tree, and found himself, as he expressed it, "nose to nose" with Mr. Egremont. A bystander, had there been one, must have detected that the meeting was exceedingly *mal à propos*, they were so glad to see each other! Dolly, blushing violently, shook the Count's hand as if he were the dearest friend in the world. "How was Tourbillon? He had not met him for ages. What had he been about? He had never thanked him enough for his kindness on a late occasion—and—had he been quite well since he saw him last?"

The Count looked amused. Here was, indeed, something to kill

time, not that he had any ill-nature about him, but that it was better fun to keep Dolly in a fidget than to smoke by himself till his correspondent arrived. That Dolly was in a fidget only became too obvious every moment. He glanced anxiously about, his colour went and came, he laughed nervously, and asked irrelevant questions without waiting for their answers. If the Count suspected the truth it was cruel thus to prolong the torture, but like a fish unskilfully played, that at last, with one desperate effort, snaps your line and makes off to sea, Dolly, catching a glimpse of a well-known parasol, surmounting a well-known figure, broke from his tormentor with the courage of despair.

He had persuaded Miss Tregunter, not without difficulty, to take an early walk with him in these pleasant retreats. They were engaged, but their engagement had not yet been given out, so they agreed to be abroad early, before the gossiping public were about. It never entered the calculations of either that they would meet such a worldly spirit as Tourbillon in their new-found paradise.

A first *tête-à-tête* with the lady who has imposed on you a first pressure of her hand, a first avowal from her lips, and its ratification thereon, a first appointment to meet her, a first walk with her in Kew, Kensington, or any other garden of Eden, is a thing to enjoy while it lasts, to remember softly and kindly when it has passed away, but certainly not to be curtailed nor interrupted by an unsympathising idler whom it requires only a little moral courage to shake off. Dolly, therefore, seeing the wished-for figure in the distance amongst the trees, looked his captor boldly in the face, masking any bashfulness he might feel with a certain quaintness of manner that was natural to him.

"I cannot stay now, Count," said he, "not another moment. But I often come here, and will meet you if you like at the same time to-morrow."

"Ah! you come often here," repeated the Count, laughing. "So do not I. Tell me then, Monsieur Egremont, what do you find so attractive in such a solitary place?"

"I come here to make 'double acrostics!'" answered Dolly, unblushingly. "They require undivided attention, and I can't do them if I am disturbed."

Tourbillon clapped him on the shoulder, laughing heartily, "Good!" said he, "*mon brave!* Success to your double acrostics. I shall not try to find out their answers. But, trust me, my friend, you will compose them all the better for a little assistance. Your English proverb says, you know, 'two hearts, two heads,' what is it? 'are better than one!' I make you my compliments, and I leave you to find out its truth."

CHAPTER L.

THE STAR OF THE WEST.

TOURBILLON looked wistfully after the retreating couple as they disappeared amongst the trees. For a moment he could have envied Mr. Egremont and Miss Tregunter their open, above-board, and avowed attachment. Only for a moment, soon reflecting that such matters were quite out of his line, that he was totally unfitted for the flat sameness of domestic life, that the only sort of woman, half-devil, half-coquette, who could hope to interest him now, was the last he would wish to place beside him in his home, and that he was actually here at this spot but in accordance with that evil spirit which made novelty, mystery, and intrigue, the daily bread of his existence.

A rather stout, showy-looking lady, dressed in black, came rapidly along the broad gravel walk, and when she approached the Count, disclosed, as if purposely, the envelope of a letter in her left hand. The Frenchman's eye brightened, his languor vanished in an instant. The hawk in her swoop, the leopard in his lair, the wolf on the slot, every beast of prey wakes into energy when its quarry comes in sight. Tourbillon took his hat off without hesitation, and wished her "Good morning," as if he had known her all his life.

"Madame has been most gracious in according me this interview," said he. "I have now to learn how I can be of service to Madame."

He tried hard to see her face, but a couple of black veils drawn tight, concealed the features as effectually as could any riding mask of the last century. His quick perceptions, however, took in at once that her figure was remarkably good, that she was exceedingly well-dressed, and that the jewellery, of which she wore a good deal, though very magnificent, was in perfect taste.

Her handkerchief too, and this with a gentleman of Tourbillon's experience counted for something, was trimmed with an edging of broad and delicate lace.

"A lady," thought the Count, "no doubt. Not quite a *grande dame*, but still a person of position. Who can she be, and where can she have seen me before?"

He made no question, notwithstanding the protestations in her note, that this was a fresh conquest; assuming, therefore, his pleasantest manner and his sweetest smile—but the bright face clouded, the comely cheek turned white with the first tones of her voice, while she replied:—

"I know Count Tourbillon well. I think he cannot have forgotten me. I am sure he will not deny that I have a right to ask of him any favour I please."

He could only gasp out, "Fanchon! Madame Enslee! Just heaven! And I thought you were dead!"

"It would have made little difference to you if I had been," she answered, perfectly unmoved, but not without a touch of scorn. "It need make no difference to you now. Count, I did not come here to talk about yourself, but about somebody whose boots you were never fit to black. I speak pretty plain. I've come from the side of the water where people say what they mean, and give it mouth too."

"You did not think so once," he broke in angrily; and then, growing conscious that the position was false, even ridiculous, continued more temperately:—

"We all make mistakes, Madame. This is a world of mistakes. I cannot see that it is the interest of either to injure the other. Circumstances conspired against us, but my feelings towards you have ever remained the same."

"I can easily believe it," she answered bitterly. "There was no love lost, Count, you may take your oath. I told you that, pretty smart, in the letter I left on my dressing-table at Milan. You used to laugh at my French, but you understood every word of those six lines, I'll be bound. Short and sweet, wasn't it? And what I said then I mean now."

"Your French, like everything about you, was always charming," he replied gallantly. "Shall we sit down, a little apart from the public walk? Your appearance, Madame, is sufficiently attractive to command attention anywhere."

"I'm sure if I'm not ashamed of my company you needn't be," said the lady, moving to a less conspicuous spot, nevertheless, and lifting her double veil, that she might converse more freely. "I've not much to say, and I shouldn't care if the whole world saw you and me together; but I don't want to be overheard, all the same."

Just the old, petulant, wilful, off-hand manner, he thought; the old self-scorn, the old want of tact, refinement, and good-breeding. Looking into her face, too, he could still recognise much of the bright, comely beauty that had so captivated his fancy for a few weeks many years ago. It was coarser now, indeed; bolder, harder, and what people call overblown; but, notwithstanding her life of change, sorrow, excitement, and adventure, the miller's daughter was a handsome, striking looking woman, even yet.

You have already learned by Tourbillon's exclamation of astonishment that it was no other than Fanny Draper, or rather Mrs. Ainslie, who thus sat by his side in Kensington Gardens, whom he had never seen since she left him in a fit of anger, disgust, and passionate repentance, some two months after her desertion of Gerard, and whose subsequent career—extending over a good many years—would itself have filled a three-volume novel, rich in scrapes, situations, ups-and-downs, success, disappointment, and retribution.

Thrown on her own resources when she quitted the Count at Milan, Fanny determined to return home at once and try her fortune on the English stage. It was a profession to which she was specially adapted by nature, and in which her mobility of feature and peculiar style of beauty afforded great advantages. She had not forgotten Mr. Bruff's flattering estimate of her histrionic powers, nor the lessons he had given her in the humble country-town, to which she even now looked back as to her one glimpse of paradise on earth. She avoided Ripley, and never went near her father, but plunged hastily into London, and, converting the few jewels she had brought with her into ready-money, got an engagement to dance in a minor theatre at eighteen shillings a week, and so put her foot on the lowest round of a ladder in which the topmost seemed hopelessly out of reach. It was the old story. Fanny Draper—or Miss Douglas, as she called herself—was fortunate enough to hit that combination of three properties which alone ensure success; these are, confidence, ability, and opportunity. Of the two first she possessed more than her share, and the last she owed to the sudden illness of a dashing young lady with beautiful legs, who enacted the leading character in an extravaganza of which Fanny constituted a mere humble item in tights and spangles. Miss Douglas, on this fortunate occasion, advanced boldly to the rescue, accepted the part at an hour's notice, and was recognised as a star by the infallible criticism of a crowded gallery the moment she came to the footlights. Her legs were quite equal to the absentee's, her beauty infinitely superior, while her acting, as even the manager admitted, really was something like acting, and he increased her salary forthwith. She left him, nevertheless, at the end of his season, for a far better engagement, and the following year saw her starring it in the country and making five or six pounds a week. A break then occurred in Miss Douglas's career until she appeared again, as a Mrs. St. Germyn, at Liverpool, to take her benefit on the eve of a Continental tour. Under different names she continued to perform at divers French theatres, in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, covering her deficiencies of accent and pronunciation with an *espièglerie* of manner that a foreign audience found irresistible, till, finally, being heard of as Madame Molinara, the great stage celebrity of New York, she was imported by indefatigable Dolly Egremont to retrieve a waning reputation and replenish an exhausted cash-box for his Accordion Theatre.

Madame Molinara had not passed through so many vicissitudes without adding good store of experience to the mother-wit, of which she enjoyed her full share, and she certainly did not put too low a price upon her talents. After a correspondence that nearly drove Dolly wild in its progress, and a stormy passage across the Atlantic highly conducive to health, when it was over, behold the celebrated American actress, safely arrived in London, engaged at an exorbitant

price to take the leading part in a melodrama written by the husband from whom she had been separated for more years than she liked to count.

"It is itself as good as a play," said she, after detailing, in as few words as possible, the above information for the benefit of the attentive Count, who disappointed her, it must be admitted, by evincing so little surprise at the most startling points of her narrative. "They do say, Truth is stranger than Fiction; I'm sure, in my case, Romance whips Reality. And now to think of my sitting alongside of you, under an English elm. Dear, dear! what beautiful elms there was used to stand in the park at Oakover! Why, that loafer there with a spaniel dog might almost realise we were two lovers taking a spell of courting. Well, well! We've all been fools in our day; but live and learn is my motto! And now, Count, what d'ye think made me write you that little note last night before I went to bed? Ah! you wouldn't guess from July to eternity. You're as sly as a 'possum: I know that of old; but I've fixed you there, I estimate. It's not often you get a Frenchman up a tree in what you was used to call,—excuse my laughing—to call an affair of the heart."

Tourbillon was at a *non plus*. What could she be driving at, this hard, bold woman—with her hateful Americanisms and her loud, coarse mirth? He felt confused, puzzled, even a little ashamed, to be thus taken aback. As before an armed adversary he would have fallen "on guard" by instinct, so with a feminine foe he unconsciously assumed those tactics that came most natural to him in dealing with the gentler and subtler sex. He must make love to her, he thought, *de rigueur*; must warm up the sentiments, never very palatable, that had stood cold so long, and compound the best dish he could of the hash. She expected it, of course, or why was she there? With a practised glance from his bright black eyes, of which he knew the power as well as the most finished coquette who ever wore petticoats, he took his companion's hand, and whispered softly:—

"You wrote to me, Fanchon. Yes, I call you Fanchon to-day, as I have called you by that endearing name for years, in my sorrows, in my solitude, in my dreams. You sent for me because your heart, like mine, cannot quite forget. Because, like mine, it pines to resume once more the only true affection it has ever known. Because, in fine, we return after all our wanderings to our first attachments, and—and—though you would not trust your address to the chances of a letter, you will confide it to me now, and we shall speedily meet again."

She laughed once more. Heartily this time, and with such real enjoyment as convinced even Tourbillon's vanity, that whatever motives led her to seek this interview, affection for himself had nothing to do with them.

"You whip creation, Count!" she said, wiping her eyes with the

richly-laced handkerchief. "You do, indeed! Such cheek as yours was never so much as heard of out of Paris. You carry on with so good a face too. Solemn enough to stop a clock! They spoiled a second Liston when they made you an attaché, or an ambassador, or whatever you are. I don't know whether you've done well in your own profession, but I'm availed you'd get along considerable in mine. Now if you'll stow all that gammon and speak common sense for three minutes, I'll tell you my mind right away, and then make tracks. That ugly chap in a gold-laced hat has been looking our way till I'm tired of him. Listen, Count. This is something to your advantage!"

"You were always heartless," replied Tourbillon, in perfect good humour. "It is my misfortune. Speak, Madame, I am all attention."

"Now that's business," said the lady approvingly. "I suppose, monsieur, you won't deny that I know two or three things you'd just as soon I kept to myself."

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly, but with an affirmative gesture.

"Very well," she continued. "Now if you'll keep my secrets I'll keep yours. Is it a bargain?"

"Honour!" said the Count with a smile.

"Honour!" she repeated. "Ah! but is it honour as if I were a *man* and could call you to account? No. Don't get riled. I'm aware you'd make no bones about that! But is it honour such as you would pledge to another *gentleman*" (she put a bitter emphasis on the word) "like yourself?"

"Honour, madame!" he answered gravely, "as between man and man. On both sides!"

She seemed satisfied.

"Then to such honour I trust," said she, "that you will not betray me. That you will never recognise nor salute me in public, never divulge in private that the Madame Molinara of the play-bills owns a legal right to but one of all the names she has been called by, and that name she disgraced, not for your sake, you needn't think it! but because—well, never mind why. Perhaps because she had a wild, fierce temper and a loving heart! You may sneer, Count, you often used, I remember, but I tell you, there is but one man in the world I'd walk fifty yards to serve, and that man was once my husband. Once! He's my husband still. Let me see who dare dispute it! But I'll never stand in his way, poor Gerard, I'll never be a clog and a blot and a disgrace to *him*. If he fancies I'm dead and gone, perhaps he'll think kindly of me now and then, who knows? We didn't hit it off so bad together just at first. It seems queer enough to remember it all now. Don't be afraid, Count, I'm not going to cry, but I can't keep from laughing. It's enough to make a cat laugh. Madame Molinara don't sound much like Fanny Draper,

does it? Nor I don't look much like her neither—do I? There's but two people left in England I'm afraid of now that poor father's dead and gone, and me never to have seen him! But two in all England, Count, and you're one of them.”

Tourbillon bowed, as accepting a compliment, adding—

“And Monsieur Ainslie, without doubt, is the other?”

“Gerard!” she exclaimed, with another laugh, which stifled something like a sob. “Not he! Not if he was coming up the walk here, this instant. And dressed for the stage, bless you! why he wouldn't know me from his grandmother. No, I can keep out of the other's way. She and I are little likely to meet in this great crowded town; but I own I was afraid of you. I remembered your ways of old. I knew that if you heard of a fresh face, be she princess, actress, or chimney-sweep, you'd never rest till you'd seen her, and found out all about her, and made love to her, maybe, as you always do. That's why I've asked you to meet me here. That's why I've asked you to promise you will never let Mr. Ainslie nor anybody else know I'm alive and in England. Now, Count, can I depend upon you?”

“It is a bargain,” answered Tourbillon, impressively; “on one side, as on the other!”

“Done!” she answered, shaking hands as if to ratify the compact, while she wished him good-bye. “I shall perhaps have one more look at him now. He'll never be the wiser. Of the other I have no fear—no fear. She's a real lady, and I—well, I'm an actress. Nothing better. I thank you, Tourbillon; I do, indeed. Good luck to you! From my heart I wish you well!”

So she walked out of the garden, staring superciliously on the unoffending guardian of the gate, while the Count, selecting his largest cigar, proceeded to light it thoughtfully and methodically, looking after his late companion with an air of whimsical consternation on his expressive countenance that language is powerless to describe.

CHAPTER LI.

“FAIS CE QUE DOIS.”

MADAME MOLINARA, or Fanny, as we may again call her, had confessed to the Count that, besides himself, there was but one person in London from whom she feared recognition, but one whom she dreaded to meet. Her feminine instincts warned her that if she should chance to come face to face with Mrs. Vandeleur, all attempt at further concealment would be in vain. The spirit of rivalry between women is far keener, subtler, more enduring than with men. The miller's daughter had loved Gerard Ainslie as dearly as it was in such

a nature to love any human being, and was ready to prove her affection by voluntarily relinquishing every claim on her husband. She felt she could never make him happy; felt it now just as surely, though not so bitterly, as in the first days of their married life. She had resolved, and in such a woman there was no small self-sacrifice in the resolution, that she would be contented but to hear that he was beloved by somebody more worthy of him. That should he choose to believe her dead (remember, Fanny's standard of morality was only in accordance with her education and her subsequent career), she would never undeceive him; trying to rejoice from her heart if she learned he was married to another — just as she had rejoiced when she read in the English newspapers of his succession to wealth that she never dreamed of asking him to share with her. To be sure her profession brought her in more money than she could spend; but had she been penniless, she felt it would have made no difference. With all her faults she was, in some respects, a thorough woman: in none more so than in certain overstrained sentiments of false pride and real generosity. True, she could have approved of Gerard's marriage to any other on earth rather than to Mrs. Vandeleur. Thousands of miles off a pang smote her when she saw in the *Times* how that lady had at last become a widow. But while her heart insisted Gerard would never care for anybody but Norah, her head reasoned more coldly and rationally, that few attachments were rooted deep enough to withstand such contrary blasts as had swept over the White Rose, to outlive so long a frost as must have chilled and pierced her to the core. "No," she told herself, walking hastily homeward through the Park. "If they had been going to make a match of it they would have settled matters months ago. John Vandeleur's been dead long enough, in all conscience. My! what a wicked one he was! I wonder what's gone with him now! Well, it's no use bothering about that; I dare say Miss Norah's pretty much altered, too, by this time. I know I am, though the Yankees didn't seem to think there was a deal amiss with my outside neither! What will happen to my Gerard is this. Some young lady of title will fall in love with him, and they'll be married with two parsons and a dozen of bridesmaids, and I'll put on a thick veil and go up in the gallery to see it done. Suppose she don't suit him after all. That won't do at any price. No, we'll fix it different for his sake, though it's as bad as bitters to swallow down. If he must have the woman he set his foolish boy's heart on, why he shall. I'll give him up to her, I will. 'Specially if she's gone off in her looks. I shall never know it though. I mustn't meet her. It's my business to keep out of her way if I go barefoot a hundred miles. Jerusalem! If this isn't Miss Welby herself!"

Fanny had, indeed, bounced into the very arms of a lady making for a brougham waiting some twenty paces off, in the carriage-drive,

whom she knew at once for Mrs. Vandeleur, and whom, in the confusion of the moment, she called out loud by her maiden-name. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual. Norah, turning as white as a sheet, felt ready to drop. With both hands she clung to the railing that guarded the footway, and strove to frame some commonplace words of greeting and surprise. In vain, for not a syllable would come.

Fanny recovered her senses first; more accustomed to situations of perplexity, she had acquired the useful habit of taking the bull by the horns, and she saw with a glance that the present was no time for deception or concealment. Acting always on impulse, it was her impulse at this moment to be frank, generous, and out-spoken. She, the woman who had right and power on her side, threw herself without hesitation on the mercy of the other.

“Miss Norah!” said she. “Miss Welby—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vandeleur. It’s too late; you knew me; I saw you did. You was always a good friend to me and mine long ago. Be a good friend still. Will you keep my secret and his?”

“Your secret! His!” gasped Norah, still holding on to the rails. “Fanny—Mrs. Ainslie—what do you mean?”

The other had quite recovered her coolness now.

“Is that your carriage, ma’am?” said she, pointing to the brougham, with its two servants assiduously preparing for their mistress. “Will you give me a lift? I’ve something to say that can’t be said out here amongst all these people. Oh! you needn’t be afraid! I keep a carriage of my own now!”

This was unjust, for Mrs. Vandeleur, though she had not yet recovered her voice, expressed in dumb show exceeding goodwill thus to remove their unexpected interview from public gaze; but Fanny was prepared to be unjust, because with the one comprehensive glance that took in the other’s features, complexion, bonnet, ear-rings, gloves, dress, and deportment, the uncomfortable truth obtruded itself, that never even in her bright young days long ago, had the White Rose, spite of anxiety and agitation, looked more queenly, more delicate, more beautiful, than at that moment.

It was a hard task Madame Molinara had set herself, but she resolved to go through it, reflecting with something of bitter sarcasm that, had she known beforehand her rival’s beauty remained so untarnished, she would never have drifted into the false position that bade her do an act of generosity against her will.

Not till the door of the carriage was banged to, and the direction given for Fanny’s residence, did Mrs. Vandeleur find her voice. It came at last, very weak and tremulous,—

“I was so startled just now, I could not tell you, but I am glad to see you again, Fanny. Indeed I am.”

“That’s nonsense,” answered Fanny, with good-humoured abrupt-

ness. "You oughtn't to be. You ought to hate me. You do. Just as I used to hate you. But you won't hate me any longer when I've told you all I want to say. What a noise these small broughams make, to be sure. One can't hear oneself speak. I suppose it's being so near the wheels."

Mrs. Vandeleur could hardly help smiling at this display of a fastidious taste in carriages from the miller's daughter. Perhaps the other made the remark on purpose, intending thereby to place them both on a more common-place and more equal footing; perhaps only with the nervous desire natural to us all, of putting off, if for ever so few seconds, the fatal word or deed that must henceforth be irrevocable, irretrievable. There was silence for a few seconds between the two women, while each, scanning the other's exterior, wondered what Gerard could see to excuse his infatuation, but with this difference, that Mrs. Vandeleur marvelled honestly and from her heart, whereas the actress forced herself to stifle the conviction of her own inferiority in all, except mere physical attraction, that fascinated mankind. She broke it abruptly, and with an effort. "Miss Norah," said she, "Mrs. Vandeleur, do you think as bad people can ever be happy? Not if they're ever so prosperous? Don't believe it. I've been wicked enough myself, and now I'm so miserable—so miserable!" Her voice came thick and dry, while the lines that denote mental suffering deepened and hardened round her mouth. The comely face looked ten years older than when it smiled mockingly on Tourbillon half-an-hour ago.

Norah took her hand. "Nobody is too wicked," said she gently, "to repent, and to make amends."

"Repent!" echoed Fanny, almost in tones of anger, "I can't repent, I tell you. I'd do just the same if it was to come over again. But I can make amends, and I will too. Oh, Mrs. Vandeleur, you'll hate me, you'll despise me, you'll never forgive me when you know all. No more you ought not. I'll never forgive myself. And yet I'm not sorry for it really in my heart. I'm not. You cannot understand how I was tempted. You'd been used to gentlefolks all your life. To you, he was just one amongst a lot of others. But to me, he seemed like an angel out of heaven. Ay, the first time as ever I set eyes on him, walking through the fields, and watching of the May-fly on poor old Ripley water, I loved him so—I loved him so!"

"Loved him!" thought Norah, "and yet she could leave him for years, when she had a right to be near him. Ah! if I'd been in her place, I'd have followed my darling through the wide world, whether he liked it or not." But she felt that after all this woman was his wedded wife, while she——Well, she had no right to speak, so she held her peace.

"Then I determined," continued Fanny, in a set, firm voice;

"yes, I swore, that come what might, I'd have him, if I died for it. I wasn't a good girl like you, Miss Norah. I wasn't brought up to be a good girl, though poor old daddy he was always the kindest of fathers to me. And I hadn't set foot in England two days afore I was down at Ripley, and through the orchard like a lapwing, making no doubt as I should find him with his arm over the half-door, and his dear old face, that's in heaven now, smiling through the flour, so pleased to see his little Fan. I ain't going to cry, Mrs. Vandeleur. Well, when I came round in front, the place was all shut up and boarded in. The garden plots was choked in nettles, the box had grown as high as my knees, the mill-wheel was stopped, and the sluice dry. I cried then, I did, for I knew I should never see him no more. It's a quiet little place they've buried him in. Close by mother, in a corner of Ripley churchyard. Oh, Mrs. Vandeleur, d'ye think he could have died without knowing as his little Fan would have given her two eyes to be at his bed-head, only for a minute? I can't bear to think it. I won't! I can't! I ain't going to cry. I ain't going to cry!"

But she did cry, heartily, bursting into a passion of tears, as violent as it was soon over, while Mrs. Vandeleur, woman-like, wept a little, no doubt, for company.

"You've a good heart, you have," resumed the miller's daughter, "and that's why I'm so sorry and so resolute. Look here, Mrs. Vandeleur; I stole away the man you loved, and—yes, I will say it out—as loved you, and made him my husband. There was others in the business, far more to blame than me. Others as stuck at nothing to get what they wanted, be it good or bad, but that's all past and gone now. Well, I know if right had been right, you should have had my Gerard (Norah winced and shrank back into her corner of the carriage), and you shall have him yet. Repent and make amends, says you. I can't repent, but I can make amends. Nobody but yourself and one other knows I'm in England, or even alive. I'll engage that one doesn't let the cat out of the bag. Besides, I've heard say that if a woman keeps seven years away from her husband, she's as good as dead to him in law, and he can marry again. You two might be very happy together. I don't want to see it; but I can bear to know it, if it's my own doing. There, I've said my say, and here we are turning into Berner's Street."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Norah, struggling fiercely, as it were, with the evil spirit that was tempting her, radiant and seductive as an angel of light. "Impossible, Fanny! You mean kindly, generously, no doubt. But your marriage to—to Mr. Ainslie is lawful and binding so long as you both live. Nothing on earth can undo it. Besides, think of the scandal—the shame—the sin!"

"Oh, I don't go in for all that," answered Fanny, a little relieved, it may be, in her secret heart, by the rejection of her handsome offer.

"I've got other things to think of. I can't sit with my hands before me, working it backwards and forwards like you ladies do. I've my own bread to make, you see, and very good bread it is, I can tell you. Why, I've a part to study now this very afternoon. And father isn't hardly cold in his grave," she added, with a strange, ghastly smile.

"A part to study!" repeated Norah. "Oh, Fanny! you never will—you never can!"

"Folks must live," answered the other, with the hard, bold expression that had varied so often during their drive, settling over her face once more.

They had now reached Madame Molinara's door in Berners Street, and the brougham came to a stop.

"Fanny!" exclaimed Mrs. Vandeleur, "you mean to do right. You want to be better. We are both very miserable. I—I have more than I need of this world's wealth. Share with me. Leave the stage, and try to lead a different life. It is better, after all, to be good, than famous, admired, successful—even happy."

"I should go mad!" answered the other, wildly. "I should go thinking, thinking, thinking, till I was out of my mind. Nothing but the constant excitement keeps me in my senses. Come and see me act. Promise; I shall feel a better woman. Mrs. Vandeleur, you are an angel. If I dared I would say, 'God bless you!'"

She seized the corner of Norah's shawl, pressed it passionately once, twice, to her lips, darted from the carriage, and drawing both veils over her face, hurried across the street to disappear within her own door.

"Home!" said the White Rose, leaning back in solitude, and realising, for the first time, her utter desolation—the bitter loneliness of her lot, the cruel mockery of a life, rich in empty appliances of outward show, but deprived of sympathy, debarred from happiness, and devoid of hope.

CHAPTER LII.

"ADVIENT CE QUE POURRA."

It is a well-known truth, borne out by the moral and physical experience of every sufferer, that the severity of a wound or blow is not thoroughly appreciated till its immediate effects have passed away. A man breaks his collar-bone hunting, receives a sabre cut, or even loses a limb, in action, and for a while, beyond a certain numbness and confusion, is scarcely aware that he has been hurt. So is it with a great sorrow. There is, first of all, an instinctive effort at resistance, not without something of the hard, stern joy brave spirits feel in every phase of strife, followed by a dead sensation of stupefaction and bewilderment, the lull, as it were, before the

storm ; then, after a dark, strange, ghastly interval, a smarting pain, a piercing agony, the real punishment which wrings those most severely who clench their teeth, and knit their brows, and scorn to wince, or shrink, or cry aloud beneath the torture.

Norah looked very pale and stern when she walked into her own house ; but she had quite made up her mind what she was going to do. With her head up, and a proud, resolute step, like some priestess of old, prepared to officiate at the sacrifice, she marched into her drawing-room—that room in which every article of furniture, every ornament and knick-knack, was now more or less associated with his presence, and proceeded to ransack a little drawer in her writing-table, sacred to certain relics that had somehow connected themselves with Mr. Ainslie. These treasures were but few in number, and, to judge by appearance, of small intrinsic value ; yet what a life’s history they represented ! what a wealth of affection, anxiety, longing, folly, and regret had been lavished on those poor, desultory, unconscious trifles ! There lay the book he had given her long ago, in the days of annuals and keepsakes, at Marston Rectory. A gaudy little volume, bound in much-frayed red and gold. Its contents, I am bound to admit, were of the trashiest and most nonsensical character. An engraving of an impossible woman in drooping ringlets, with an enormous straw hat, adorned the frontispiece, and to this deity such touching lines as the following, separated by a sheet of silver paper from their object, were addressed in ostentatious type :—

“ Lady, I look and wonder at thy face,
Its perfect lineaments, its haughty grace ;
The fair pale brow, the calm and classic smile,
The deep dark eyes, that brighten and beguile.”

And so on, through some fifty verses, scored along the margin by a black-lead pencil, doubtless young Gerard’s handiwork during intervals of deeper study at Mr. Archer’s, and intended to convey his favourable criticism of the poetry, his entire concurrence in its tone of adoration, as applied to the young lady for whom he brought such works across the marshes in his pocket. Ah, those well-remembered marshes ! She could see them now, with their wide, straight ditches gleaming in the summer sun, as she drove her ponies merrily across the level, looking here and there for the light, graceful figure that seldom disappointed her. Could it have been so long ago ? and was it all over—all over now ? She pushed the book back into its drawer, and for a moment felt she had neither strength nor courage to make an end of her task, but, calling to mind the late interview with Fanny, nerved herself once more for her trial, and put this keepsake aside, to pack up with the rest. She had preserved it through her whole married life, and his, but to-day it must go once for all.

There was a dried flower, too, of what kind, in its then state of atrophy, it would have puzzled a botanist to decide; but Gerard had worn it in his coat that time when she saw him again after all those years of absence. Somehow it got detached, and had fallen out. She picked it off the carpet when he went away, and for a little kept it in a very warm place, which might account perhaps for its being so completely withered, before she hid it up with the other things in their drawer. Must that go too? Well, it was better it should; if she spared one, she might spare all, and right was right. She must not even *think* of Mrs. Ainslie's lawful husband any more!

Here was a note—a note in the dear familiar hand. It began formally enough, and might, indeed, have been published word for word in the *Times* newspaper, containing as it did a very practical intimation that the writer had secured stalls for herself and Miss Tregunter at the French play. How well she remembered the vouchers coming from Mitchell's in their envelope, and the glee with which she put them in the fire! They didn't go near the French play after all. Not one of them cared in their hearts if they never entered a theatre again. No; far better than that, they all dined at deaf, kind old Lady Baker's. Herself, and Somebody, and Jane, and Dolly Egremont, with a couple of pleasant guardsmen, not particularly in love, to do the talking. Somebody took her down to dinner, and there was music afterwards, under cover of which certain whispers, meaning more than they expressed, passed unnoticed. Then, when it was time to go away, Somebody put her into her carriage, retaining, as his guerdon, the flower she had worn all the evening in her bosom, and pressing it fondly to his lips (she saw him by the light of her own carriage-lamps) as she drove away. Altogether it was an evening out of Paradise, and now there were to be no more of them. No more—no more!

The poor withered flower was drafted accordingly, to accompany the other discarded mementoes of an affection that should have been broken off long ago, if it was to be destroyed at all. You may tear up a sapling with your hand, and mother earth, dame nature, whatever you please to call her, covers the gap over so effectually in six months, you would never guess she had sustained the slightest abrasion. But let your young tree grow for a few seasons, expanding to the sunshine, drinking in the rain, drawing sustenance and vitality from the very atmosphere, you must use cord, and lever, and grappling-iron, if you would displace it now. It is a question of strength, I admit, and you may root it up by main force like the other; but how long will it be before the grass grows over the place again? It must remain seamed, scarred, bare, and barren for the best part of a life-time.

There was scarcely anything more to put away. A card he left with a few lines in pencil, expressing disappointment not to find her

at home. A quill he had stripped of its feather clumsily enough, sitting in the very chair yonder by the window, while he laid his ground plan several feet above the surface, for one of those “castles in the air” he was never tired of building and furnishing to make a future habitation. Alas! she must not hope to enter it now. Perhaps, and the tears hung thick upon her eyelashes, she might occupy it with him hereafter, as one of the many mansions promised to the houseless ones in heaven.

The drawer was nearly empty. Nothing remained but a showy dog-collar of red morocco leather, with a little silver bell attached. Talking nonsense as women will sometimes, and men too, when they are very happy, she had once threatened to have a watch-dog for her drawing-room weighing perhaps three pounds and a half, the smallest she boasted that could be got in London. Of course Gerard went in quest of such a toy the following morning, but pending his difficulties in procuring anything so small as she desired, zealously effected so much of his task as consisted in purchasing a collar, and sending it home forthwith. To Bill George, and other gentlemen of the Fancy in the same line, the period that had since elapsed afforded but a short space for their requisite inquiries and negotiations. Alas! it seemed as if years had passed away in the interim to the White Rose!

By what process of feminine reasoning she arrived at her conclusion, it is not for me to explain, but though she discarded the collar, Norah felt herself justified in retaining the bell. This morsel of silver she fastened carefully to her watch-chain; then heaping the rest of the spoil together, she packed it up very neatly, stuck half-a-dozen stamps on it, addressed the whole to Gerard Ainslie, Esq., in a firmer hand than common, and so sat down to cry. Do not judge her harshly. She was trying to do right, you see, and we all know, at least all who have ever turned their faces resolutely to the task, how steep and rugged is the upward path, how sharp its flints, how merciless its thorns, how grim and grey and desolate frowns that ridge of granite, to attain which all these efforts must be made, all these sufferings endured. It is not easy to be good. Never believe it, or why should Virtue win at last so lavish, so priceless a reward! Excelsior! Fight on, fight upwards; though heart sink, limbs fail, brain reel, and eyes be dimmed with tears of anguish, fight doggedly on! From that stern grey ridge you shall see the promised land, the golden mountains, and the narrow path, growing easier every step, that leads across the valley direct to the gates of heaven.

A woman is very much in earnest when she forgets her luncheon. Robert Smart, who considered himself essentially Mrs. Vandeleur's footman, and looked on his fellow-servant in the same livery as a mere rear-rank man, a sort of make-weight and set-off to his own

gorgeous presence, was accustomed at this period of the day, as indeed at many others, when he could find excuse, to ring a hand-bell with exceeding perseverance and energy. He seemed to think it becoming that next-door neighbours on both sides, and as much as possible of the street, should be advised whenever his mistress was about to partake of solid refreshment. On the present occasion, having laid his table gravely and decorously as usual, he applied himself with vigour to the luncheon-bell, and felt a little surprised to find that summons unattended by its usual result.

Robert, whose general appearance was of a kind much appreciated below-stairs, affected the best of terms with the cook. That worthy woman, "keeping company," as she expressed it, with nobody in particular at the time, regarded him with sufficient approval. His attractions came out, indeed, in shining contrast with a baker whom she had lately jilted, and a desirable greengrocer whose attentions she already perceived looming in the distance.

Such a state of affairs was peculiarly favourable to domestic criticism on "the missis," her "sperrits," her "tantrums," her loss of appetite, and her "followers."

The bell had been rung more than ten minutes, and still no opening of doors, no rustle of draperies on the staircase, announced that Mrs. Vandeleur had gone down to luncheon. The cutlets would be cold, the grill uneatable, the new potatoes steamed to a consistency like soap. Already a "*soufflé* to follow" was at the very bubble of perfection. The cook lost patience. "Bob," she screamed from the foot of her kitchen-stairs, "whatever are you about up there, and why don't you bring down the first course?"

"Bob," as she called him, was tugging at his wristbands in the dining-room, but responded forthwith.

"She've never come to lunch at all," said he, looking disgusted at such transparent want of common sense. "She've not been above-stairs or I must have heard her go. She've never left the drawing-room, and the things is all getting cold, and the carriage ordered at three to a moment."

The cook prided herself on an uncomplimentary abruptness, calling it "speaking her mind."

"Well," she replied, "you great gaby, why don't you ring the luncheon-bell again? If that didn't fetch her down, I'd go bold into the drawing-room and tell her myself, if it was me."

"No you wouldn't," replied Mr. Smart, from the top step of the kitchen-stairs. "She've given orders not to be disturbed in that there room. I wouldn't go in for ninepence, not without I'd a reasonable excuse."

"Bother her orders!" replied the cook, insubordinate as it were *ex officio*; "she could but blow up like another."

"Missus never blows up," answered Robert, "I wish she would,

but she've a way of looking at a chap when she ain't best pleased, as if he was the dirt beneath her feet. I don't like it, I tell ye; I ain't used to it."

"Ah, you've been spoilt, you have!" observed the cook, casting an anxious glance towards the kitchen and the *soufflé*.

"'Specially by the women-folk," retorted Mr. Smart, with his best air.

"Get along with ye," laughed the other, retiring leisurely to the glowing recesses of her own dominions.

Fortunately for Robert's peace of mind a ring at the door-bell, and delivery of a note by the postman, furnished sufficient excuse for intrusion in the drawing-room. He returned from that apartment wearing a face of considerable importance, and proceeded to afford his fellow-servant the benefit of his experience.

"There's something up," observed he, with an air of great sagacity. "It's no wonder the luncheon's been left to get cold. There's Missis walking about the drawing-room taking on awful. I handed the note on a waiter as usual, and she stood looking out-a-winder, and never turned round to take it nor nothing. 'Thank you, James,' says she, for she didn't even know my step from his'n, 'put it down on the writing-table.' 'Luncheon's ready, Ma'am,' says I. 'I don't want no luncheon,' says she, but I could tell by her voice she'd been cryin', cryin' fit to bust herself. I wish I knowed wot it was; I can't a-bear to see her so down for nothin'. It's a bad job, you may depend. I wish it mayn't be a death in the family."

"I wish it mayn't be 'old Van' come back again," retorted the cook, who was of a less impressionable, and indeed more scoffing disposition. "She wouldn't like to be a widow bewitched, I know!"

"It's a bad job," repeated Mr. Smart, feeling, to do him justice, somewhat concerned for the obvious distress of the lady whose bread he ate (five times a day).

The cook laughed. "Look'ye here," said she. "I can see into a millstone as far as another. That chap with the brown beard haasn't been in our house for a fortnight, has he now? Nor he haasn't left his card neither, for I've been and looked in the basket myself every day. I mean him as was away foreign so long. Well, they do say as he kept company with Missis afore she was married, or anything, and that's what brought him here day after day, at all hours, whether or no. And now he never comes near her, nor nothing. Don't you see, you great stupe? She've been and lost her young man. That's why she takes on! Don't you trouble—she'll soon get another. Dear, dear—you men! What a thick-headed lot you are! And there's my stock draining away to rubbish all the while!"

So you see that Norah's distresses, however touching and high-flown they may have appeared to herself, were susceptible of a

broader, lower, more common-place view, when thus subjected to the impartial comments and criticism of her own servants in her own house.

CHAPTER LIII.

HUNTING HER DOWN.

MRS. VANDELEUR dried her tears, and read the note humbly enough. She knew the handwriting to be Burton's, and at another time would have accepted such a communication with something of impatience, if not scorn. It was her worst symptom, she thought, that she should feel too weary and wretched to-day to be angry with anything. Though rather a crafty production, and though her thoughts wandered so heedlessly to other matters, that it was not till the second perusal she gathered its real meaning and object, there was nothing in the following appeal to her own sense of justice which did not seem perfectly fair and above-board.

“DEAR MRS. VANDELEUR,

“Under existing circumstances, and after our unfortunate misunderstanding, you will be surprised to see my signature to a note, or rather a letter (for I have much to explain), addressed to yourself. Surprised, but may I venture to hope, not offended? Indeed, you have no cause for offence. None can regret more deeply than myself the chain of untoward accidents that have conspired to lower me in your opinion, nor the consequent estrangement of a lady whose esteem I value exceedingly, and whom I was formerly permitted to consider one of my oldest and kindest friends. Whatever hopes I may have cherished, whatever feelings I may have entertained of a more presumptuous nature, shall assuredly never again be expressed in words. As far as you are concerned it is as though they had never been. If I choose to treasure up a memory in the place where I never ought to have planted a hope, that must be my own affair, and you are welcome to call me a fool for my pains. But enough of this. I am now writing less as a suppliant imploring mercy, than an injured man demanding justice. I have tried over and over again for an opportunity of defending my conduct in person, I am at last driven to the less agreeable task of excusing myself by letter. Do not be impatient and unfair. I only ask you to read this in the spirit in which it is written.

You had reason, good reason, I frankly admit, to be very deeply offended many months ago, and our outward reconciliation since then, though plausible enough, has not, I feel, been of a nature to re-establish terms of common cordiality and good will. You thought me, and I cannot blame you, over-bold, intriguing, and unscrupulous.

You judged me guilty of gross presumption, of an act scarcely permissible to a gentleman; and I allow appearances were very much to my disadvantage. Ah! Mrs. Vandeleur, you little knew the feelings that prompted a step I have never since ceased to regret. You little knew my jealousy—mine! without a shadow of right—concerning everything that could be said, or thought, about one who was my ideal of goodness and truth. I felt persuaded it was impossible for you to do wrong. I felt equally determined to ascertain the origin of a thousand rumours, that it drove me wild to hear, and obtain for myself the power, if not the right, to contradict them on my own responsibility.

“In doing this I offended you beyond redemption. I do not deny your grievance. I do not wish to dwell one moment on so painful a subject. I only ask you to believe in my regret, in my sincerity; to place on my subsequent conduct that favourable construction which I have never forfeited by my actions, and to meet me in the world as a friend—nothing more. But, I entreat you, Mrs. Vandeleur—nothing less.

“Good-natured Dolly Egremont has sent me his box at the Accordion for the 10th. Though too near the stage, it is the best in the house. I am anxious to make up a party of people who know each other well, and have already secured Miss Tregunter. She can only spare us the evenings now from shopping for her *trousseau*. There are a few more, all favourites of your own. Can you be persuaded to join us? You will be doing a kindness to a great many people. You will be amused—even interested; and you will prove to me that, if not forgotten, at least my ill-judged precipitancy has been forgiven. Please send an answer, though I will take care a place is kept for you at any rate.

“Little news this morning at White’s or Boodle’s. Lady Featherbrain is going to marry her old admirer after all. She has just driven him down St. James’s Street in her mail phaeton. They are taking five-to-two here that she throws him out or throws him over before next Monday, the day for which the match is fixed. Young Fielder has not bolted after all. His father pays up, and he is to exchange. Poor Cotherstone, I fear, is dying. This, of course, will disqualify Purity, Hydropathist, and a great many more of the Clearwells that are never likely to be favourites.

“I had almost forgotten to say our box is for the first night of Gerard Ainslie’s play. I hear it is to be a great success. Come and give your opinion. I shall then know that I may subscribe myself,
as ever,

“Your sincere friend,

“GRANVILLE BURTON.”

“Poor fellow! I wonder whether he can really have cared for me after all!” was Mrs. Vandeleur’s first thought when she read the

above apologetic epistle. "Not a bit of it!" was her next, as she reflected on its measured diction and well-chosen expressions, artfully selected to avoid the remotest shadow of offence. "No. If it had come from his heart there would have been a little bitter to mix with all that sweet. Gerard would have reproached me half-a-dozen times in as many lines if he had felt ill-used. Ah! I don't believe anybody in the world ever cared for me as I like to be cared for, except Gerard. And now we must never meet. It does seem so hard! Well, I may go and see his play at any rate. There can't be much harm in that. I suppose I must write a civil line to accept. I'll try and find Jane first. It looks odd of Mr. Burton, too, getting this box and then asking me to join his party. I'll wear my grey satin, I think, with the black lace. I wonder what he can be driving at?"

It was indeed impossible for her to guess, but Granville Burton did not usually drive at anything without being sure of the goal he intended to attain. In the present instance he had a great many objects in view, and the design of making a great many people uncomfortable—Dolly Egremont, his affianced bride, Gerald Ainslie, Mrs. Vandeleur, himself not a little, inasmuch as the scratches he had sustained while endeavouring to detach the White Rose from her stem still smarted and rankled to the quick; lastly, Madame Molinara, once the miller's daughter at Ripley, now the famous American star, whose name in letters four feet long was placarded on every dead wall in the metropolis.

Fanny's incognito had proved more difficult of preservation than she anticipated. Like many others, she imitated the ostrich, and hoped to escape observation only because it was her own desire to avoid notice. It is strange that her experience in the United States, where it is everybody's business to find out his neighbour's, had not taught her better. Such men as Granville Burton make a profession of knowing all about a new celebrity, never learning less, usually more than the actual truth. Inquiring where they were born, and how and why? Ascertaining their education, their manners, their private means,—above all, their secret peccadilloes. It is so pleasant to feel possessed of the freshest news at a dinner-party, to keep the key of a secret that shall excite all those guests to envious attention, watching or making the wished-for opportunity, and then, with calm superiority, proceeding in measured tones to detail that wicked little anecdote which nobody in London has heard before, that startling bit of news which has not yet found its way into the afternoon club, or the evening paper. But, like the fishmonger, you must be careful no opposition dealer has fresher wares than yours. If once your story be capped, or its authenticity disputed by a better-informed rival, farewell to your superiority for weeks. Such a check is sometimes not to be got over in the whole of a London season.

Burton knew Count Tourbillon, of course, just as he knew every other notorious man in London. Equally of course, while they smoked their cigars in the sun (as we are glad to do in England), their discourse, originally attracted to the theme by a hurried nod Dolly Egremont gave them in passing, turned on that new celebrity who, so the world said, was to make the fortune of their friend, his company, and every one connected, however remotely, with the Accordion Theatre.

"They say she's a wonderful actress," observed the Dandy, in languid afternoon tones, as of a man whom no subject on earth could heartily interest.

"My faith—no!" replied the Count. "Quick, brilliant, versatile, and producing great effect in superficial parts, but for true passion, for deep, repressed feeling—bah! She has no more power to express it than a ballet-dancer. See, she would make fury with an audience in the part of Lady Teazle. She would be hissed off after ten minutes, if she attempted to play Ruth."

"You've seen her act?" inquired Burton.

"I have seen her act," answered Tourbillon, in measured tones, repressing with difficulty the mocking smile his own words called up.

"Good-looking, they tell me," continued the Dandy, taking his hat off to a lady on horseback.

"Only on the stage," replied the other. "Her's is a beauty that needs the accessories of dress, jewels, lights, illusion. If you walked with her through a garden at sunset, you would say, 'I have deceived myself. This is a wearisome woman. Let us go to supper.' And she would accept the invitation willingly. Enfin c'est une bonne grosse bourgeoise, et tout est dit!"

"Then you know her," exclaimed Burton, waking up from his lethargy, delighted to think he could learn some particulars of the celebrity about whom everybody was talking.

"A friend of mine was once much entangled with her," answered the ready Frenchman. "Poor fellow! I do not like to think of it now. It is a sad story. Parlons d'autre chose."

But he had said enough to put his companion on the track, and with dogged perseverance Dandy Burton hunted it, step by step, till he had found out the truth, the whole truth, and a good deal more than the truth. With his large acquaintance, his inquiring turn of mind in all matters of scandal, his utter contempt for fair-dealing in everything allied to the search for information, and the use he put it to when acquired, the Dandy could ferret out a mystery more promptly and certainly than any man, unconnected with the detective profession, in the whole of London.

Perhaps his experience on the turf stood him in good stead, perhaps he was no little indebted to his own natural cunning and predilection

for intrigue, but in a very few days he had identified Madame Molinara with the real Mrs. Ainslie, his former acquaintance Fanny Draper, of Ripley Mill; had satisfied himself the important discovery remained as yet almost exclusively his own, and had set about laying the train for a little explosion from which he anticipated much gratification in the way of spite, malice, and revenge.

His information had cost him a dinner at his club to the American minister, an invitation for a duchess's ball to an Italian gentleman once connected with the theatre at Milan, a box of cigars to Mr. Barrington Belgrave, formerly Bruff, and three half-crowns at intervals to a seedy individual in black, once a tout, lately a dog-stealer, now a professional vagabond. He considered the results very cheap at the money.

Dolly Egremont's box was then secured for the first night of *Pope Clement, or the Cardinal's Collapse*. It would be a great stroke of business, thought the Dandy, to collect in that narrow space the following elements, both discordant and sympathetic:—

First, Miss Tregunter, on whose feelings the blazing effects of Madame Molinara's attractions, and the general stage-business in which her plighted bridegroom must necessarily be absorbed, could not fail to produce a very disagreeable impression.

Next, Dolly himself, over whom the ill-humour of his lady-love would lower like a blight, withering up his good spirits and good-humour during the ensuing twenty-four hours, and making him wish, perhaps, for an evil moment, that he had left his petulant passion-flower blooming on her stalk.

Then Gerard Ainslie, the author of the piece, to whom such an unwelcome appearance of a wife he had forgotten, thus resuscitated to enact the leading part in his play, would be a bugbear none the less startling, that he witnessed it for the first time by the side of the woman he had loved so long, and had hoped at last to make his own.

And she! The White Rose! Burton would have his revenge then! That pride of hers, that had over-ridden him so haughtily, would be humbled to the dust—and in his own presence too, by his own dexterity. Perhaps, in her despair and her humiliation, the forbearance, the generosity, the good feeling he would make it his business to display, might win her for him after all.

Norah wondered, as we have learned, “what the Dandy was driving at?” She would have been indignant, no doubt, but she must have felt flattered could she have known that to attain his goal he would have spared neither whip-cord nor horse-flesh, grudged no material, shrank from no risk, shutting his eyes to the probability of an upset, the certainty of a break down, and the undoubted absurdity of the whole journey.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

“ Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs ;
Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs,
Et quand Octobre souffle, émondeur des vieux arbres,
Son vent mélancolique à l'entour de leurs marbres,
Certe, ils doivent trouver les vivants bien ingrats.”

Les Fleurs du Mal.

I.

SHALL I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee ?
Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,
Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel,
Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,
Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve ?
Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,
Half-faded fiery blossoms, pale with heat
And full of bitter summer, but more sweet
To thee than gleanings of a northern shore
Trod by no tropic feet ?

II.

For always thee the fervid languid glories
Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies ;
Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs.
Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,
The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave
That knows not where is that Leucadian grave
Which hides too deep the supreme head of song.
Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,
The wild sea winds her and the green gulfs bear
Hither and thither, and vex and work her wrong,
Blind gods that cannot spare.

III.

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,
Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us :
Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other

Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in clime ;
 The hidden harvest of luxurious time,
 Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech ;
 And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep
 Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep ;
 And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,
 Seeing as men sow men reap.

IV.

O sleepless heart and sombre soul unsleeping,
 That were athirst for sleep and no more life
 And no more love, for peace and no more strife !
 Now the dim gods of death have in their keeping
 Spirit and body and all the springs of song,
 Is it well now where love can do no wrong,
 Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang
 Behind the unopening closure of her lips ?
 Is it not well where soul from body slips
 And flesh from bone divides without a pang
 As dew from flower-bell drips ?

V.

It is enough ; the end and the beginning
 Are one thing to thee, who art past the end.
 O hand unclasped of unbeholden friend,
 For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for winning,
 No triumph and no labour and no lust,
 Only dead yew leaves and a little dust.
 O quiet eyes wherein the light saith nought,
 Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night
 With obscure finger silences your sight,
 Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,
 Sleep, and have sleep for light.

VI.

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
 Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
 Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
 Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
 Such as thy vision here solicited,
 Under the shadow of her fair vast head,

The deep division of prodigious breasts,
 The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
 The weight of awful tresses that still keep
 The savour and shade of old-world pine-forests
 Where the wet hill-winds weep?

VII.

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?
 O gardener of strange flowers, what bud, what bloom,
 Hast thou found sown, what gathered in the gloom?
 What of despair, of rapture, of derision,
 What of life is there, what of ill or good?
 Are the fruits grey like dust or bright like blood?
 Does the dim ground grow any seed of ours,
 The faint fields quicken any terrene root,
 In low lands where the sun and moon are mute
 And all the stars keep silence? Are there flowers
 At all, or any fruit?

VIII.

Alas, but though my flying song flies after,
 O sweet strange elder singer, thy more fleet
 Singing, and footprints of thy fleeter feet,
 Some dim derision of mysterious laughter
 From the blind tongueless warders of the dead,
 Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's veiled head,
 Some little sound of unregarded tears
 Wept by effaced unprofitable eyes,
 And from pale mouths some cadence of dead sighs—
 These only, these the hearkening spirit hears,
 Sees only such things rise.

IX.

Thou art far too far for wings of words to follow,
 Far too far off for thought or any prayer.
 What ails us with thee, who art wind and air?
 What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?
 Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,
 Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,
 Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.
 Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,
 The low light fails us in elusive skies,
 Still the foiled earnest ear is deaf, and blind
 Are still the eluded eyes.

X.

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,
 Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad soul,
 The shadow of thy swift spirit, this shut scroll
 I lay my hand on, and not death estranges
 My spirit from communion of thy song—
 These memories and these melodies that throng
 Veiled porches of a Muse funereal—
 These I salute, these touch, these clasp and fold
 As though a hand were in my hand to hold,
 Or through mine ears a mourning musical
 Of many mourners rolled.

XI.

I among these, I also, in such station
 As when the pyre was charred, and piled the sods,
 And offering to the dead made, and their gods,
 The old mourners had, standing to make libation,
 I stand, and to the gods and to the dead
 Do reverence without prayer or praise, and shed
 Offering to these unknown, the gods of gloom,
 And what of honey and spice my seedlands bear,
 And what I may of fruits in this chilled air,
 And lay, Orestes-like, across the tomb
 A curl of severed hair.

XII.

But by no hand nor any treason stricken,
 Not like the low-lying head of Him, the King,
 The flame that made of Troy a ruinous thing,
 Thou liest, and on this dust no tears could quicken
 There fall no tears like theirs that all men hear
 Fall tear by sweet imperishable tear
 Down the opening leaves of holy poets' pages.
 Thee not Orestes, not Electra mourns;
 But bending us-ward with memorial urns
 The most high Muses that fulfil all ages
 Weep, and our God's heart yearns.

XIII.

For, sparing of his sacred strength, not often
 Among us darkling here the lord of light
 Makes manifest his music and his might
 In hearts that open and in lips that soften

With the soft flame and heat of songs that shine.
 Thy lips indeed he touched with bitter wine,
 And nourished them indeed with bitter bread ;
 Yet surely from his hand thy soul's food came,
 The fire that scarred thy spirit at his flame
 Was lighted, and thine hungering heart he fed
 Who feeds our hearts with fame.

XIV.

Therefore he too now at thy soul's sunseting,
 God of all suns and songs, he too bends down
 To mix his laurel with thy cypress crown,
 And save thy dust from blame and from forgetting.
 Therefore he too, seeing all thou wert and art,
 Compassionate, with sad and sacred heart,
 Mourns thee of many his children the last dead,
 And hallows with strange tears and alien sighs
 Thine unmelodious mouth and sunless eyes,
 And over thine irrevocable head
 Sheds light from the under skies.

XV.

And one weeps with him in the ways Lethean,
 And stains with tears her changing bosom chill ;
 That obscure Venus of the hollow hill,
 That thing transformed that was the Cytherean,
 With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine
 Long since, and face no more called Erycine ;
 A ghost, a bitter and luxurious god.
 Thee also with fair flesh and singing spell
 Did she, a sad and second prey, compel
 Into the footless places once more trod,
 And shadows hot from hell.

XVI.

And now no sacred staff shall break in blossom,
 No choral salutation lure to light
 A spirit sick with perfume and sweet night
 And love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom.

There is no help for these things ; none to mend,
 And none to mar ; not all our songs, O friend,
 Will make death clear or make life durable.
 Howbeit with rose and ivy and wild vine
 And with wild notes about this dust of thine
 At least I fill the place where white dreams dwell
 And wreath an unseen shrine.

XVII.

Sleep ; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,
 If sweet, give thanks ; thou hast no more to live ;
 And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
 Out of the mystic and the mournful garden
 Where all day through thine hands in barren braid
 Wove the sick flowers of secrecy and shade,
 Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants grey,
 Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted,
 Passions that sprang from sleep and thoughts that start
 Shall death not bring us all as thee one day
 Among the days departed ?

XVIII.

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
 Take at my hands this garland, and farewell.
 Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
 And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,
 With sadder than the Niobeian womb,
 And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.
 Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done ;
 There lies not any troublous thing before,
 Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
 For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
 All waters as the shore.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

STRAY CHAPTERS FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK ON LABOUR.

IV.

THE ENDS OF TRADES' UNIONISM.

IN inquiring, as we may now proceed to do, into the means and ends of Unionism, and in considering how far these can respectively be termed legitimate, we shall find it convenient to treat the two separately. Inasmuch, too, as the former can scarcely be deserving of commendation, if the latter be reprehensible, we shall do well to reverse the usual order of things, and to take the last first. Beginning thus with the ends, we have yet another separation to make. We must be careful to distinguish between what actually is and what possibly might be, and must not allow the charms of a beautiful ideal to disguise from us the homeliness and coarseness of a somewhat commonplace reality. By some uncompromising admirers of Unionism, the loftiness and modesty of its aspirations are alternate themes of praise, and are each in turn urged as sufficient recommendations. By one very zealous and very powerful advocate its object is represented to be nothing less than the entire remodelling of existing industrial arrangements, the complete abolition of hiring and service, and the substitution for those invidious relations between man and man of a generous partnership in which employers should take their places as "Captains of Industry," while the employed cheerfully and trustfully subordinated themselves as rank and file; the former assuming the duties of superintendence, and finding tools, materials, and immediate subsistence, the latter "finding strength, patience, and manual skill." A rose-tinted picture this, and a visionary, yet not impossibly prophetic. It is at least one quite capable of realisation, and one, moreover, which trades' unions might, if they chose, materially assist in realising; thereby paving the way towards still better things beyond, and, even without advancing further, amply atoning thereby for all previous shortcomings or backslidings. Hitherto, however, they have been so far from making a move in that direction, that they will probably be both surprised and amused to find any such tendency attributed to them. "Captains of Industry," quotha. Yes, verily, every unionist private may perhaps be well enough content that there should be officers in the army of labour; only with this important proviso, that he himself should hold one of the commissions.

Not more ground is there for the same writer's assertions that Unionism "aims, above all, at making even, regular, and safe, the

workman's life," and that "one of its chief functions is to resist the tendency to continual fluctuations in wages." Let it be admitted to be, as it undoubtedly is, an immense aggravation of the evils of the labourer's lot, that his earnings are liable to continual variation; let it be admitted that to those who, whether from necessity or habit, live commonly from hand to mouth, lowering of wages may mean "personal degradation, eviction from house and home, sale of goods and belongings, break-up of household, humiliation of wife, ruin of children's bodies and minds." But let it at the same time be recollected that fluctuation of wages implies progress as well as retrogression, and sudden enhancement not less than sudden reduction "by ten, twelve, or fifteen per cent.;" and let it be asked whether, for the sake of exemption from the one, labourers in general would be content to forego their chances of the other. Would they really agree that their rates of pay, like those of secretaries, managers, and clerks, should, for a longer or shorter term of years, remain absolutely stationary and unaffected by the vicissitudes of commerce? Was such a proposition ever made by any trade's union? If it should be made, the most obvious reason why employers might hesitate to accede to it would be a well-founded apprehension that the men would not by extra exertion in busy times make up for their inaction while business was slack. The plan might naturally seem to them unlikely to answer for either party. They might naturally fear that if the men had nothing to gain by working hard, they would set about their work as listlessly and lifelessly as clerks in certain public offices on fixed salaries are shrewdly suspected of doing, and without any of the mutual emulation which brings out individual skill and talent. But be this as it may, before the plan can be adopted, there must be a thorough change in the unionist mind, and a relinquishment of the more attractive half of the things on which its affections are at present set. For at present, at any rate, it is only the retrogressive element in fluctuation to which unionists object. They insist that the rate of wages shall never go back, but they are scarcely less eager that it should be frequently going forward. Mr. Harrison, indeed, assures us that the most perfectly-organised and most powerful of all trades' societies, viz., the Amalgamated Engineers, whose strength is so great "that no contest with them would have a chance of success, and which is so well known that it never has to be exercised in a trade dispute of their own," have neither raised wages nor attempted to do so during the last ten years. But this statement is not quite accurate,¹ nor, if it were, would it necessarily have all the

(1) According to Mr. Allan, Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers, although in London and Manchester engineers' wages fluctuated little until within the last twelve months, in the North of England and in Scotland, they have improved vastly within the last few years—year after year almost. Mr. Allan also states that there have been three or four strikes within the last ten years, expressly for the purpose of raising wages—two at Blackburn, one at Preston, and one at Keighley.

significance that Mr. Harrison attaches to it. Until a few months before he wrote, the London builders had, for an equally lengthened period, similarly acquiesced in a stationary scale of wages; but in their case, at any rate, it is clear that such exemplary forbearance was the result not so much of moderation as of good strategy. For some years they had continued quietly taking the same wages, evincing indeed a firm resolution not to submit to reduction, but asking for no advance; but it now appears that they were only waiting until an advance worth struggling for should seem to be obtainable by a struggle. When the opportunity came they changed their tactics at once, put forward a new claim, and on its being refused, struck, and obtained an advance of ten per cent. Without any lack of charity the Amalgamated Engineers may be suspected to have been, and to be similarly, biding their time. No doubt, as long as they have little prospect of being able to do more, they will easily content themselves with endeavouring to prevent a fall of wages; but no doubt, too, and small blame to them for it, their union, and every other trades' union likewise, will avail itself of the first and of every opportunity of securing a palpable rise.

Small blame to them for this perhaps, but surely quite as little praise. In striving to secure for their constituents the highest possible price for the labour they deal in, trades' unions may be merely obeying the natural instinct of trade, but moderation is not precisely the quality of which they are thereby making the most edifying display. So however it is, by some unionists and by most philunionists, assumed to be. By these a complete justification of Unionism is thought to be afforded by the plea that it aims at nothing more than at placing the sellers of labour on a level with the buyers, and so doing away with the present commercial disparity between them. On this point especial stress is laid. Thus, according to Mr. Dunning, the object of Unionism is "to ensure the freedom of exchange with regard to labour by putting the workman on something like an equal position in bargaining with his employer." According to Professor Fawcett, the object is "that the labourer may have the same chance of selling his labour dearly as the master has of buying it cheaply." Mr. Harrison follows with much to the same effect. Insisting on the notoriety of the fact that capitalist and individual workman are not on equal terms, he assumes, as an inevitable inference, "that the all-important question is, how equality is to be established, and represents the placing of labour on the same footing as capital as the great desideratum." A whole chorus of vigorous voices are here in complete accord, using the same key-note and ringing the changes on an equality between employer and employed, which is taken for granted to be the latter's inalienable birth-right. Nor can it be denied that there is some plausibility in these harmonious utterances. To say that in

dealings between man and man there ought to be no preponderating superiority on either side, does sound very like a truism, although, on a moment's reflection, the seeming truism will be perceived to be a fallacy. For to maintain that all men—and when universal equality is under discussion, special claims in behalf of working or any other particular men are of course quite out of the question—to maintain that all men have a natural and inherent right to be placed on the same footing as those who have got above them, is equivalent to saying that no man has a right to avail himself for his own benefit of any superiority, natural or artificial, which he may possess. This is one of those propositions which to state is to refute. However applied, its absurdity is manifest, but when applied by labour in vindication of the pretensions of labour, it becomes suicidal as well. For every genuine right of labour rests partially on a diametrically opposite principle. Unless men were at liberty to take full advantage of their individual superiority, unassisted industry would not be entitled to the exclusive possession of its own produce. A workman of superior strength or skill, how much more soever he might produce than his fellows, would not be justified in taking for his own use more fruit of his own labour than they were getting from theirs. The whole extra product he would be bound to throw into a common fund for common distribution. Nor is this all. Nothing is easier than to show that if labourers were really on the same footing as their employers, the equality between them would after all be but a sham and a cloak for the extremest inequality. To turn an acre or two of wild land into the counterpart of an English cornfield would, in many situations, demand an immensity of labour. If a single person undertook the work he might find in it abundant occupation for half-a-dozen years at least, first in fabricating the necessary tools and implements, then in grubbing up trees, trenching, draining, and fencing, collecting manure and procuring seed. Yet, when all these preparations had been made, a single additional season's toil would more than suffice for the production and garnering of one season's crop. Now suppose that when everything was ready for beginning that season's work, the reclamer and owner of the soil became disabled, by sickness or otherwise, and that there should be but one other cultivator at hand whom he could hire to take his place on his little farm. Suppose, too, that in bargaining about terms both should be on an equality, that the one should need the other's services just as much as that other needed his employment. Evidently the latter would be in a position to insist that the season's crop should be equally divided between them, and evidently, too, if he did so, his share would be out of all proportion to his desert, inasmuch as he would get one-half of the fruits of an industry of which he had contributed less than a tenth. This is the sort of demand which servants would be enabled

to press by being placed on a level with their masters, and no one, I imagine, will say that such demands deserve to be singled out as being eminently fair and reasonable. Quite as little, it is true, do they deserve to be stigmatised as unfair or unreasonable. Any servant who actually possessed the equality we are speaking of, would certainly have a perfect right to make the most of it, this right of his resting firmly on grounds to which allusion has more than once been made already, and to which we shall again have occasion to recur presently. But, on the other hand, argument cannot be needed to prove that if he did not happen to possess an equality which would enable him to enforce such monstrous inequality of conditions, abstract justice would give him no previous claim to it. Assuredly it would not be natural equity that recompensed a tenth of the toil with half the fruit, awarding that proportion of the harvest to one man for his pains in cultivating a field which another with ten times the pains had previously made cultivable. Nor, besides, is it the fact that trade societies look simply to equality—that they seek only to place the employed on a level with employers, and have no ambition to raise them higher. If we listen to what those societies sometimes say of themselves, as well as to what others say of them, we shall hear a very different story. We shall find that they have no notion of contenting themselves with an equal voice in the settlement of labour questions. They tell us plainly that what they aspire to is “control over the destinies of labour”—that they want not merely to be freed from dictation but to dictate, to be able to arrange the conditions of employment at their own discretion; and facts are not wanting to indicate how they would use such discretionary power if they had it. Already every now and then an opportunity offers, when they seldom fail to show that they are fully disposed to drive, on behalf of employed, quite as hard bargains with employers as ever were driven by employers with employed. Candidly professing such intentions, and, as far as their ability permits, conscientiously acting up to their professions, it would be passing the bounds of effrontery for them at the same time to pretend to moderation or to high-mindedness, and accordingly it is not so much unionists who take credit for either, as philunionists who give it them. Their own selected spokesmen have in general too much regard for consistency to lay claim to anything of the sort. They give themselves no magnanimous airs, they do not affect to have any but interested designs, and these they are at no pains to trick out with sentimental or rhetorical embellishments. They will tell you plainly, if you ask them, that the business of the employed is to look after their own interests, leaving employers, customers, and the rest of society to look after theirs,¹ and to shift for themselves as they best may.

(1) Mr. Applegarth's evidence before Trades' Union Commission.—Question 149.

They will say that as it is the interest of masters to get labour at the lowest possible rate, so it is their interest as servants to get the highest possible rate of wages;¹ that they look upon masters as wanting to get the utmost profit out of their capital, and that they for their part seek to get the utmost profit out of their labour;² that, in short, their rule is to get as much as they can, and to keep as much as they can get.³

In such outspoken selfishness there is certainly nothing but its frankness to admire. Judged out of its own mouth, taken at its own estimate, Unionism certainly presents itself in no very engaging light. It confesses itself to be altogether of the earth earthy, without one whiff of sanctity about it, without the least spice of spirituality to qualify the grossness of its materialism. But though in its aims and aspirations there be little that is laudable, and a good deal that is very much the reverse, still it is only by reference to a far higher standard than that of ordinary human conduct that anything which there may be in them to condemn can be condemned. Tested solely by the rules of justice, and apart from any more generous considerations, Unionism, in so far as its ends are concerned, will pass the severest ordeal. Those at any rate who accept the principles laid down in preceding chapters, have no alternative but to pronounce it quite unimpeachable in that respect. The same plea which has already been urged in support of the rights of capital will serve equally to justify the extremest views of Unionism. If an employer have a right to do as he will with his own, and to get the utmost for himself out of it, so equally has the labourer. If the former be justified in refusing to hire labour except on his own terms, however harsh those terms may be, the latter is similarly justified in refusing to be hired except on his own terms, however exorbitant those terms may be. In the sense in which the substantive "right" has uniformly been used throughout these discussions, the labourer has an incontestable right to drive the hardest possible bargain in disposing of his labour. Before the bargain is struck the employer has no right to his services on any terms whatever, and if he would not be wronged by being refused them altogether, clearly he cannot be wronged by any particular terms on which they may be offered. Whatever therefore be the terms which labourers can contrive to extort by simply refusing to work for less, those terms they are fully warranted in extorting, not by reason of any relation they may bear to terms which might have been agreed to if the two parties had been upon an equal footing, but simply and solely because they are actually agreed to by both parties, however reluctantly, on one side or the other. And

(1) Mr. Allan's evidence before Trades' Union Commission.—Question 924.

(2) Mr. Connolly's evidence before Trades' Union Commission.—Question 1349.

(3) Mr. Allan's evidence before Trades' Union Commission.—Question 861.

of course if labourers are warranted in insisting on the highest terms they can thus extort, they must be warranted likewise in raising themselves up to the best position for the practice of such extortion which they can by fair means attain. Of course they have no natural right to stand upon a level with employers, but, equally of course, they have a right to raise themselves artificially if they can, either to such a level, or above it. Now, to assist them in climbing as high as possible, to assist them in attaining to the highest possible vantage ground, is the one solitary thing—a tolerably comprehensive one, no doubt—which Unionism proposes to effect.

Many people, however—most people, indeed, who have no personal motive for thinking otherwise—evidently think that there are certain limits of remuneration which it would be unbecoming for manual labour to overstep. This rate of wages they style reasonable and suitable, that disproportionate and extravagant. Even one so earnest as Lord Shaftesbury in every good and beneficent work, might not long ago have been heard indignantly declaring it to be altogether a mistake to suppose that Dorsetshire farm labourers are not very well off; for that, what with wages proper, perquisites, and allowances, many of them actually make up in money or kind an income of not less than fifteen shillings a week. And it is noteworthy that, although Lord Shaftesbury's statistics were much disputed at the time, it was only with his facts that his critics quarrelled. No one denied that if his premises were correct, his inference would follow; no one questioned the abundant sufficiency of the supposed hebdomadal fifteen shillings for an average family of the peasant sort. No one seemed to doubt that less than three-fourths of what many of us are in the habit of paying for a single dinner-ticket when we are about to eat to the success of some charity, might yet be ample to provide a whole week's breakfasts, dinners, and suppers for five or six persons, and to pay their rent, and buy coals and clothes for them besides. On the other hand, with what almost angry surprise some of us, during the iron-masters' lock-out of 1865, heard for the first time of the wages which some descriptions of iron-workers get? How we exclaimed on being told of shinglers with nearly five pounds, and of plate-rollers and rail-rollers with as much as five, seven, even ten guineas a week? And do we not still think there was cause for exclaiming? Five, seven, ten guineas a week!—say, from nearly three hundred to between six and seven hundred pounds a year! What business have mere mechanics—fellows with grimed faces and grubby hands—with rates of pay so ill-accordant with the stations in life to which it has pleased God to call them? Why, as a Quarterly Reviewer piteously puts it, lieutenant-colonels in Her Majesty's Footguards have less than the highest of these rates, and passing rich among parsons are those

whose tithe commutation comes up to the lowest. This being so, friends and connections of lieutenant-colonels and parsons may naturally feel considerable disgust; and even impartial persons, unprepossessed in favour of either the military or the clerical profession, may be disposed to admit that both are somewhat scurvily treated. Underpayment on one side, however, does not necessarily imply overpayment on the other; and if, instead of summarily taking for granted that rail-rollers, for instance, are overpaid, we set about attempting to prove them so, we may chance to find ourselves not a little puzzled. For now we come to think of it, what solitary reason, based on natural fitness, can be assigned why there should be any differences in the pay of manual and intellectual labour—yes, even of the meanest manual and of the noblest intellectual? Why should not the same measure serve equally well for meting out the material rewards of both? Why should any measure be more suitable than another for apportioning the earnings of manual labour, or why should any measure whatever be deemed too prodigal for that operation? Not, of course, that such labour has any special affinity for fifteen or any other number of shillings a week, or that pounds in equal number would not amalgamate with it equally well, leaving behind no larger uncombined residuum. Not, surely, that a hard day's work costs less of exertion to a hand-worker than to a head-worker. The lawyer or accountant who may fancy that it does, had better take a turn at the plough or the forge, and see whether, by the end of the day, he will not be quite as much done up as if he had passed the whole of it in court or in the counting-house. Is it, then, because head-work demands for its performance higher faculties than hand-work? He is but a shallow pretender to those same higher faculties who does not feel that their very exercise is in itself a privilege carrying with it its own abundant and appropriate reward. And as for those who, knowing this, nevertheless fancy that *because* they get the pick of the work, *therefore* they are entitled to extra pay for it, may they not be fairly likened to those Turkish Janissaries who, after eating a peasant out of house and home, used to exact additional piastres for wear and tear of their teeth during the process? But perhaps it is that coarse recipients of abnormally high wages might not know how to make a proper use of them. Well, possibly they might not, at any rate at first, but, if not, they would very soon learn. Possibly at first they might waste their increased substance in riotous living, guttling and guzzling as their betters used to do not so very long since, when "drunk as a lord" was a proverb describing pretty accurately, as far as it went, the tastes and habits of high society. But this is a sort of malady which very speedily cures itself. To give money its due, though the root of all evil, it is also an excellent civiliser. There is no better solvent for softening

manners and not letting them be fierce. Habitual use of those material refinements of life which it commands, helps, as much as anything, to make people refined. This it was, as much as anything, which caused the Sir Tunbelly Clumsys, the Squire Westerns, and Parson Trullibers of the eighteenth century to be succeeded by our decorous grandsires and fathers, and still more decorous selves. The same cause will no doubt make gentlemen of the sons and grandsons of the roughest and vulgarest among newly enriched Australian gold-diggers; and in proportion as the same cause may be permitted to operate on the working-classes everywhere, may those classes be expected to graduate in the humanities. Small fear, then, of high wages ever doing anything but good in the long run, or of their not doing good in proportion to their height. As small reason on this as on every other account why working-men should not try for the very highest they can get.

There is, in short, only a single, though at the same time an all-sufficient reason, why professional or literate labour is generally entitled to larger remuneration than manual or illiterate, and that is, that owing to various circumstances, among which the special education it requires is but one, it can generally command a better price. It is generally entitled to more, because circumstances generally enable it to get more. But if circumstances should be so changed as to admit of manual labour getting as much or more than professional labour, manual labour would clearly become similarly entitled, and I do not hesitate to express my conviction that in such circumstances manual labour would be consulting the general as well as its own separate weal by insisting on having as much as it could, for a continuance, hope to get. Seeing that in every community the majority must always consist of working-class families, I cannot doubt that any lasting enhancement of wages—even though effected at the expense, in corresponding ratio, of profits—must be for the greater happiness of the greater number. I cannot doubt, for instance, that it would be for our national advantage if, for every millionaire employer among us, there were instead some two or three hundred of employed with revenues of two or three hundred a year each. So vast a change in the condition of hired labour is scarcely among the possibilities; and even if effected, it would still be far from a thoroughly satisfactory settlement of industrial difficulties, very far indeed from that Utopia of labour of which I would fain hope it is no mark of want of sanity to dream. Many, indeed, may perhaps doubt whether for society as a whole it would not be the reverse of an improvement. But be this as it may, no one, I imagine, doubts that for working men, regarded as a class apart, it would be a change immensely for the better, and these therefore are only showing themselves wise in their generation by striving after the nearest possible approximation to it.

For the separate interests of labour there is but one case in which the remuneration of labour can possibly be too high, and that is when it is higher than the business in which the labour is employed can afford to pay continuously. In attempting to pass this limit, labourers run great risk of defeating their own object, but so long as they stop short of it their aims cannot be unreasonable in any worse sense than that of being unattainable. Unfair they cannot possibly be in any sense whatever. Not more in their case than in any other can there be any moral default in owners insisting on their own terms for that which they are under no obligation to part with on any terms whatever. Now, to raise themselves into a position thus to insist, is, as has been said, the one sole thing after which trades' unionists seek. To enable themselves to get the highest obtainable wages, and to do in return the least possible work, doing that little, too, with the least possible inconvenience to themselves; to enable themselves, in short, to arrange for themselves, according to their own discretion, in what way, at what times, and on what conditions they will work—such, stripped of its various glosses, and represented in its natural colours, is their simple scheme. This is the whole head and front of their intending. Their Bill of Rights is comprehensive enough in all conscience; but it embraces nothing of which they either are, or, with reference merely to average human disinterestedness, have any cause to be, ashamed. There is not the smallest occasion, therefore, to attenuate its aggregate sternness by splitting it into a multiplicity of meek-looking details. It provides for the redress of all imaginable grievances. It would be superfluous, therefore, even if strictly accurate, to lengthen out the list by enumerating among them, "excessive labour, irregular labour, spasmodic over-work, spasmodic locking-out, over-time, short-time, double-time, night-work, Sunday-work, truck in every form, overlookers' extortion, payment in kind, wages reduced by drawbacks, 'long pays,' or wages held back, fines, confiscations, rent, and implements irregularly stopped out of wages, evictions from tenements, 'black lists' of men, short weights, false reckoning, forfeits, children's labour, women's labour, unhealthy labour, deadly factories and processes, unguarded machinery, defective machinery, preventible accidents, recklessness from desire to save." It would be useless, even if not otherwise objectionable, to speak of these things as constituting "a waste of human life, health, well-being, and power, not represented in ledgers nor allowed for in bargains." So, however, speaks one with whom I have too many feelings in common, not greatly to regret that I am so often compelled to dissent from his opinions, and Mr. Harrison must forgive me for adding, that it may be not simply useless but mischievous also to describe the "dark catalogue" he has been at the pains to draw up, now as "one universal protest against injustice from the whole field of labour,"

and now as "one long indictment against the recklessness of capital and the torpidity of the legislature." For some of the items included in it, the men, if not wholly accountable, are at least as much accountable as the masters, while others are unavoidable and inseparable from the occupations in which they occur. So far, however, as they are remediable, a means of remedying them might, doubtless, be expected to result from acquisition by trades' unions of the predominance to which they aspire. If the tables were completely turned between employers and employed, so that the power of prescribing the terms of employment, which hitherto has virtually belonged to the former, should pass over to the latter, little more would probably be heard from the same side as before, of oppression of any kind; it would no longer be from the men that complaints of extortion, confiscation, false weights and false reckoning, would proceed, nor would it be their names that would be inscribed in black lists. Ample reason then have they for desiring a predominance which in their hands and for their purposes would possess such remedial efficacy; and to prove that they are fully warranted in aspiring to that which they thus desire, would merely be to repeat what has been already said. The single aim of trades' unions is to enable themselves to dictate arbitrarily the conditions of employment. Whatever of good or evil can be urged for or against their pretensions may be briefly comprehended in this saying. Now such dictatorial power, how much soever their acquisition of it is to be deprecated, is nevertheless, provided only it be attainable by legitimate means, a perfectly legitimate object of pursuit. For by legitimate is merely meant that which a man has in so far a right to do, to have, or to exercise, that he does not thereby interfere with the rights of any one else, nor consequently wrong any one else; and nothing can be clearer than that labourers cannot possibly be wronging others by merely dictating, however imperiously, the terms on which alone they will part with labour which they are under no obligation to part with at all, and which none have a right to exact from them on any terms whatever. This is the principle which serves Unionism as its moral basis; and no principle can be more rigorously or punctiliously just. In so styling it I am far from saying that all the practical applications made of it for Unionist purposes are the wisest possible. I do not say that because the views of Unionism are legitimate they cannot also be shortsighted. Whether they are so or not is a question which will come before us in its turn, and to take it here out of its turn would only lead to confusion. Still further am I from saying that the views of Unionism are praiseworthy. On the contrary, if any one choose to stigmatise them as grovelling and sordid, I am not concerned to reply. I have no wish to disguise the partial truthfulness of the

charge.- Only one might have supposed that gravely to make it would exceed all power of face. For the domestic charity which begins at home and never stirs out, is cherished with about equal fondness by all ranks and conditions of men. "Every one for himself and God for us all," is a maxim not so much more in vogue with the poor than with the rich, with employed than with employers, that the latter can prudently evince any disgust at the former's addiction to it. The dwellers in the most transparent and brittlest of glass houses are not precisely those who should begin throwing stones at their neighbours. Employers reproaching the employed with sordid greed suggest a number of familiar parallels—Peachum aghast at Lockit—the Gracchi or the Reform League complaining of sedition—the Devil rebuking the inordinateness of sin. In judging others they condemn themselves equally. The self-seeking they protest against is itself a protest against that exactly corresponding self-seeking of their own, which, from the beginning until now, has inexorably pursued its course, leaving their dependants to shift for themselves in a slough of despond by the wayside, and to sink or to struggle through as they best might. It is but the assertion by the employed of a right of Labour, the exact correlative of a right of Capital which has generally been used directly against them, and which has almost always been exercised with remorseless disregard of their welfare. What need of further words to show that this correlative must necessarily be also a genuine right?

W. T. THORNTON.

IRELAND FOR THE BRITISH.

A GENEROUS but rather simple mistake seems likely to be made by the English press and public with respect to the recent attempt of the Fenians to advance their cause by blowing up a populous neighbourhood. The opinion has been very generally expressed that any thing so stupid, unprovoked, and cruel, must inevitably lead to the collapse of the party and the principle from which it arose. It is only human to think that the slaughter of innocent women and children must prove an unendurable stigma on the cause of the most heated partisans. The disposition almost is to feel sympathy with men whose escutcheon is so disgraced, and feel that after *this* at any rate a soberness and reserve may be expected in their public proceedings. I venture to think that such expectations are premature and will be disappointed, and that they spring from a forgetfulness of the ordinary nature of Irishmen and of political partisanship. Fenianism, after a more or less perceptible check, will be nearly as it was before, and still the most difficult and vital problem which this country has had to solve for ages.

It has come to this—will the English people make up their minds to conquer, conciliate, and pacify Ireland? It is perfectly clear that if the English nation does not do it, the task will never be done. Successive English Governments and ruling classes for half a dozen centuries now have tried their hands, and invariably ended by making matters worse than ever. They, with their bigotries and stupidities, have brought about the results which we now see; they have made us unsafe in our own London streets; they have hung this millstone round our necks of a chronically rebellious Ireland. Shall their bungling hands still be trusted to manipulate this tremendous problem? Is it not time for Englishmen who, in the current cant phrase, only “wish well to Ireland,” to insist that, one way or another, by hook or by crook, Ireland shall be pacified? “Wishing well to Ireland” will never do it. Did wishing the great Reform Bill to pass, pass it; or did wishing the Corn Laws repealed, repeal them? It is our way now for long years to carry on our reforms and improvements by means of spasmodic fits of organised clamour. These things were done because we insisted that they should be done. All sober and reasonable people had known for half a century that they were necessary, that some time or other they would be done, wished them well very sincerely, and there the matter ended, till one fine morning the conviction burst on the public mind that it was time that they were not only wished, but done. And these remarks apply to Ireland. We of the English nation who wish Ireland well must insist

on our good wishes being carried out. We must resolve that the right thing, whatever that may be, shall be done for Ireland; that we will never weary in searching for it, and above all, and most difficult of all, we must resolve that when found we will valiantly adopt it and stick to it, whatever shock it may give to our most cherished prejudices.

With regard to Fenianism, it is a great comfort that every day makes it clearer that we have only one of two courses to follow. We must either let it alone, or put it out; in other words, we must either let Ireland alone, or conquer it really once for all. Let us sorrowfully, manfully admit that the task is too much for us; that with all our boasted practical faculty and political instinct the problem is beyond our solution; or let us determine that neither Fenianism nor its causes shall exist any more. I know well that with the prevalent political scepticism and decrepitude which have fallen upon us, how hard this final resolve will be to make. From once thinking that Governments could do everything, we have come to think that they can do little or nothing, that they never meddle but to muddle. Superabundantly as this opinion is supported by our current history, it must clearly be laid aside—it clearly will overwhelm us in disaster if we persevere in it. We must recognise as a frequently recurrent fact in history that statesmanship is possible, and that it can do marvels; that a great statesman can save a country just as a great general can save an army; the one fact is not a whit more certain than the other. However, whatever may be our opinions on that point, here is Ireland to be left or conquered. Ireland to be left to repeat the tragedy of her own symbolical Kilkenny cats, or Ireland to be subdued to a cordial, affectionate sister, in harmony and peace with us on every national question of importance. Which alternative will we elect?

What the Fenians want we know now with perfect accuracy. They tell us plainly, with every variety of phrase, that they want us to go about our business, and pack out of Ireland with all despatch, and that it is their intention to turn us out at the earliest opportunity. It must be admitted that the taunt cast at us by the American Fenian who has lately favoured us with his instructive views—that we are wonderfully dull in taking in this fact—is, on the whole, deserved. The way in which a large portion of the London press meets the execrations and revilings of the Fenian organs is at times comic in the extreme. Extracts from the *Nation* are adduced in which every term of loathing and hatred which the language supplies is flung at our heads, and the English journalist falls to bemoaning himself with most lackadaisical air, declaring how shocking all this is, what a resentful spirit it implies, what a pity it is men should write so. It seems that we will not give the Irish the credit of meaning a word of what they say. When they declare we are the vilest despots in

creation, we reply, "Poor fellows, you are very excited." When they tell us they loathe us from the bottom of their hearts, we reply, "Well, well, it is quite true you were ill treated in times past, but now, you know, we have the best intentions towards you." The Irishman says, "You odious, hypocritical Saxon, I abhor you as a brutal, bloody monster!" The Englishman mildly answers, "Come, come, don't be silly. What can we do for you to make you a little more comfortable?" Paddy says, "You wretch, you hangman! I will drive you into the sea if you don't go of your own accord." Bull replies, "I have a bill in my head which will place tenant and landlord on a much better footing with respect to each other." And so the dialogue is kept up with the utmost gravity and good faith in the world.

Now, seeing that large numbers of the Irish do detest us most heartily, I cannot see why the fact should not be acknowledged, particularly as the acknowledgment in this case would lead to a great simplification of view and practice. There are only two ways of dealing with a declared implacable enemy. You must either run away from him or fight him till one of you give in. The Fenian exhorts us in the most eloquent Billingsgate to run away from him. If for reasons of our own we mean to do nothing of the kind, we clearly had better make up our minds to fight him and have done with it. Our soft words will not mollify him evidently. Did coaxing ever conquer genuine rooted antipathy? As it is his fixed determination that he shall either thrash us or we him, what is the use of plying him with soft speeches? While he is "spiling for a fight," as the Yankees say, we insist upon shaking hands and asking him what he will take to drink. It is really not so wonderful that lately he has taken to mixing not a little contempt with his old hatred of us. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that a great deal of the current tenderness and sympathy with Ireland, as expressed in English prints, is mere maudling trashy sentiment, which will one day have to be put aside, but not before it has cost dear. Till the Irishman understands from most convincing and significant proofs that we really mean to stand no more nonsense, the last thing he will dream of is to give it up. If he will live with us in friendship, let him rest assured that the English people mean that he should not only be treated with justice, but with generosity; but if we are all to be stigmatised as cannibals and cut-throats, and what is more, to be treated as such, then the Fenians whom we distinguish from true Irishmen must simply be subjected to exceedingly harsh measures.

But, alas! what can be done with a people who, as Curran said, are bad subjects, but worse rebels; who are for ever rebelling, and never had a notion how to do it? Badly as England has behaved to Ireland, the latter has always behaved far worse to herself. Had Irishmen ever had a single grain of that love for their country about

which they are so eternally gasconading, their history would have been different indeed. Had they been worth the salt required for their potatoes, they could surely in all those centuries have made one good rally for the Erin they rave about—could have inflicted one Bannockburn, one Courtrai, upon us—one distinct proof that they were men who must not be too badly used. But with all their taking and brilliant qualities for political and military organisation, the very Sepoys could give them lessons in generalship, organisation, and self-control. When drilled and officered, made coherent by men of a superior race, Englishmen-Americans, they make the finest troops in the world. Left to themselves, their dissensions, incapacity, and feebleness are without a parallel. Hence a goodly portion of their misfortunes and ours; hence the long tragi-comedy of brag and blunder known as Irish history. We have never found in them adversaries who were our helpers. Never once have they had the wit and wisdom to give the English Government, who oppressed them, such a fall as to bring them to their senses. It may be said that it is idle complaining of national traits which cannot be altered. I maintain that it is not idle to note and act upon great patent facts which will not be ignored. We must learn the hard lesson that Englishmen and Irishmen are about as different as two European peoples can be; that what suits us will, from that very reason, not suit them; that they are melted like wax by kindness, while they turn with fury from cold, even-handed justice; that what they want is not liberty and equality, but firm, good government, which will educate them a little in civilised modes of thought and life. It is, indeed, becoming a misfortune not only to England, but to the world, that the Irish have never had, and never seem likely to have, a sound political schooling. Ill luck has given them to be educated to two nations who, with exceptional powers of self-government, have little or no tact in the government of inferior races.

The Americans will soon suffer as much as we do from Irish wrong-headedness, perversity, and folly. How they will cope with these bony boys when they really shall hold the balance of political power there between parties, and which they threaten soon to do, will be passing curious to witness. That they will manage them as Frenchmen and Prussians would, cannot be believed. There is not a French democrat, socialist, or *sans-culotte* in existence—not even M. Louis Blanc himself—who writes, by the way, on this subject in a manner but little worthy of him, seeing that he at least has not the excuse of the sublime omni-nescience of his countrymen—who would endure for one week the turmoil, insubordination, and insolence which we have stolidly smiled at for forty years. Can any Frenchman conceive such a political act as the release of O'Connell, after he was once well in prison, on a mere point of law? Most assuredly he

would say, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la politique*. He could never get the point of view which made it natural and recommendable to us. And have the Irish ever understood it? Has it softened them one iota, convinced them in the smallest degree of our determined fairness towards them? Are we not, in their poor heads, still the most bloody, brutal, unfeeling monsters who ever crushed an unhappy country? And our initiatory leniency with these Fenians, was it in the least appreciated, or even comprehended? The truth is, that the Irish, like all semi-civilised people, are irresistibly prone to attribute moderation on the part of an enemy to fear. They do not give us credit for kindness, but only for cowardice. It is a melancholy fact that the only Englishman who ever thoroughly understood them, and whom they thoroughly understood, was Cromwell, and we know how much his method of dealing with them differed from ours. In fact, the two races differ so much that it is all but impossible for the one to understand the other. How long would six millions of English Catholics have endured the iniquity of an endowed Anglican Church in their midst? They would have submerged themselves and their island under the Atlantic Ocean sooner. The million or so of Scotchmen showed what men with heads on their shoulders could do in such a matter, when England attempted similar nonsense with them. Charles I., and his cruel pedants, would have been only too delighted to do in Scotland what his predecessors had done in England. But Sawney never dreamed for a moment of standing it, and gave English pedants such a lesson that they never in the least have forgotten it, and, we may be quite sure, never will. It is our misfortune and theirs that the brilliant Irish have never been able to do likewise.

And thus we are led to the conclusion that England must conquer and liberate Ireland, and for that object must begin by conquering and liberating herself from her old prejudices, her old red-tape notions that what suits her suits everybody else; that because an established Church of England agrees with her, it must agree with Ireland; that because free negotiation between landlord and tenant acts well in the richest, most commercial country in Europe, it must act well in the proud and least commercial. Fenianism has at least done one good; it has shown that the matter can be shirked no longer. A few years ago it was possible for the English to quietly forget the everlasting Irish difficulty, to put it out of their thoughts as a disagreeable subject which could afford to wait: it was possible, but very stupid and wicked. If it had happened that we had been ruled by statesmen instead of able editors, assisted now and then at a push by the circumlocution office, things might have been different. However, it is possible no more. Englishmen as a nation pay a pretty fair sum in taxes to get their government done

for them, and now it is evident that in some of the most essential points it is not done at all. During long years the Irish difficulty was not admitted to the rank of a Cabinet question. It has now very manifestly become a domestic hearth question which we must set about resolving very speedily. Half the battle will be won as soon as Englishmen, who have a strong objection to be blown into the air at any hour of the day or night by unscrupulous noodles, get convinced that not life, that not even business itself, which assuredly is as important as life, are worth having with such disturbances as those going on in our streets. Bishops and big-wigs will not be as truculent and obstructive as they were in the times of George III. of blessed memory. Bishops and big-wigs are, on the whole, inclined to be nervous, rather than truculent, now-a-days, and have no wish to put themselves in the way more than is necessary.

I am not in the least of the opinion that this difficult business will be brought to a happy conclusion with considerable patience, courage, and perseverance. Above all, I have strongest doubts that rose-water will ever do it. To say this, I know is to show evidence of a most degraded mind. But one need not care about being degraded if one is in the right. Ireland must be convinced that we are both strong and generous, and she will never be convinced of our generosity till she has had very keen and vivid evidence of our strength. I have only to add that for well-known historical reasons the powers and prerogatives of royalty in this country have long been reduced to very moderate proportions. In one direction, and in one direction only, does it appear possible that the slightly expensive and not very ornamental monarchy of these realms could do the state a supreme service. In a usual way in ordinary times, sudden and rapid journeys to Osborne and Balmoral, coupled with the astounding condescension of now and then inquiring by telegraph "as to the state of the sufferers" by some accident or explosion, fill the loyal Briton with awe-struck admiration, and the satisfaction that politically he is the most blessed of mortals. But just now the times are not at all ordinary. And it is simply fact, which it may be rude to mention or not, that fewer journeys to Balmoral and more frequent ones to Dublin would, during the actual reign alone, have rendered the present state of things in Ireland an impossibility.

We read with astonishment of the servility and adulation of the courtiers who surrounded and burnt incense to Louis XIV. The abject mealy-mouthedness of English statesmen, journalists, and the public, with reference to the conduct of certain exalted personages, will, I apprehend, at least equally excite the amazement of posterity.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

SHALL WE CONTINUE TO TEACH LATIN AND GREEK?¹

THIS question, irreverent as it would have appeared to our ancestors, forms in our own days one of the most ordinary subjects of discussion. Stated either barely or in some modified form, it has for many years been a favourite topic with every one who has written or spoken on the education of the upper and middle classes. Classical instructors have frequently been told that they attempt to teach subjects which are now of no human interest by methods by which no subject could possibly be learned. The answer has frequently been that ignorance of the classical languages, and ignorance of the ends and methods of education, could alone account for such an objection. But, at length, a body of assailants appears from an unexpected quarter. Several gentlemen, most of whom have taken the highest classical honours in their respective universities, and are themselves engaged in the professional teaching of classical literature, have united in attacking, with more or less acrimony, both the prevalent methods and the prevalent materials of our ordinary school instruction. It is not my intention to review seriatim this volume of essays, or to pronounce on what appear to me to be the very unequal merits of the contributions. But, having arrived, in some cases, at the same conclusions by a different process, and, in others, by the same process at different conclusions, I think it may not be superfluous to attempt to supplement what is virtually a Cambridge book, by a few reflections on the same subjects formed in an Oxford atmosphere. I must first, however, express my regret that one of the contributors, Professor Seely, has not reprinted in this volume the admirable article on "English in Schools," which appeared in his name in *Macmillan's Magazine* for November, 1867.

Any study may be defended, either because it is likely to be professionally useful, or because it is adapted to excite intellectual interests in the learner, or because it is a means to the acquisition of other knowledge, or, lastly, because it is an instrument of mental cultivation. On the first of these grounds, it must be acknowledged that classical literature, if it claims to form a part of general education, has but a weak case. As Mr. H. Sidgwick has conclusively shown, it is in vain to contend that anything but the merest smattering of Latin is "useful" to lawyers, doctors, chemists, and scientific men. A very slight knowledge of grammar, and a good dictionary, are amply sufficient to supply their classical wants. To the clergyman, if it be still supposed that the study of theology is to form part

(1) *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Macmillan and Co. 1867.

of his professional avocations, a certain knowledge of both Latin and Greek is undoubtedly essential. But Hellenistic Greek and Patristic Latin, not the Greek of Plato or the Latin of Cicero, are, if we confine ourselves to this point of view, the languages in which the future clergyman should be instructed. To antiquarians, philologists, historians, and men of various literary pursuits, a knowledge of Latin or Greek, and in some cases of both, may be a professional requisite. But the number of men who cultivate literature as a profession, will in this country, always be small, and can hardly be legislated for, at least in the earlier years of education. To persons of any other than the clerical or literary professions, a classical training is about as "useless" (in the popular signification of that word) as anything can possibly be.

If we may judge from results, classical literature is certainly not calculated to excite intellectual interests in the ordinary student. The boy who leaves school at the age of fifteen or sixteen, knowing nothing but a little Latin and Greek, with a slight tincture of mathematics, is not likely to carry into his future life much devotion to literary pursuits. The intellectual part of his school life has been mere drudgery. Virgil and Homer, if they ever occur to his mind again, will present themselves mainly in the light of puzzles invented for the torture of boys. The attractiveness of all "books," except possibly of novels, will be measured by that of the Latin and Greek grammar, the *Delectus*, and the *Excerpta*. Classical authors, whatever may be the dreams of pedants, he certainly never will open again. In science, history, politics, English literature, his interests have never been awakened, and consequently, unless some favourable circumstances occur to startle him from his mental lethargy, he is destined to hand down to another generation the dull, insipid routine of English middle-class life. It is, I am convinced, to our much admired "classical education" that we must trace the source of the want of intelligence and interest which is so characteristic of certain sections of English, as distinguished from the same sections of French and German society. The teacher has failed to communicate any available knowledge of Latin and Greek, or in exciting any interest in classical ideas, but he has at least succeeded in sending away his pupil destitute of any other knowledge, and uninspired with any other interests.

With the more advanced student the case is widely different. A classical training, if sufficiently prolonged and not forced on impatient and unwilling recipients, may excite an interest not only in classical literature and the structure of the classical languages, but in literature, philology, history, politics, and philosophy generally. The scientific interest, strictly so-called, it cannot excite, simply because except in the domain of natural history, the scientific ideas of the

ancients were so remote from our own as to bear hardly any relation to them. No one but a man who was already well versed in physical science would think of reading for the matter the scientific works of Aristotle or Pliny. But to the other subjects we have enumerated, the classical languages and classical literature stand in a very close relation. A philological interest is seldom excited by the study of any other than the dead languages, though it might certainly be answered that no other languages have as yet received the same amount of critical attention. In an intelligent mind, a literary interest may be as effectually excited by the study of Homer, Virgil, and Æschylus, as by that of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dante; we may even go further, and allow that, in the earlier years of mental development, the poetry of the ancients is more easily understood and appreciated than the more complex and reflective poetry of the French Revolution or the Renaissance. But, for exciting a political and historical interest, the Latin and Greek authors possess a peculiar value. The free play of political life, and the varied character of the political governments of classical antiquity, lend a charm to the history of the Greek and Latin races which stands in agreeable contrast to the dull monotony of a modern monarchy or the weary story of the baronial feuds of the middle ages. Well might Hobbes complain that it was the study of the classics which had led men to those pernicious views of freedom and of the rights of the subject which, in the interests of absolutism, he had set himself to combat. It must be added, however, that this political interest can only be excited by an intelligent study of the classical texts, one which regards them as the works of human beings on matters of human interest, and not as merely illustrations of grammatical rules and critical canons. Of the bearing of classical literature on the study of philosophy, I shall speak in a later portion of my paper.

As instruments for the acquisition of other knowledge, the claims of Latin and Greek have been enormously exaggerated. At the Renaissance they were the keys which unlocked almost every cabinet in the treasure-house of learning, and it was undoubtedly this consideration, rather than any philosophical estimate of their value as a mental discipline, which gained for them that almost exclusive ascendancy in the grammar schools and universities of Europe which in our own country they still continue to maintain. At that time, what we now call physical science could hardly be said to exist. Mathematics was confined to arithmetic and geometry, with their more immediate applications. With the sole exception of the *Divina Commedia*, the modern languages contained no literature which could be brought into comparison with the masterpieces of antiquity. All that logical and metaphysical subtlety which had employed the best intellects of the middle age, was itself embodied in a Latin form.

No wonder then that the founders or restorers of schools at the revival of letters should have regarded it as the main object of elementary education to unlock to their disciples those priceless treasures which all Europe was then engaged in reading, editing, or annotating. But now, when the mathematical, physical, and social sciences have received so vast a development, when French, German, and English literature has become immeasurably larger in bulk than the literature of Rome and Greece, when to Dante are added Shakspeare, Milton, and Göthe, it can no longer be pretended that the halls of knowledge are open only to those who have undergone the preliminary discipline of a classical education. But we are sometimes told that a knowledge of Latin affords the best basis for the study of those modern languages which are derived from it. If any one wished to learn all the Romance languages (which is not often likely to be the case), it would undoubtedly be wise of him to lay a foundation in the study of Latin. Moreover, it may be granted that, to a thorough critical appreciation of the structure of any one of these languages, a knowledge of Latin is essential. But for a master to say to a boy who wishes to learn, say French and Italian, or French and Spanish, merely for the purpose of reading, writing, and speaking, "You must first learn Latin," is quite as absurd as it would be in an English teacher to say to a young Frenchman or German, "Before I can undertake to teach you English, you must first learn Anglo-Saxon." It is almost equally absurd to speak of a knowledge of Latin and Greek as essential to understanding the technical terms of science. That it is of some assistance there can be no doubt; but the meaning of scientific terms is not always to be learnt from their etymology, and can always be learnt from a good scientific dictionary or manual. In repudiating these false claims, I must not, however, be understood to deny that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is instrumental in making us acquainted, as no mere translations or commentaries can possibly do, with the history, literature, and thought of the two noblest races, perhaps, which Western civilisation has yet produced, and that in Latin, at least, there lie buried stores of antiquarian, ecclesiastical, and legal lore, which it will still require many generations of students to exhaust.

But the argument on which the defenders of classical education seem now mainly disposed to rely, is the mental discipline which it is supposed to afford. And in maintaining that intellectual development, and not the communication of useful information, should be the chief end of instruction, the claimants are assuming a position which no competent judge will dispute. Granted, however, that classical study does supply mental discipline, those who attack its supremacy are undoubtedly justified in asking whether it supplies the best, and whether it would not supply a better if combined with

other studies, than when pursued alone. The only philosophical method of answering this question is to take account of the various mental powers, and to inquire what is the best gymnastic for each. But, as the time for education is limited, there will still remain the great practical difficulty of determining in what proportions the various studies should be combined, and which, if any, may with the least injury to the intellectual character be omitted from the course. Persons often argue on behalf of a particular study (*e.g.*, of verse-writing), as if it were quite sufficient to show that it possessed any value whatever, and as if the time available for education were infinite. We must, however, obviously take into account both the relative values of various studies, and the time essential to the intelligent pursuit of each. Within the limits of a short article it is impossible to discuss these subjects satisfactorily, but I shall attempt to give a few indications of the results to which a fuller inquiry would lead.

An equable and healthy intellectual development appears, omitting minor requirements, to pre-suppose the cultivation of the powers of observation, memory, abstraction, imagination, and reflection. The power of expressing our thoughts in clear and forcible language seems also to be essential to their exercising any wide or permanent influence on others, and is an accomplishment which any system of education claiming to be complete may fairly be expected to provide. I shall consider these requirements in order.

To begin with the power of observation. It is obvious that classical studies have no tendency to produce what in so many professions is so necessary a qualification, and what under all circumstances adds so much to the enjoyment and usefulness of life—the habit of observing readily and accurately the properties of external objects. Of two men, one may have seen an operation performed a hundred times and not be able to perform it for himself; for the other, it may be sufficient to have seen it in a single instance. Two men may take the same walk; one will be devoured with ennui, while the other will find an object of interest in every flower and stone on his path. The appropriate discipline for creating and training this habit is obviously to be sought, not in classical literature, but in the various branches of physical science. Another, and that perhaps the most important application of the power of observation, the observation of men's habits, passions, and manners, belongs to education in its moral and social, rather than its intellectual, aspect. Of observation in another form, the observation of literary excellences and defects, the precise meaning of terms, the collocation of words, the arrangement of sentences, the graces of style, of that species of observation, in short, which enables us to form a judgment on the merits of written or spoken composition, the best training perhaps is still to be found in

the study of the classical languages. The copiousness of their vocabulary, especially of the Greek, their nice system of inflections, the almost imperceptible shades of difference which distinguish many of their words and phrases, compel the student to exercise an amount of attention and discrimination in the attempt to understand and translate his author which is certainly not enforced by the study of any modern language. In the graces and delicacies of style, too, our modern writers are, for the most part, as inferior to their classical predecessors as they are generally superior in vigour and many-sidedness.

Memory may roughly be divided into a verbal memory and a memory for facts. It is in literature that we find the appropriate means of training the one, in the facts of history and science of training the other. Now, for the purpose of training a verbal memory, the Latin and Greek literatures are, of course, as serviceable as any others, while the histories of Rome and Greece furnish an amply sufficient number of interesting facts to discipline the student in recollecting the character and order of events. But, in the present system of education, there is more danger of the memory being over-trained than under-trained. It is so much easier for the teacher to hear names or passages repeated by *rote* than to insist upon an intelligent appreciation of the objects of study ; it requires so much less effort on the part of the pupil to burden his memory with a number of words or phrases than to exercise his imagination or his reason, that there can scarcely be any better measure of the incapacity of the teacher and the indolence of the pupil than the proportion which the discipline of the memory bears to that of the understanding. But still the cultivation of the memory, as a basis, though not as a substitute, for the exercise of the other intellectual faculties, is undeniably a necessary branch of education. And it is in the earlier years of school-work, perhaps, that the memory can be disciplined with the greatest advantage. It is, however, precisely at that time that the danger of over-burdening it is at its maximum. To learn words without understanding their meaning, to learn facts without being taught their connection, is simply the most pernicious process to which a child can be subjected. The practice of committing to memory long pages of repetition in a language which is imperfectly, if at all, understood, or of learning by *rote* a string of hard names from what is called a "Grammar" of Geography or History, is probably one of the reasons why so many children who give fair promise of intelligence turn out such stupid and shiftless men. Of the two species of memory, the verbal memory, if cultivated to excess, is probably the more pernicious of the two. To quote, as an authority, the words of some well-known author (especially if they be in a foreign language), instead of reasoning for oneself, is always a great temptation, and to many men is an *ultima ratio* beyond which they

can conceive no further possibility of argument. The old method of studying Latin and Greek, a method which has not even yet died out, seemed as if designed to stifle every spark of intelligence or originality. In the first place, the rules of grammar were given to be learnt by heart in a foreign language and a technical phraseology, often even before the meaning of the words was known to the pupil. Then, when he had made some advance in the knowledge of the languages, instead of being led to exercise his higher faculties on the materials which he had accumulated, his memory, already most unduly developed, was still further strained by the effort to recite in enormous quantities the *ipsissima verba* of the ancient authors. This senseless method of teaching, dictated rather by the convenience and ease of the teacher than by the benefit of the pupil, is now, however, so rapidly disappearing, that it can hardly be any longer suffered to count as an objection to the study of the classical languages.

To pass on to the power of abstraction. For the cultivation of this faculty there can be no question that the study of mathematics affords the most stringent discipline. We may pursue a train of mathematical reasoning for hours, entirely independent of all external considerations. We have circumscribed for ourselves, as it were, a particular area, and we are able to keep strictly within its limits, while, at the same time, we find sufficient employment to tax our energies for a lengthened period of time to their utmost capacity. In a minor degree this also holds good of the endeavour to make out the meaning of an author, or to render the expressions of one language into those of another, and perhaps still more of philology or the scientific study of language; but in all these cases there is, owing to the varied connotation of words and the associations so inseparably blended with them, an intrusive element which prevents us from devoting our undivided attention to the matter before us, as we are enabled to do by means of the symbolical reasoning of mathematics. The interdependence of a long chain of reasoning is also a more serious strain on the attention, and therefore on the power of abstraction, than the detached efforts which are required to master the meaning of a passage or to trace the connection among a group of words. It is for this reason that a certain knowledge of elementary mathematics appears to form an essential part of a well-considered educational course.

The cultivation of the imagination may be promoted by any branch of literature or science in which the mind is familiarised with great ideas. The leading facts of astronomy or geology, or even the higher branches of mathematics, may become as powerful incentives to the imagination as the loftier flights of poetry. But poetry possesses this peculiar advantage, that it at once cultivates the imagination and the taste, and, while this is true of poetry in general, it is especially true

of classical poetry. There is, perhaps, more imagination in Shakspeare and Dante than in Homer and Æschylus; but in polish, in exquisiteness, in what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "freedom from provinciality," our poets must still yield to those of Athens and Rome. The very exuberance of modern poetry may be the cause of its roughness and incompleteness, but the roughness and incompleteness are undoubtedly there, and, while this is the case, the best corrective is to be sought in the continued study of classical models.

The habit in which the majority of mankind are most deficient is that of reflection. To many this assertion may appear paradoxical, but to those who take into consideration the mass of absurdities and contradictions to which the great majority, even of the cultivated classes, have in all ages given a semi-adhesion rather than undertake the mental effort of examining into their truth, it will rather be matter of surprise that the darkest superstitions or the grossest infatuations have ever been dissipated, than that they succeeded in maintaining their ground so long. The fact is, that considerable external polish, with a real taste for reading and information, may co-exist with an almost total absence of the habit of thought. It must, therefore, be not only one end, but the main end, of the higher education to foster and develop this habit. For that purpose, as has been often remarked, the study of the special sciences is insufficient. Philosophy alone can give either the requisite training or an adequate matter.¹

It is true that every science, and, in fact, every subject, admits of a philosophic or an unphilosophic treatment; but it is the scientific study of man, society, and the conditions of knowledge, which constitutes philosophy in the precise and proper sense of the term. Now can the study of classical literature supply this, the highest requirement of education? It certainly can; but, as usually pursued, it as certainly does not. Not only, however, does classical literature contain material for the study of philosophy, but in one sense it contains the best. All the philosophical discussions of the last three centuries bear more or less directly upon the theological and political controversies of our own day, and hence the philosophical student, according to his prepossessions, is at once prejudiced for or against any particular theory or line of argument. But ancient philosophy stands upon neutral grounds. The study of it may, and, in the case of the intelligent student undoubtedly must, modify, widen, and humanise the views entertained on all the more important subjects of modern controversy. But the topics discussed have, for the most part, no immediate bearing on the topics we discuss, while, where there is an identity of subject, the mode of handling is so different from ours, that the most timid student may safely criticise the arguments,

(1) Mr. Wilson has, I think, succeeded in showing that the natural sciences are eminently qualified to excite and develop the reflective powers, but I cannot regard them as standing, in this respect, on nearly the same level with philosophical studies, strictly so called.

whether he accept or reject the conclusion. Hence ancient philosophy furnishes precisely those requisites which are most essential to a gymnastic of the intellect: topics of human and permanent interest, but on which, as there stated, the mind of the student is not likely to have already acquired insuperable prejudices; a series of acute arguments, both positive and negative, sifting the question on every side; and, lastly, an impartiality in weighing the merits of rival theories which is rarely found amongst modern writers on kindred topics. To these grounds of superiority may be added, in the case of Plato, and, to a certain extent, in that of Cicero, a beauty of style and a charm of expression which may well allure into the paths of philosophy even the most unphilosophical of students. But it is not only the professed philosophers among the ancients who furnish a stimulus to thought; as the ancient philosophy is more artistic and literary than the modern, so is the ancient literature, as a whole, more reflective. The works of Sophocles, Thucydides, Tacitus, Lucretius, and Virgil must be read by very feeble and superficial students, if they do not suggest materials for reflection on the most recondite and important subjects of human thought. Classical education is deplorably imperfect unless it include the study of the philosophers, but even the classical historians, orators, and poets, if studied under intelligent guidance, furnish a keener stimulus and a higher training to the understanding than any except the very highest names in our own literature.

Lastly, with reference to the power of expressing our thoughts. As in England we express our thoughts in English, it might naturally be supposed that the study of our own language and literature would be the readiest and most effectual means of gaining and controlling the power of expression. Still we are sometimes gravely told that the power of writing English can only be gained by first acquiring the power of writing Latin. We can only reply, "*Solvitur ambulando.*" Many of the best writers and speakers of English have probably never written a line of Latin in their lives; some of them would probably find it difficult to construe a simple sentence of Cicero or Xenophon. At the same time it may be conceded that a competent acquaintance with the vocabulary and structure of the classical languages, and even a facility in the art of classical composition (especially if acquired by so intelligent a method as that sketched by Mr. Johnson), is likely, in the case of men of ordinary abilities, to produce a more careful style and greater precision in the use of terms than is common among the average writers and speakers of English. Against this consideration, however, we are bound to set the infamous style acquired by those whose acquaintance with Latin and Greek is not a competent one, and whose familiarity with written English is mainly gained through the instrumentality of "*cribs.*"

Mr. Bohn (*per alios*) has probably done more than all other Englishmen together, past and present, to form the English style of the lower half of those who pass through our public schools, and the lowest quarter (shall we say ?) of those who pass through our universities.

From this review of the objects of education and of the studies which are severally best calculated to promote them, it will be seen that I attach the highest value to Latin and Greek, as instruments of advanced education. But in "Latin and Greek" I include the study of the literatures as well as of the languages, of the philosophers and historians as well as of the orators and poets. The value of Latin and Greek in the higher education affords no pretext, however, for their indiscriminate adoption in the lower. To insist on teaching them to a boy who is likely to leave school early, is really to deny him any education. It might be laid down as a safe general rule that no boy who is to leave school before fifteen should ever learn Latin, and that no boy who is not intended to proceed to the universities should ever learn Greek. French, English, and the elements of certain branches of mathematics and natural science, would form a sufficient curriculum for boys who were to leave school at fifteen or sixteen, while in the case of those who were to remain at school longer, but not to proceed to a university, Latin, and perhaps either German or Italian, might be added to the ordinary course. A boy thus trained would rarely fail to retain some taste for one or other of the subjects which he had learnt at school. Any way, he would not have acquired that positive distaste for knowledge which is now so frequently the only result of his so-called education.

But how should Latin be taught at schools? The mode of teaching it should, I think, be much more closely assimilated than at present to that of the modern languages. In the case of boys not proceeding to college, verses should not even be attempted, and prose composition might be confined within very narrow limits. A boy of average abilities and power of application would thus have sufficient time at his disposal to enable him to read large portions of the best Latin authors, and to imbibe something of the true spirit of Roman literature, thought, and civilisation. Instead of leaving school with nothing but a smattering of two dead languages, he would have acquired an intelligent knowledge of one, in addition to some insight into the world of facts and ideas in which he was himself about to move.

In the universities, it may be a question whether a professional education should not stand side by side with a liberal education, but there can be little question that of a liberal education classical studies should form a part. To me it seems that they should form the principal part. They must, however, be pursued in no narrow, scholastic, or pedantic spirit. Whatever is read in the universities should be distinguished from what is read at school by a wider and

more philosophical method. The classical languages should be regarded in their co-relations, and in relation to the languages derived from or allied to them. Philology should take the place of grammar. Classical poetry should be studied not merely for its "beauties," but as expressive of the sentiments, tastes, and habits of the races amongst which it originated. Classical history should be regarded not merely as a collection of interesting facts, but as occupying a definite place in the history of the world, and having a definite bearing on the progress of humanity. Even ancient philosophy, though at first it must be studied without reference to modern systems, will, as the student becomes more advanced, take its place in a general history of thought, supplying stimulus to original reflection, and material for the exercise of his own critical faculty. In this manner, the classical training of the universities would really become what it now professes to be, the discipline of the higher powers of the mind. But this it cannot be, in any true sense, till it consents to cast away many of its most cherished idols, till it endeavours to grasp the thoughts as well as to explain the expressions of ancient writers, and to ally itself with those other studies which are essential to the full development of the intellect. As supplying the best introduction to the scientific study of language, law, history, and philosophy, a classical training may still continue to hold the foremost place in university education. But that place can only be secured to it by its consenting to waive those claims which it cannot substantiate. If it is to retain the first place in the higher education, it must retire altogether from the lower; if it appeals for its credentials to the ideas of a liberal education and intellectual cultivation, it must remember that these same witnesses testify emphatically against its present methods of instruction, and that they testify at least as strongly against any exclusive right of possession as for the right of precedence.

Into questions of detail with respect to the place of classical studies in university education, it will be seen that I do not at present enter. Amongst those which might be studied with most profit, the following may be taken as examples:—Should the course of liberal education be the same for all who enter on it, or should it admit of modifications? If the latter alternative be adopted, what amount of classics should be necessary, and what optional? Should there be only one classical school, or should there be distinct schools of philosophy, history, jurisprudence, and philology, each of these including a classical element? Lastly, should classical composition (and, if so, of what kind) form a part of the curriculum, or should it be encouraged only by special prizes, or should it be regarded as a discipline appropriate to the preparatory work of the school, but not to the more advanced training of the universities?

T. FOWLER.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE TOWERS AND TEMPLES OF ANCIENT IRELAND, &c. By MARCUS KEANE,
M.B.I.A. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.

THE Round Towers of Ireland have been a puzzle to antiquaries for many generations. It seems strange that their origin and uses should have remained so long a curious and perplexing problem. Some years ago the Royal Irish Academy, which devotes special attention to antiquities, offered a prize of £300 for the best essay on the subject. It was awarded to the late Dr. Petrie, who produced a volume full of learning, advocating the Christian origin of the Round Towers. The verdict of such a body, one should think, ought to have settled the question. But Mr. O'Brien wrote a competing essay, in which he argued that the towers were erected long before the Christian era, and were designed for heathen purposes. He bitterly resented the decision of the Academy, and when he published his essay he denounced its members in no measured terms, writing in such a passion that the extravagance of his vituperation greatly marred the effect of his immense research and his really powerful arguments. The treatise of Dr. Petrie, though deemed conclusive by many, was unsatisfactory to not a few of those who loved truth for its own sake, and who had some knowledge of the history of the middle ages, and the state of Celtic society in Ireland before the Norman invasion. There are men in Ireland who have always believed that Dr. Petrie's conclusion was based upon the slenderest historical evidence, supported by a large mass of ingenious special pleading. Mr. Keane, the author of the splendid volume before us, though agreeing with Mr. O'Brien, writes in a very different spirit. He is calm, patient, modest, and, though firm in maintaining his own conclusions, he never dogmatizes, but quietly leaves his readers to accept his convictions or not, content with placing the evidence in the clearest light before them. In doing this he is betrayed into some repetition and needless amplitude of details, but his industry, accuracy, discrimination, and candour, are worthy of all praise. He states that from childhood he has taken an interest in Irish antiquities; that the present work has been projected and completed in the leisure hours snatched from a busy life within the last three years; that in the progress of his undertaking he has travelled more than 5,000 miles, chiefly on "post cars," in order that he might, from personal inspection, be able to give a correct delineation of the existing monuments of ancient Irish history. In addition to the Round Towers, he has furnished brief notices of more than 200 Heathen Temples, or sites of temples, which are found in all the counties of Ireland. He has, besides, described a large number of Sculptured Crosses, Pillar Stones, Holed Stones, Rock Basins, Holy Wells, Saints' Beds, Stone Coffins, Shrines, and various other remains of antiquity, proving that they must have existed before the Celtic conquest.

The course of the inquiry, and the main facts established by conclusive evidence, may be briefly stated. The Round Towers and the remains of temples in the same style of architecture could not have been constructed by the Celtic race, which occupied Ireland long before the Christian era, because this people *never erected stone buildings*. Not only their private

dwellings, but the grandest palaces of their kings and their largest churches, were constructed of hurdles or wattles. They had the greatest contempt for stone building. The art of the sculptor, or even the mason, was utterly unknown amongst them. They despised such arts so much that even after they became Christians they showed no desire to learn them, or to copy the ecclesiastical architecture which their missionaries had seen on the Continent. It was not till after the Norman invasion that stone churches were erected in Ireland; and although materials of the best description abounded on the spot, the workmanship of the Irish cathedrals and abbeys was far inferior to the workmanship of the same class of buildings in England, the style of the doors and windows being different from those in the Irish ruins. The Irish Annals, relating to the Saints of the primitive Church, abound in marvels so utterly incredible as to render them almost worthless as historical records. But in the cases where they refer to the building, within the Christian era, of churches constructed originally in the best style with cut stone, and with the most beautiful and elaborate sculptured ornaments, ascribing them to periods antecedent to the Norman conquest, Mr. Keane shows clearly that the meaning of the language they employ is not that the buildings in question were then *founded* or *erected*, but “finished” or “restored.” They had been Heathen Temples, the stone roofs of which had fallen. The dilapidations were repaired, and with some alterations they were converted into Christian churches, in pursuance of the policy of adaptation and accommodation by which the conversion of the Pagans was so greatly facilitated throughout the Western nations. The Danes, indeed, erected castles and fortresses to defend their acquisitions in the ninth century, but Giraldus Cambrensis states that in his time (A.D. 1185) those castles, though in good preservation, were empty and deserted. “For the Irish,” he said, “build no castles; woods serve them for fortifications, and morasses for intrenchments.” Consequently an Irish bard urged his countrymen to pull down those fortresses of the enemy. “Our ancestors,” he said, “trusted entirely to their personal valour, and thought the stone houses of the Gauls a disgrace to courage.” Sir John Davus was struck with the fact that though the Irish had enjoyed the Christian faith above 1,200 years, and were lovers of poetry, music, and all kinds of learning, and were possessed of a land abounding in all things “necessary for the civil life of man, yet, which is strange to be related, they did never build any houses of brick or stone, some few poor religious houses excepted, before the reign of King Henry II., though they were lords of the isle many hundred years before and since the conquest attempted by the English. . . . Neither did any of them in all this time plant any garden or orchard, settle villages or towns, or make any provision for posterity.” That such a people would or could have built the Round Towers, or such temples as Cormac’s Chapel at Cashel, is a thing utterly incredible.

“The only unquestionably Celtic remains in Ireland,” says Mr. Keane, “seem to me to be Cromlechs for the worship of the Sun, in the open air; some circular mounds known by the name of ‘Cahir,’ or ‘Liss,’ probably used for the occasional protection of their cattle; and the erection called Beehive huts, found near the sea coasts, where timber (the ordinary building material) could not be obtained. To the exceptional character of the conquerors, then, we are indebted for the fact, that the temples of the conquered have been permitted to remain for 3,000 years to puzzle archaeologists of the nineteenth century.”—p. 305.

There are many other remains like the Cashel Temple, built of cut stone,

admirably jointed and dovetailed, having doorways and windows, ornamented with the most beautiful sculptures, representing in relief human heads, heathen divinities, serpents, and other devices, in a style of art which has rarely been surpassed, even in modern times. These buildings are generally called "Norman, with Irish peculiarities." Some of the Irish peculiarities consist of symbolic ornamentation, demonstrably heathen, belonging to the worship of the Sun and other divinities, and exactly resembling similar remains in the ruins of Nineveh, India, Egypt, and Central America, all evidently constructed by men of the same faith and the same race. Mr. Keane has given, from the sculptures at Cashel and elsewhere, illustrations which resemble nothing Christian, but which so closely resemble the images dug out of the ruins of Nineveh that they must have been the work of the same class of artists, and made to represent the same sort of worship.

In connection with this inquiry certain historical facts are to be continually borne in mind. From the establishment of Christianity in Ireland, all literature or written matter was in the hands of ecclesiastics, who destroyed whatever they could not turn to Christian purposes. So we read that St. Patrick caused to be burned 180 volumes "of ancient Irish theology." Another fact is that the Irish Annals give catalogues of ancient Saints in connection with certain localities famous as great religious centres. Of these celebrated saints, many are represented as having flourished in the same place at the same time. On the other hand, numerous places, very remote from each other, were represented as having been honoured with the ministrations and miracles of the same saints. Mr. Keane accounts for these things very naturally. All those sacred places had been seats of the worship of Baal, under various names, and of kindred divinities. The names of those divinities, generally altered in their spelling by the monks so as to disguise their origin, were given to the early saints and missionaries. But although the orthography and pronunciation were changed by the ecclesiastics, they were never changed by the Irish-speaking peasantry, who adhere with wonderful tenacity to their most ancient customs and superstitions. Mr. Keane has given copious illustrations of these metamorphoses and they are extremely interesting.

"The names of this family party" (of Gods), he says, "comprise *nine-tenths* of the reputed *founders* of the most ancient ecclesiastical establishments of Ireland, always excepting St. Patrick, who was a genuine Irish saint, and zealous missionary. His biographers, nevertheless, have ascribed to him much of the legendary history which originated in Heathen Mythology."

The effect of this primitive "Irish succession" is sometimes very ludicrous. For example, we have in Irish *St. Diul*, that is St. Devil, the Irish word being a corruption of "Dia-Baal," literally, "the God, Baal." There is also *St. Satan*, derived from a heathen god in a similar manner. In fact, the Irish Hagiology is very much made up of heathen mythology baptised with Christian names, and clothed in Christian costume.

The Sculptured Crosses of Ireland are perhaps the most interesting remains of remote antiquity. Many readers will be startled by the testimonies which Mr. Keane produces, proving that not only the Stone Crosses, but several other relics, generally regarded as Christian, existed in Ireland before the Christian era, and were only *adopted*, not made or erected, by Christians. Nevertheless, he holds that they had their origin in great primitive Truths, of which the Christian system is the development—truths that were perverted

by the first idolaters by treating predictions as accomplished facts, representing these by symbols, then worshipping their own inventions, and ending with the abominations of the mysteries.

Mr. Keane remarks :—

“Numerous quotations from different authors have led me to conclude beyond any question or doubt, that most ancient heathen nations not only venerated the *cross* long before the advent of Christ, but also must have been instructed through the traditions of patriarchal revelations on many other subjects, such as the Incarnation of the Son of God—his birth of a virgin—infants being slain at his birth—Christ's contest with the mystical snake—His death by Crucifixion—the doctrines of the Trinity and of Regeneration—Christ's Second Coming on a white horse to execute judgment,” &c.—(page 113.)

The author gives most curious illustrations from the primitive religious rites in India, Persia, Egypt, and Central America. For example, the sculptures on the ancient Irish Crosses represent the Mermaid, or Fish-god, corresponding with Vishnu of India, the Oannes of Babylon, and the Dagan of Canaan. On the Cross at Kells the fish is represented as an object of worship. These sculptures are all beautifully pictured on the plates of O'Neill's “Irish Crosses.” The Yule Log, the Palm-tree, and other things associated with Christian mysteries, are also found on those stone crosses, which the author believes to have been the remains of a heathen worship that prevailed here before Christianity was introduced. The round towers, stone crosses, and other ancient monuments were generally destroyed wherever the English settlers had complete control. Glendalough, which was under Irish chiefs down to the sixteenth century, contains a great number of specimens, although its ecclesiastical establishments were in ruins in the twelfth century. St. Kevin, himself, it seems, was a heathen god, Cuan, who had also a temple in the Island of Aran. He was baptised by St. Cronan (Cronos the Centaur) and ordained by St. Lugidus (Luan the Moon). He was brother to St. Dagan (the Fish-god). St. Kevin's Bed, too, was heathen, and had its mystic meaning.—(P. 463.)

It is useless, in my limited space, to attempt giving details of such matters, which will be best understood by consulting Mr. Keane's volume itself, and attentively examining the beautiful engravings by which it is copiously illustrated. But my readers will expect to learn something of the people who left behind them these wonderfully perfect and enduring works of art. According to Mr. Keane they were the CUTHITES, the race who founded the Scythian Empire, and had ruled in the East from Nimrod to Abraham. They were noticed by classic authors as Giants, Titans, Centaurs, Cyclopeans, Phœnicians, Scythi, Hyperboreans, Iberians, Indis, Ethiopians, Demons, and Shepherds or Shepherd Kings. They were men of gigantic stature, and great intellectual powers, especially distinguished by their skill in architecture and other arts. They built the Tower of Babal. After that there was a schism and a war called “the War of the Sexes,”—one party worshipping Nature as the Great Father, the other as the Great Mother, as supreme. The Cuthi, or Scuthis, hence *Scotis*—Scots, gave the supremacy to the Father, not excluding the female principle. They were defeated, however, after which they migrated in large masses, settling in various countries, ultimately finding their way to Spain, crossing the ocean to America, and also reaching Ireland, which they made *Insula Sacra* long before the Christian era. Wherever they settled they erected temples and towers in connexion with their worship, the Cyclopean ruins of which (sometimes found beneath a *stratum* of ruins belonging to another

race by which they were conquered and succeeded) have excited the astonishment of posterity. The Round Towers, and all such detached symbols of an apostate and depraved worship, were destroyed throughout the Roman Empire when it became Christian. But the Roman Empire never embraced Ireland. Probably the Irish Cuthites had nearly perished or were much weakened by civil war or famine, when the Celtic immigrants arrived. At all events these spared the Round Towers, the temples, the crosses, and stone pillars, either because they did not understand them, or because they believed them to be the works of the gods and demons. The local tradition among the Irish-speaking natives even at the present day is, that each tower was the work of a night, performed by the magic hand of the Gobban Saer, the Grand Master of the Cuthites Masons. Another of their demi-gods, who still lives in popular tradition, is Fin Mac-Cuile. There were many of those Finian heroes, from whom the modern Fenians derive their name.

However unpleasant the result of this inquiry may be, the fact must be stated—the Round Towers, Stones, and Crosses, were connected with the Phallic worship, and the first gods of “the Island of Saints” were Baal, Budh, Moloch, Venus, Vulcan, and the rest—the Sun, the Moon, and the Host of Heaven. The conclusion of the whole matter, according to Mr. Keane and his numerous authorities, is that the Round Tower is the emblem of the Sun as the Source of Life, *Lux generatrix—Vis omnis seminis*—of God as the Generator and Regenerator, the symbol being called by various names in various languages.

Sir William Wilde, in his learned and very interesting work on *Lough Corrib*, adheres to the Christian theory; but Mr. Keane confidently claims his discoveries as fresh proofs in favour of his own views. J. GODKIN.

ALT-ENGLISCHE SPRACHPROBEN, nebst einem Wörterbuche, unter Mitwirkung von KARL GOLDBECK, herausgegeben von EDUARD MÄTZNER. Erster Band: Sprachproben. Erste Abtheilung: Poesie. Berlin: Weidmann.

THREE-AND-THIRTY years ago Dr. Eduard Mätzner earned some credit as a scholar by a Latin essay upon the Homeric Zeus. In 1838 he showed himself a minute student of Greek by publishing a critical edition of the text of the remaining speeches ascribed to the Attic orator, Antiphon, of whom Hermogenes expressed a common opinion in calling him the Founder of Political Oratory. Dr. Mätzner's volume gave, in copious foot-notes, various readings, and suggested emendations of the text, and added so full a commentary that the annotation formed about two-thirds of the whole book. It was, in fact, the first attempt at a complete editing of these Orations. Even when studying the ancients, Dr. Mätzner seems to have fastened with especial relish upon their earlier writers, probably because they gave most scope for the kind of critical research he liked. The course of philological and literary inquiry among the most energetic German scholars had its charm also for Dr. Mätzner, and he joined heart and soul in the study of the origins of the chief languages of Europe, bringing his good classical scholarship, in the first place, to a study of the Romance tongues, and especially of French. In 1843 and 1845 he published, as a contribution to comparative grammar, the two parts of his “Syntax of Modern French,” a work noticeable for the use made in it of a knowledge of allied Romance languages and old forms of French, for explanation of the

manner in which sentences are now constructed. Ten years later, Dr. Mätzner's continued study bore fruit in a volume of Early French songs, with their text corrected and elucidated by parallels drawn from the old song-poetry of Provence, Italy, and Germany. The pieces in this volume were taken from the "Romvart" of Heinrich Adelbert Keller, a collection of early pieces obtained by that eminent student of early literature from MSS. in Italian libraries, and published as he found them. The old transcripts were corrupt in many places, sometimes unintelligible, and Dr. Mätzner's purpose was to print about fifty songs in Early French, with critical notes, discussing not only their language, but their place in literature, and with a full Glossary appended. The Notes and Glossary form three-fourths of the work, and show how thoroughly the author had been studying and comparing early forms, not of the language only, but also of the literature of Europe. His critical faculty does not expend itself on words and syllables, but includes a comprehension and enjoyment of the spirit of the works he is interpreting. From the old classical tongues, through the Romance tongues, Dr. Mätzner passed to the study of English, and produced an English Grammar (of which the first part appeared in 1860) upon a scale never attempted by an English scholar. Mätzner's Grammar is now complete, and so is that of Professor C. Friedrich Koch, of which the first section appeared in 1863. Both are so good and so thorough that it would be unjust to make any but a deliberate and critical comparison between them. Having finished his Grammar, Dr. Mätzner now proceeds to communicate the results of his work at the sources of our language in a very comprehensive series of samples of old English, explained and illustrated. A compact body of annotation forms the lower half, or more than the lower half, of every page, and this is most remarkable for the completeness of the information it supplies. The editor looks at his subject from all sides. An introduction to each piece or extract tells with great fulness its literary history, states the source of the text printed, and accounts conscientiously for every change made in the division of lines, spelling, or punctuation. The part now published gives, in 387 pages royal 8vo., only the specimens of Early English verse, printed in double columns in a rather small but clear type, with the mass of notes upon each page in smaller type, equally clear. Another part is to contain the specimens of Early English prose; and one substantial volume having thus been formed, there is to be, in another volume, a very thorough Dictionary of Early English. Such a dictionary has not been hitherto attempted, except very partially in Mr. Herbert Coleridge's short "Glossarial Index to the Printed Literature of the Thirteenth Century," and in the very meritorious work based upon inadequate material, of which Herr Stratmann, another German, has recently issued the concluding section.

Dr. Mätzner begins his newest work in aid of a full study of Early English with specimens of Semi-Saxon in two sections of the "Ormulum," and in 611 lines of the older text of Layamon, side by side with the same passage as written in the later MS. Layamon is a little the earlier in point of date, but Dr. Mätzner, for a reason presently to be mentioned, shows a student's good instinct in taking the "Ormulum" first. The work takes its name from its author, Brother Orm, or Ormin, a regular canon of the Augustinians; that is to say, one of those men devoted to the sacred profession who observed what tradition held to be the rule of the founder himself, and who

were called "regular" in distinction from the "secular" canons, following the rule of certain later bishops who had re-organised the system. The work, when complete, was of considerable extent. Brother Orm says that he wrote it at the request of Brother Walter, another canon of his order, for the very English purpose of telling and interpreting the Bible story clearly to the common people. Dr. Mätzner agrees with Dr. White, who produced the first printed edition of the "Ormulum" in 1852, in believing that Orm lived not long after the year 1200. In 1229 the Council of Toulouse prohibited the giving to the laity of any part of Scripture but the Psalter and the portions contained in the books of the offices of the Church. Thus we have several ancient versions of the Psalms. We have also this labour of Brother Orm to put into homely verse the Gospel of each day according to the offices of the Church, and then expound it metrically in a little homily useful and easy to the unlearned, although evidently the work of a man trained by the writings of Augustine, Bede, and Aelfric. Of these Homilies there is a table of contents that makes the number 242; but only thirty-two are in the text that has come down to us. That text is probably in Brother Orm's own hand, provided by himself with a contrivance of spelling which insures a right pronounciation of short vowels and long—the consonant after a short vowel being always doubled—and with peculiar marks of accentuation for still further assistance of the reader. With the good brother's purpose in that doubling of consonants to which he calls special attention, and which he desires every copyist to repeat faithfully, the students of language do not seem to have concerned themselves, and even Dr. Mätzner does not inquire what it was. But there must have been a motive, and it hardly could have been ambition to make the work all the more useful to those who should study Semi-Saxon in the nineteenth century. Doubtless Orm wished to guard against the risk of his work being made strange in the ears of simple countrymen, who like himself used a vocabulary altogether Saxon, and pronounced their words almost in the old native way. Among the readers of the day were many Norman bred or but half Saxon, or who were more familiar with the speech of towns through which the blending of the new material with the old language was taking place. Let any pious man among these seek to instruct the rustic folk of the North country, for whom the "Ormulum" was written, by reciting to them one of these rhymed Gospels with its appended Homily, and he had only to follow the guide furnished for that purpose to enable the good words to go straight home in familiar accents to their hearts. To us the present use of his device is obvious: had it been contrived for the purpose it could not serve better to qualify his writing in every way for the first place in a list of specimens like that presented to us now by Dr. Mätzner. He is thus enabled to begin his study of the English of the first period after that which is technically called Anglo-Saxon with specimens giving, on the most trustworthy contemporary authority, some special instruction in the right pronouncing of the words. Accident has, indeed, given a peculiar educational value to each of these two earliest examples of the modifications through which English of the literary "Anglo-Saxon" period passed into English of the present day. The "Ormulum" includes a special lesson on pronounciation. Layamon's "Brut" includes a special lesson on the way Time worked at the old language. For there are two copies of the "Brut," one made about a couple of generations later than the other. Dr. Mätzner prints in parallel columns the same passage according to the two

versions, and at once we see how the predominance of Southern tendencies, established by the locality of the court and other influences, was already transforming the diphthongs and broad vowels into *o* and *e*; attaining at last to so uniform a representation of all kinds of vowel inflections by the letter *e*, that the language became surcharged with words ending in that letter, which thus ceased to be distinctive of inflection, and was, therefore, in most cases expunged. Take, for example, the two forms of the sentence: "These were the first men that ever came here, but they were heathen." The elder form has it,—

" This weoren tha fœreste men
That ævere here comen
Ah heo weore hæthene."

The later form runs thus:—

" Thes weren the faireste men
That evere come here
Ac hū weren hethene."

Dr. Mätzner appears to have omitted to point out such a tendency in the notes to this particular specimen, but it cannot have escaped his notice, and no doubt he duly deals with it in some part of the great body of his annotation, which it would be the work of weeks or months rather than days to study through. The noticeable fact is, that if one had artfully contrived how to begin a series of "Sprachproben" in an instructive way, one could hardly invent anything better than that the two famous pieces of Semi-Saxon which naturally come first should have for the convenience of students just those special qualities which are attached by accident to Layamon's "Brut" and to the "Ormulum."

These works are very Saxon in vocabulary, containing little of that Romance element which, when it occurs, Dr. Mätzner is, by his previous studies, so peculiarly well qualified to interpret. The same freedom from Romance words characterises Master Nicholas of Guilford's report of the contest between the Owl and Nightingale. In its 1,792 verses there are only about twenty words clearly derived from the old French. To a specimen of this Dr. Mätzner adds similar samples of the language in specimens of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Ave Maria, and "In Manus Tuas," as rhymed in the English of the first half of the thirteenth century. These he takes from Messrs. Wright and Halliwell's "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," a collection which he also draws upon for other interesting specimens. From the same source, for example, he takes the Bestiary, which, after describing in rhyme the nature of each beast, idealises each description into a spiritual "significacio." It was an old device. In Anglo-Saxon poems the like had been done for the Panther as an allegory of Christ, and the Whale as an allegory of the Devil. The Bestiary here given was from the Latin, but with an expansion of the spiritual allegory. Next follows Dr. Mätzner's study of a piece of the version of the story of Genesis and Exodus, which has been edited by Mr. Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society. It is one of a class of poems nobly descended from the Paraphrase of Cædmon, who began so worthily twelve hundred years ago the strain of earnest song which from that time until now has never ceased out of this land, and even in the most frivolous days of the Restoration was upborne by the genius of Milton. One cannot glance over a book like this without feeling how true and sound a block of English thought it represents. As late as the year 1360, when Wiclif had begun

his work of translation, the Psalter was the only sacred book actually translated for the people into English later than the purely Anglo-Saxon time. But here is Brother Orm telling all that he may to the simple, easily and pleasantly; Layamon stirring the hearts of untaught country-folks with legends and stories of their native land; Robert of Gloucester, and Robert of Brunne, following the same example, holding their wit in trust, "not for the lered but for the lewed;" and a practical and homely body of religious literature addressed to the ears of the many, represented in this volume by the poem of Genesis and Exodus; by the Debate of the Body and the Soul, a form of poem also popular in Anglo-Saxon times; Judas; a rhymed "Sarmun;" a poem of the "Fifteen Signs before the Judgment;" versification of the Ten Commandments; Legends of Saints; and that noble religious allegory by the true people's poet of the fourteenth century, the "Vision of Piers Plowman." All this is represented here, with a touch of Eastern story-telling in "Dame Siriz," the tale of the old woman and the weeping dog, of Petrus Alphonsus, and the "Gesta Romanorum." The fable is here, too, of the Fox who saved himself from drowning at the Wolf's expense. There is one of Mr. Wright's specimens of Early Popular Science, and the playful jest upon monastic self-indulgence in the "Land of Cockayne," where—

"Ther is a wel fair abbei
Of white monkes and of grei.
Ther beth bowris and halles,
Al of pasteis beth the walles,
Of fleis, of fisse, and sich met,
The likfullest that man mai et."

Well-chosen fragments are here, too, of the early romances—"King Horn," "Sir Tristrem," and "King Alexander." There are specimens of the Metrical Homilies; of the "Proverbs of Hendying, the Son of Marcolf;" of the Songs with which Laurence Minot, following the armies, celebrated incidents in the wars of Edward III. Finally, after study of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," we have from Chaucer "The Wife of Bath's Tale," a piece of "The Romaunt of the Rose and a Roundel;" several samples of Gower's "Confessio Amantis;" the scene between Noah and his Wife from the Towneley (or Wakefield) Mysteries; and the ninth book of Barbour's "Brus."

In the full and valuable introductions to the several specimens Dr. Mätzner has been aided by Herr Karl Goldbeck, who will also assist in the production of the Early English Dictionary. Of the thoroughness of the annotation, and the breadth of culture made apparent in it, various examples may be drawn from any page. In that scrap quoted just now from the "Land of Cockayne," the word "pasties" suggests a citation of the old French and old German parallels to point the remark that nationality asserts itself in each case by the choice of dainties used for building up the abbey walls. From the same page may be taken an example of Dr. Mätzner's thorough way of interpreting a word, giving first passages in which it occurs in other books to fix its meaning, and then adding its derivation and relationship with words in other languages. "*Baret*" is explained as meaning "quarrel, turmoil." Three passages from the "Ancren Riwele," one from the "Legend of Becket," and one from the Towneley Mysteries, are then given to show in what contexts the word occurs elsewhere, and then it is connected with the old Northern form *barátta*, *pugna*, *ærumna*, and the old French *barat*, *barate*, *désordre*, *embarras*, *fraude*.

Or, still on the same page, we may observe, in a note to the line, "Nother harace, nother stode," the convincing thoroughness with which Dr. Mätzner decides between the conflicting spelling of a word in the transcripts of two recent editors:—

"*Harace . . . stode*, collection of breeding horses and mares . . . stud, *harate . . . stode* FURNIO. *harace . . stode* WR. Of the two synonymous substantives, the former cannot possibly be written *harate*. It occurs besides in the forms *haras* and *harasse*, to which *harace* is equivalent: cf. *solaes* 172, with *solas* 50. The similar strokes of t and c are easily to be mistaken for each other in the MSS.: Ne to hurle with *haras*, DEPOS. OF RICH. II., p. 15. Than lopen about hem the Lombars—As wicked coltes out of *haras*, GUY OF WARWICK, p. 205. Yonder is an house of *haras* that stant be the way, COV. MYST., p. 147. *Haras* of horse, *Equicium*, PROMPT. PARV., whereto WAY cites from a MS. *Equiricia*, a *harasse* of horse. M. lat. *haracium*. fr. *haras*. *Stode*, stud: Vpon a colte com out of *stode*. . . A young man, OCTOVIAN 795. Angl. sax. *stod*, armentum equorum."

A volume of Early English literature, unexampled in extent, thus thoroughly discussed and interpreted from first to last, with critical taste to leaven philological enthusiasm, may do us some good. Peradventure it may tempt five Englishmen of leisure to pay to the early literature of their country the attention it deserves. Meanwhile, let us be thankful that we have Mr. Morris's text-book of "Specimens of Early English," a piece of substantial independent work that can take and keep ground of its own in our colleges and schools, and that can easily be made by its author larger and more thorough when our college and schools shall ask for more.

HENRY MORLEY.

SAINT PAUL. (A Poem.) By FREDERIC H. MYERS. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

POEMS on sacred themes are too much like the modern pulpit sermon, wanting in spiritual fervency and homely directness. They refresh severe recollections of the bondage of the pew. An exception is rare, because lyrical energy is rare, without which a religious poem can have no vitality. The poem, "Saint Paul," by Mr. Myers, is a signal exception to this melancholy rule. It is in the form of a monologue of the apostle, who does not preach, but meditates, as "in the hollow of his heart," giving utterance in various moods to the intense aspiration, the fiery belief, which animated him for his work. It breathes throughout the spirit of St. Paul, and with a singular stately melody of verse. The lines are rhymed fours, alternating eleven and ten syllables: what we call the accent is on the first syllable of each line invariably. The structure of the verse is German, but we have adopted it for the last twenty years. The paucity of dissyllable rhymes in our tongue, and the iteration of participle terminations, rendered vulgar by long service, to which we are reduced, make it objectionable, unless when a peculiar effect of music is required to suit a grave subject. German, on the other hand, is redundant in dissyllables, and rich in rhymes for them. German verse falls naturally into hendecasyllable lines, whether rhymed or not; but when these recur closely, as in German dramatic verse, they are sleepy to my ear. The five-foot iambic line nods, and the alternating rhymed lines should have, I think, a wakeful regular emphasis on the opening syllable, commencing either with a trochee or the dactyl foot, which Mr. Myers has used with remarkable skill, and a dignity unwavering to the end. The following lines will show that he is a master of the form of

verse he has chosen, and what fulness of poetic expression he can throw into it. They are printed as it pleases him to have them :—

“ She as one wild, whom very stripes enharden,
leapt many times from torture of a dream,
shrank by the loathly olives of the garden,
groves of a teacher, and Illyssus' stream ; — . /

“ then to their temple Damaris would clamber,
high where an idol till the dawn was done
bright in a light and eminent in amber
caught the scene's surprises of the sun.

“ Thence the strong soul whom never power can pinion,
sprang with a wail into the empty air,
thence the wide eyes upon a hushed dominion
looked in a fierce astonishment of prayer :

“ looked to Hymettus and the purple heather,
looked to Peiræus and the purple sea,
blending of waters and of waves together,
winds that were wild and waters that were free.”

The lines are, perhaps, pardonably aliterative. The sense of beauty was doubtless alive in the irresistible orator who is made to speak here. But his extreme cultivation and daily experience of the power of words to persuade and excite would not have led him into lackadaisical alliteration and mellifluous excursions, as in this verse :—

“ What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
lovers and ladies whom their song enrols ?
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
less than the love with which I ache for souls.”

There is a temporary “ truce between the flesh and soul ” of the Paul of the poet in some other lines that I might quote. Yet in the first verse of the poem Paul is made to say,—

“ lo with no winning words I would entice you.”

This is of the right temper, but the assertion should have been better maintained. As it is Paul himself who speaks, the dominant impression we have of him is jealously sensitive of any contrast, however slight; and when we consider the character of the speaker, and of the audiences he best loved to address and brood over, we feel that a charge of dramatic unfitness may here and there be founded against the poet.

His imagery is usually just, at times noble.

“ John, than which man a grander and a greater
not till this day has been of woman born,
John like some iron peak by the Creator
fired with the red glow of the rushing morn.”

“ A *grander* and a *greater* : ” the epithet belongs entirely to nineteenth-century journals, shouting praises of their favourite public men ; but the image is splendidly characteristic and permanent. In justice to Mr. Myers, I make an extract of one of the shorter meditations, an example of purity in composition as in conception :—

“ Great were his fate who on the earth should linger,
sleep for an age and stir himself again,

watching Thy terrible and fiery finger
shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men.

"Oh that thy steps among the stars would quicken!
oh that thine ears would hear when we are dumb!
many the hearts from which the hope shall sicken,
many shall faint before thy kingdom come.

"Lo, for the dawn (and wherefore wouldst thou screen it?)
lo with what eyes, how eager and alone,
seers for the sight have spent themselves, nor seen it,
kings for the knowledge, and they have not known."

It is not a poem written for popularity in any direction. The religious world, which "thrills to the tireless music of a psalm," as psalms have been versified, with improvements, since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins, may be alarmed at the presence of poetry. Those who take Fichte's view of Paul will find too much of the great convert; and those to whom he is a beacon of will, active devotion, and zeal, will object that there is little evidence of the second light of Christian worship to be discovered in it; while the band of harmonious doubters will ask why an old song should be set to a modern tune. The author has written to please himself. I have cited what are to my taste blots in his work; but as one loving poetry wherever I can find it, and of any kind, I have to thank him.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

EIGHTY YEARS OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By
LOUIS J. JENNINGS. London: John Murray. 1868.

THE influence and example of the United States must tell with increasing effect on our own political course. Under aristocratic and middle-class rule, America has been pointed to as a warning, and the supposed results of democratic government have been paraded before the English people to keep them in a Conservative mood. But the perpetual prophecies of the failure of the American experiment reached their culmination in premature rejoicings over the break-up of the Republic in the civil war; and the emergence of the Union from that tremendous struggle, not only as free as ever, but incomparably stronger than before, has discredited our old-world theories, and produced a sudden reaction in favour of popular rule. Our rising politicians go to the United States to see the country and its institutions for themselves, Government sends a special commissioner to inquire into their educational system, popular assemblies discuss English politics in the light of American experience, and the bugbear of the old era seems likely to be the example of the new. At such a time a work like that which Mr. Jennings has attempted must be of peculiar interest and value. A constitutional history of the United States, which should make it clearly understood what the Fathers of the Republic aimed to do, and how the progress of eighty years has shown their aims to be thwarted or transcended or fulfilled, would cast much light on questions which are rising among us. But for such a work to be of the very highest value, it must be written rather in the spirit of the philosopher than in the spirit of the politician. There must be no attempt to draw a moral or to teach a lesson. Rival policies should be forgotten, and the history, whether it told for or against democracy, should be written with the passionless indifference of science, and left to make its own impression. In fact, another De Tocqueville is required for a work which, if fitly done, might equal in usefulness, if it did not eclipse in fame, the labour of the first.

Mr. Jennings is not another De Tocqueville. Like many men of conservative feeling and little faith in popular institutions, he fears that the reaction in favour of America may go too far. With competent knowledge of the history of the American Constitution, and intimate acquaintance with its present working, he has undertaken to compare the actual Union of to-day with the ideal Union as it existed in the intentions of its founders. Without minutely tracing the history of constitutional change, he sets the two pictures in vivid contrast, but always to the advantage of the Union as it was, and to the strong disadvantage of the Union as it is. It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Jennings falls far short of the impartiality he professes. He may have "no favourite theory which he wished to enforce by the example of America," but he felt a strong dislike and distrust when he was in contact with American institutions, and that feeling has unconsciously influenced his judgment. Philosophy is of no country, but Mr. Jennings is an Englishman of aristocratic tastes, and as he writes as such he can scarcely be called a political philosopher. Yet there is evidence all through the book, but particularly in its earlier chapters, that Mr. Jennings has tried to be impartial. His accounts of the theory of the Government, of the relation of the States to the Union, of the Executive and Legislature, and particularly those of the ecclesiastical and educational policies of the Union, are all extremely valuable; and even his criticisms on the present state of politics are instructive to those who are more familiar with the other side of the questions he treats. He is just to the motives and sacrifices of the people in the civil war, and gives a good account of the results of that war in closing for ever some of the open questions of the past. His account of the struggle between the President and Congress is meant to be fair to both sides, but no hint is given that Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction would have made every million of Southern whites equal in power to a million and a half of their Northern conquerors. Mr. Jennings seems, indeed, to have been ignorant of the existence of this inequality. Reciting (pp. 69-70) the provision of the Constitution that "to the whole number of free persons in each State, three-fifths of all other persons, excluding Indians not taxed, should be added, and representatives divided according to the population, not more than one representative being allowed for every 30,000 persons," he adds:—"On May 29, 1850, this plan was abolished, and it was provided that after March, 1853, the House of Representatives should be composed of 233 members," &c. There are two errors here—one of actual statement and one of implication. The plan provided in the Constitution was not abolished—the Act of 1850 merely made a redistribution of representatives in accordance with its provisions. Nor does the House consist of 233 members. An Act of March 4, 1862, which Mr. Jennings has overlooked, raises the number to 241 by giving another representative each to the States of Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont. Of these 241 members the North had 156 and the seceding States 85 before the abolition of slavery. That abolition, by raising "other persons," as the slaves are called in the Constitution, to "free persons," so far increased the claim of the South for representatives that under Mr. Johnson's plans the Northern representation would have been reduced to 147 and the Southern increased to 94. The Constitutional Amendment proposed by Congress, which excluded male persons who were not allowed to vote from the population basis, reduced the Southern representation to 70 and increased that of the North to 171, taking away the fictitious advantage slavery

had given the Southern whites, and forcing them either to give the freedmen the suffrage, or to resign the power which the Constitution would have put into their hands in the freedmen's name. It was around this question that the battle of 1866 was waged. The South would not resign its unfair advantage, and the North would grant it nothing till it did so; hence the rejection of the Constitutional Amendment by every Southern State, and the severer measures to which Congress resorted in the spring of the present year. Mr. Jennings's book does not contain a hint of this difficulty. He writes about the quarrel, but omits the chief subject of dispute.

There are some other matters which show that Mr. Jennings, whose "daily duties called him into close intercourse with some of the most active public men of the country," saw things from the point of view of the present Executive, and not from that of Congress. In a note to page 52 he says of the effect of the Tenure of Office Act of 1867—"During the recess of Congress a man proved to be guilty of theft or forgery may be in a public office, and the President be powerless to remove him until the Senate meet." But the Act specially provides for such cases by giving the President the power of suspension, and by discontinuing the salary of officials during suspension. Such suspension amounts, therefore, to temporary removal, which becomes permanent on receiving the sanction of the Senate. But it is in his comments on the Constitution that Mr. Jennings most clearly shows the influence of official communications which have certainly corrupted his good judgment. On page 100 he takes De Tocqueville to task for declaring that the decisions of the Supreme Court are universally respected. He says—"So far from this being the case, we find that the people practically compel the Supreme Court to apply laws which it has pronounced unconstitutional. The Legislature first passes such laws, the people support the Legislature, and the Government is obliged to see that the laws are carried into execution. The Supreme Court simply sits upon the bench uttering protests which no one heeds, while the unconstitutional measures are being enforced out of doors." But no particle of proof of these assertions is offered—nor can any be given. Mr. Jennings has indeed cited the case of *Lambdin v. Milligan*, in which the Supreme Court decided that military tribunals were unlawful in time of peace; but as he cannot say that the decision of the Court was overruled in the case of the person to whom it extended its protection, he reminds us that military tribunals were established in the South where Congress had declared that there was no peace. The case of the Missouri test oath only decided that such oaths were inapplicable in the loyal States; Mr. Jennings says that decision was violated by their application in the disloyal States. Mr. Jennings's lamentations over an infringed and disregarded Constitution all arise, as Mr. Johnson's do, out of the course which Congress has taken toward the Southern States. Because the Constitution did not provide penalties for its own infraction, all penalties inflicted for an attempt to destroy it are unconstitutional. Ten States may make war against it, but so soon as they are defeated they resume all their rights. This is the view of Mr. Johnson and the South, and Mr. Jennings does not perceive its falseness. He overlooks the distinction between rights and duties, and cannot see that States, like citizens, forfeit their rights under a Constitution when they are only compelled by irresistible force to discharge its duties. The South rushed from the political partnership with its sister States, and tore up the deed. Defeated in its endeavour to set up for itself, it claims to come back at once with all its

old privileges and rights. The North looks upon the seceders as outside the conditions of the agreement, and to be restored only on terms it has the right and the power to dictate; and the attempt to dictate terms and to obtain guarantees is the violation of the Constitution about which Mr. Johnson vapours at Washington, and Mr. Jennings writes in tones of lofty reprobation here.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to show that the present crisis, so far from weakening the Constitution, will render it stronger than before. It simply settles, and settles for ever, some extra-constitutional questions, and leaves Congress, instead of the President, in possession of that debateable ground which the Constitution leaves for either to occupy. But it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Jennings has an eye to English politics in many of his comments on American affairs. Indeed, his political bias occasionally leads him into great injustice. He quotes from Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay in "Essays on Reform" the following words: "Such a combination of class against class as that with which we are afflicted would be an absurdity when all alike are in possession of political power, and at liberty to promote and defend their own interests by political means." His comment is, "These representations are probably not intended to convey the truth about America, so much as to serve certain party purposes in England. On no other ground can their extraordinary incorrectness be explained." Now even if this extraordinary incorrectness were proved—which is not done by merely saying, as Mr. Jennings does, that there is a discontented class in the United States—the charge of base and dishonourable motives for making the assertion is unpardonable. It might do in an unscrupulous newspaper, but it disgraces Mr. Jennings's book. Nor is it the only blemish of the kind. Mr. W. E. Forster said in a speech at Bradford that even in New England the law enforcing attendance at school is a dead letter; Mr. Jennings adds, "And no one knew enough of the facts to contradict him. It is thus that the Government and the institutions of America are conveniently adapted to the views of speculative politicians." Turning to the report of the Rev. J. Fraser, on the Common School system of the United States, which was presented to Parliament shortly before Mr. Forster spoke, I find (on pp. 36, 37, 38, and 39) the law of Massachusetts on compulsory attendance at school quoted at length with the following remark: "The law, as will be observed, is emphatic enough, but I believe that its provisions are nearly, if not quite, inoperative. Public sentiment, so omnipotent in America, is not with it, and it stands, therefore, almost a dead letter upon the statute books." Mr. Fraser gives detailed proofs of his assertion; Mr. Jennings can only support his sneer at Mr. Forster by an example or two from the city of Boston. This political bias, coupled with a tendency to draw general inferences from too few particulars, is the weakness of Mr. Jennings. He believes that men who arrive at opposite conclusions to his own are persons "who have special purposes to serve in producing social disturbances, and who blindly praise what they have never seen and ignorantly admire what they do not understand." Apart from such blemishes Mr. Jennings has made a valuable addition to political literature. His book is so good that one wishes it were better. He has forcibly and often correctly pointed out the weak side of American institutions, though he has sometimes blindly expressed disparagement, and is not altogether in a position to complain that in the representations which are made respecting them, "the Government and institutions of America are conveniently adapted to the views of speculative politicians."

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XIV. NEW SERIES.—FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

THREE OLD YORKSHIRE POEMS.

SWALEDALE is haunted by a grand old strain of Celtic song, and all the country about Whitby is classic ground for those who see the birthplace of our literature in the home of Cædmon. Thence also we get *Beowulf*, I believe. In Yorkshire, Celt and Anglo-Saxon showed their utmost strength, in arms, in genius. They displayed their distinct qualities, and, with addition of more Scandinavians than found their way into the South, blended to form one of the soundest types of English character. To the standard Englishman, what would be called the pure Anglo-Saxon—namely, the Low German variety of a people itself very compound, a variety hardly to be found unmixed except among the field labourers of Sussex and Hampshire, or perhaps also of Buckingham and Berks—is nearly as much an alien as the pure Celt.

We never shall exactly trace from their first elements the combinations and re-combinations, the repulsions and affinities, through which, by what may be called *Spiritual Chemistry*, the compound nations of the world are formed. But historians and philologists have made it clear that there is such a Chemistry. Not only salts, gases, and cell formations, but also characters of tribes of men, yield matter for analysis. Various colours by local circumstance, the characteristic forms of nations might no doubt be determined by their composition, if the facts of early History could be as surely ascertained as facts in Science. That is impossible. To a certain extent we can be right in determining the characters of a few primitive races, and in deducing from them the results of a few known mixtures. But the means of knowledge concerning early history of the chief races of man are slender, and the knowledge, therefore, is not sure; while the degree and manner of the distribution of these races among each other will remain, to some extent,

debateable for ever. The most compound nations seem to be most durable and useful to the world. So we are prompt to believe, being ourselves among the nations, almost or altogether, the one built up of the greatest number of constituents. As to the manner of our composition, the debateable ground has of late been narrowed by extension of the domain of exact knowledge about the remoter past. Since the reaction against despotisms of what Germany called the *à-la-mode* age, throughout Europe there has been in each country, as one sign of the revived sense of nationality, a body of keen critics tracing to its source the literature and the language of each nation. With extension of the knowledge thus acquired, methods of study have become more searching, results more reliable, as the facts ascertained and conclusions come at by so many separate inquirers begin to explain and corroborate one another. For our own earliest history an invaluable field of research has been won, by indisputable demonstration not only of the antiquity of many of the very large number of Celtic MSS. preserved in Ireland, but also of the existence in them of a true historical element. They are valuable, not so much for anything we may believe upon their unsupported testimony, as for the power they now acquire of confirming and establishing conclusions to which other evidence has pointed, besides indicating new lines of inquiry. Thus the published portion of the "*Senchus Mor*," which was an ancient book in the days of King Alfred, suggested to Dr. Samuel Ferguson—now at the head of the Irish Record Office—an acute argument for the probability that we may find rudiments of our Common Law among the laws of the first Celtic people of the land.

The Gaels were scattered about England before the incoming of the Cymry, who probably were first driven across from the northern shores of France when, as Cæsar tells us, a Germanic race, the Belgæ, coming down from the Rhine, seized their land as far as the Seine, and expelled the original inhabitants. Those were the Cymry, of whom a portion, then and afterwards, remained little disturbed in Brittany. Apart from the Germanic Belgæ, Cæsar's division of the other people of France into Gauls and Aquitanians probably represents Cymric and Gaelic Celts; the Gaels being the Aquitanians, south of the Garonne, connected with the Celts of the same branch in Spain. All evidence agrees in bringing the first Gaels to this country out of Spain, and landing them on our south-western shores, where their vessels naturally would strike land; chiefly in Ireland, but also upon the coasts of England in sufficient number to leave scattered in local names, even as far as Kent, the evidences of their occupation. The Cymry, forced across by the Belgic migration, would land first, not on our western, but on our south-eastern shore, spread thence, and be in turn driven northward and westward as

the strong Germanic people followed them across the Channel and established a new colony of Belgæ in the South of England. For there Cæsar found them, ploughing the fields and more advanced in material civilisation than the Celts of the interior. The main body of the Gaels passed slowly through North Wales to sail over to their kindred in Ireland, leaving, in defensible situations, many Irish local names, as "Camp of the Gael," "Ridge of the Gael," and so forth, to mark the line of retreat. The Cymry were driven back upon the Gaels by the intruding Belgæ, who were as good Anglo-Saxons as any of those who followed them some five hundred years later.

Then and afterwards the Germanic settlers of England took possession of the arable land, and left to the pastoral Celts the hill country of the north and west. The adjustment cost many a struggle, and the blending of races began with as lively an effervescence and evolution of heat as one sees often in inorganic chemistry, when two things come together which shall afterwards be one, and one of more use to the world than either, or both, of its original constituents. Along the whole line of complete interpenetration; by the hill countries of the north and west, and there only; one sees in our early literature a free precipitation, so to speak, of the compound English nationality, or of what we may now call the distinctive genius of our people. It is the region also of invention and commercial enterprise that made us traders with the world. At first every man of genius seems to have been a north countryman, and it is in Yorkshire that we find the birthplace of our literature. After the devastation of the north, first by the Danes, and then by William the Conqueror, the west country took the lead, and the men most eminent for original genius were all from that western half of England where, in King Alfred's time, the Cymry and the Anglo-Saxons, after many contests, lived together; Devonshire, as well as Cornwall, and much of Somerset and Dorsetshire, being chiefly inhabited by the Wealh-cyn, or Welsh of the west, and the whole country across the Severn by the North Welsh. It was not obscurely, and for a generation or two, but unmistakably, and for seven hundred years, that the best genius of England sprang up on the line of country in which Celts and Anglo-Saxons came together. Cædmon, Bede, Alcuin, Erigena, Ordericus Vitalis, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus Cambrensis, Walter Map, Layamon, Roger Bacon, Wiclif, Langlande,—none of these were men of the south or east. It was not until the fourteenth century, by which time the power of a rich Court established in the south, with all the machinery of government, had caused a determination of life from all quarters towards the intellectual centre,—while producing also in London the most complete mixture of races,—it was not until then that the south of England could take honour for the men of genius it bred.

Chaucer was a Londoner, and of a genius, English at all points, perfectly compounded.

That is as much generalization as, for the present purpose, we need take with us into Yorkshire; where, if we go back far enough in time, it happens that we may see the two races in full effervescence of first contact with each other, and find means of distinguishing, from the finest of their extant memorials, some characteristics of the genius of the Celt and of the Anglo-Saxon.

The most important of the really ancient poems of the Cymry is the "Gododin," which celebrates the chiefs who fell in a six-day struggle between the gathered forces of the Celtic tribes and the invading Saxon. The bard who sang the defeat of his brethren was Aneurin; the battle was fought at Cattræth, now Catterick Bridge, a station on the branch railway between Richmond and Dalton junction. There might have been no railway to have a station there, but for the process of which the battle of Cattræth was a beginning. Watt and Stephenson were both north countrymen; Watt, indeed, from a district which sent its contingent to fight in the ranks of the Cymry when they marched down from the fells of Westmoreland through Swaledale towards Gododin. The date of Aneurin's "Gododin" is about the year 570.

The most important and the oldest poems of the Anglo-Saxons are the heroic tale of "Beowulf," and Cædmon's metrical paraphrase of some essential parts of the Bible story. Three years ago, in giving an account of English writers before Chaucer, I stated the arguments on behalf of the only two probable theories which find a place for as much as may have been history disguised in the action of the poem of "Beowulf." These are, the theory of Dr. Grein, which places Heorot, the great hall rescued by Beowulf from the attacks of Grendel, at Hjartholm, in the Danish island of Seeland, opposite the Swedish coast; and that of Mr. Haigh, of Newcastle, who finds Heorot at Hart, by Hartlepool, and Beowulf's burial-place on the top of Bowlby Cliff, in Yorkshire, between Hartlepool and Whitby. Since that time I have made myself acquainted with the places to which Mr. Haigh refers the incidents of "Beowulf," and have come to this conclusion: that Heorot may very possibly have been in the Durham parish of Hart, but if so, and whether so or not, the poem was written by a man whose home was on the other side of the Tees, and drew his description of scenery entirely from the rocky shore, the glens and moors of that district of Yorkshire which has Whitby for its capital, and a coast-line extending between Saltburn and Robin Hood's Bay. Whatever the origin of the poem, it comes to us from, or through, a Yorkshireman, who put into it the peculiar scenery of the region about Whitby and Bowlby Cliff. Bowlby, therefore, very probably is, as Mr. Haigh has read it, Beowulfes-

burh; the hero's latter home in life being upon the landward slope of that the highest cliff upon our eastern shore, and his last home, in death, upon its summit. As for Cædmon's paraphrase, it is undoubtedly the work of one who was—not merely “considering his times,” but absolutely and considering what are in all times the qualities of genius—a true and a great poet. We see him as through a glass darkly, reading only as stammerers the English of his day. But little as we can recall the living force and music of his language, he can put a spell upon us yet. Now, the date of Cædmon's poem is about 670, or a hundred years later than Aneurin's “Gododin.” “Beowulf” may be a production of the intervening time; but no one knows in what century that poem was written.

Out of these works, then, which belong practically to the same age and the same region, it should be possible to draw some estimate of the relation of the Anglo-Saxon to the Celtic genius. Such a comparison was not quite fairly suggested by a scholar of refined taste when, in his pleasant and very serviceable lectures “On the Study of Celtic Literature,” he illustrated the “steady, humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon,” by comparing with memorial lines of an old Cymric bard, not any strains of the old Anglo-Saxon verse, but the modern tombstone inscriptions—“Afflictions sore long time I bore,” &c. Surely a comparison like that was too condescending an adaptation of the style of a true poet and critic to the manner of the Philistines. Did Anglo-Saxon Cædmon creep when a thousand years before Milton, his “Angel of Presumption” sate in council, daring the Most High in this fashion?—

“ God's angel erst, he had shone white in heaven,
Till his soul urged, and most of all its Pride,
That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
Bend to the Word. About his heart his soul
Tumultuously heaved; hot pains of wrath
Without him.
Then said he, Most unlike this narrow place
To that which once we knew, high in heaven's realm,
Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
For the Almighty we hold royalties.
Yet right hath he not done in striking us
Down to the fiery bottom of hot hell,
Banished from heaven's kingdom with decree
That he will set in it the race of Man.
Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of earth,
Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
While we these pangs endure, this grief in hell.
Woe, Woe! had I the power of my hands,
And for a season, for one winter's space,
Might be without; then with this Host I——
But iron binds me round; this coil of chains
Rides me; I rule no more; close bonds of hell
Hem me, their prisoner.”

The music of the poet's own verse, in which is a rhythm varied with the thought, is lost, of course, from this rough metrical form of a literal translation into modern English. But the thought speaks for itself, apart from all charm in the manner of expression; and one may indeed wonder that a man of genius should have thought it worth while to go to the modern tombstone for "afflictions sore," as an example of the genius of the "creeping Anglo-Saxon," to be paired with a strain of the old Celtic muse. No more, of course, was intended by that parallel than a playful expression of a strong opinion;—or was it offered as the only sort of argument a Philistine can understand? Certainly Mr. Arnold has a right to show some little impatience of the common superstitions on the Anglo-Saxon race. The settlers, from the fusion of whose dialects the earliest form of English, called in the schools Anglo-Saxon, was formed, came at different times, in different proportions, from the whole range of the coast between Drontheim and Havre. Frisians came, no doubt, in greatest number; but the character and quality of the mixture varied a good deal in different parts of England; here with a distinct flavour of the Norseman, there of the Dane, and elsewhere of the dyke-building Dutchman. The types of character are as distinct as types of feature, in the Staithes fisherman and the Deal boatman, the Lowland Scot north of the Tweed, the Yorkshire dalesman, and the Sussex labourer. Some day, indeed, the numerous well-marked types of physiognomy among the people of this country may be so studied as to help greatly in the analysis of the great British compound. Certain it is that apart from all considerations of the blending of the Anglo-Saxon with the Celt, to which this country owes the character by which it won supremacy, there is no such thing as a simple homogeneous Anglo-Saxondom that can be praised or abused in the lump; and still less is that mythical power to be glorified as alone the conquering, regenerating spirit of the world. The Teutonic Englishman has been greatly improved by crossing with the Celt, the Celt as much by crossing with the Teuton; and it might be well for us if the few unassimilated Anglo-Saxons, and the greater number of the unassimilated Celts, would put their poor, rickety antagonisms to nurse with the ethnologists. Yet, after all, it is no new thing that heat and effervescence and fierce visible strife should arise from the contact of these different constituents of English life before they are absorbed into each other.

So it was in the days of the march down Swaledale to Gododin. Down Swaledale; for although the editor of that poem, the Rev. John Williams-ab-Ithel, is satisfied that Cattræth is the Catrail or ancient war fence, which extends, for five-and-forty miles, from the neighbourhood of Galashiels to Peel-fell, and some, therefore, have it that in Eiddin Edinburgh makes its first appearance upon

record, insuperable difficulties of interpretation are created by this theory. The suggestion made by Mr. Stephens, in his "Literature of the Kymry," that Cattraeth was the Roman Caractonium, now Catterick, three or four miles from Richmond, harmonises and explains the whole geography of the poem. The Celtic chiefs were marching to Gododin,—or Ododin, as it is indifferently called, the G being an unessential prefix,—where they would be opposed by the men of Deivyr and Bryneich, whose names were Romanised in Deira and Bernicia. The British common name of this whole region, Ododin, was changed very slightly by the Romans into Otadini. The march of the Cymry was for an invasion of the Angles here, and the immediate occasion of their death-struggle the advance inland of Angle power over territory of which the confederated Celtic chiefs determined to dispute possession. The advancing Angles were those who had come, some four-and-twenty years before, in forty ships with Ida; had made good their settlement on our north-eastern coast; and had already, as the poem indicates, received into their body many of the Celts whose country they had occupied. The Cymric poets, who expressed the patriotism of the combatants, speak bitterly, therefore, of the Bryneich. The chief of the Cymric confederacy was the Lord of Eiddin, which I take to be the district watered by the river Eden that flows through Westmoreland and Cumberland into the Solway Firth. His hill fort, the gathering place of the confederates, may have been somewhere about Mallerstang or Birkdale Common, among the fells about the sources of the Eden. For the Swale, with its source close to the source of the Eden, flows down the other side of the same hills, and by its side, through Swaledale, was the right way to Ododin. It was a march for the heroes of some twenty-five miles to Cattraeth, or Catterick, where they found the army of the Anglo-Saxons posted at a confluence of waters. The confluence is mentioned in the poem; and at this place a tributary stream does flow into the Swale. There remain also at Catterick, otherwise unaccounted for, the traces of an ancient British camp. Again, the Lord of Eiddin was joined by three chiefs of the Novantæ, who were the people of Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Ayr, from the opposite shore of the Solway Firth; three from Aeron, probably an old form of Ayr; three from Breitan, on the shores of Clyde; one from the coast of Mordei, possibly Moricambe estuary, also in the Solway Firth; and one from Glamorgan; all names that indicate confederation of the Cymry of the West, for whom the natural way to the place of meeting was up Solway Firth and by the course of the Eden, or across Strathclyde.

Down Swaledale, then, the gathered force of the Celts marched to Gododin, and fought, as the poem describes, for six days; their

chiefs resolved to conquer or to die, three only being left survivors of the struggle.

“ Flushed with mirth and hope they burn :
But none from Cattræth’s vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.”

So in “The Death of Hoel,” Gray translated a few lines of the “Gododin,” which had been made known to him through the pages of the *Cambro-Briton*. The “Gododin” is a large fragment of ninety-seven stanzas, in which Aneurin combined with the story of the battle, his memorial lines to ninety of the fallen chiefs.

Apart from the romantic mock-antiques of later times, the Cymric poems, which have really the stamp of age upon them, are profoundly melancholy. They are all records of patriotic struggle with the Saxon conqueror, of halls destroyed, and left “without fire, without song,” of sons slain in battle, and laid sadly in the tomb. Thus Llywarch sings, in the close of a lament for a son slain at the Ford of Morlas :—“Here is the tomb of Gwenn, the son of the old Llywarch. Sweetly a bird sang on a pear-tree above the head of Gwenn before they covered him with the turf. That broke the heart of the old Llywarch.” Fierce cherishers of liberty ; men whose eyes took delight in apple blossom, and whose souls could be touched by the trilling of a bird ; who taught their harps to moan with them, and by the frequent iterations of one syllable, as it closed line after line,—and of one line, which rose again and again in stanza after stanza—as a sigh that will not be suppressed, this brave people, throbbing with artistic life, came down to contend with the Anglo-Saxon force. They marched down Swaledale joyous from a feast, bright in the gay colours, the red, blue, and yellow, that gave pleasure to their eyes. If the Cymry had a dragon in a fable, he was red ; a Saxon dragon was more likely to be white.

“ Each shoulder covered with his painted shield,
Swift as the war-horse, there the hero marched.
Noise in the mount of slaughter, noise and fire ;
The darting lances were as gleams of sun.
There the glad raven fed. They went not free
While he, as in his course the eagle strikes
The morning dew aside, so scattered them,
And like a whelming billow struck their front.
They, the bards tell, are brave men who to slaves
Reveal no counsel. Spears in warrior hands
Were wasting men, and ere the swan-white steeds
Trampled the grave of him whose word had been
So masterly, his blood washed all his arms :
Buddvan was such, son of Bleëdvann the Bold.”

Here, in a mere average stanza, containing one of the ninety

celebrations of the chiefs who fell, we have abundant illustration of the play of the Celt's fancy. Buddvan, with the many-coloured shield, is fleet as a war-horse; the flight of spears is as the darting of sunbeams; the hero scatters his foes as an eagle strikes the dew-drops from his path; he whelms them as a wave; his horse is swan-white; when his blood is shed it washes all his armour. This audacity of genius, which is the father of invention in the useful as in the liberal arts, this intellectual oxygen, is, no doubt, absent from the genius of the Anglo-Saxon. In that one verse of the "Gododin" there are as many similes as in the six thousand and odd lines (English measure) of "Beowulf." The Anglo-Saxon poet never runs into hyperbole. He realizes, but he has a high sense of God in the world which gives dignity to his action and real elevation to his thoughts. Cædmon's picture of Satan in Hell has a sustained grandeur derived wholly from literal representation of that which is in his mind. In the fragment quoted, and throughout the poem, there is power derived partly from the very absence of hyperbole. The image itself is great, it fills the poet's mind, and his art truly reproduces it.

It is true that the perfection of this power has been shown in Cædmon only. But in "Beowulf" the poet's fidelity to nature in telling a piece of history transformed, after the old fashion, into a tale of wonder, is so perfect, that one can identify the land he painted in the cavern-worn cliffs of the Lias, about Whitby, with rocky wooded dales through which streams run to the sea, and up which the path leads to the Yorkshire moors, and to the fens of the old time when there was no subsoil drainage. Just such a gorge as that by which Beowulf and the Thanes of Hrothgar are said to have marched up to the "murky moor" to avenge the murder of Æschere, leads up from the "naked high nesses" of Staithes to the hills. Staithes, too, which breeds the finest seamen on our eastern coast, is in a deep little bay between high jutting rocks, to the top of which the fishermen drag their summer boats in the rough winter seasons. Up those rocks, also, Beowulf may have dragged "the swimming wood;" for this bay lies just under Bowlby, a place perhaps named from the dwelling he had here, when he ruled over the tribe of which, in his younger days, he had come to destroy the enemy that brought down ruin from the hills. Beowulf is said to have been buried on the top of Hron's Ness. Only a narrow promontory separates the bay that may have been Beowulf's from the broader rock-encircled bay of Runswick,—Hron's wick, or Hron's dwelling. And the great cliff rising immediately above both these bays may have been called Hron's ness before the burial of Beowulf on its summit transferred to it the name of that more famous hero. On the other side of Runswick bay its boundary is Kettleness, the ness of Ketel, an old seafarer of clearly Scandinavian connections.

Now, there is no other part of the English coast that has the marked peculiarities of this corner of Yorkshire ; peculiarities which correspond exactly with the whole scenery of the poem of " Beowulf." The coast of Seeland, to which attention is directed by the only good theory of a continental origin of the poem, is low, with a low range of hills behind it, and no correspondence at all with the poet's references in the poem to high cliffs, nicker-houses, woods, and narrow dales. Neither does the scenery north of the Tees in the least answer to this description. Whatever the origin of the story, it is from an Anglo-Saxon that we have it ; in verse of the language spoken only in this country. The writer, in the usual way of his people, formed his imagination upon what he saw and knew ; and when scenery was in question, drew so accurately from the nature about him, that we can tell from it whereabouts he lived. I think that Hart was Heorot ; and that the poet, living on the other side of the Tees, near the place where Beowulf had once dwelt as a chief—being familiar, therefore, with the legends formed out of his deeds—sang the heroic song in his own way, without troubling himself to inquire into the topography of regions which were not within the range of his own walks. Say that the story is Danish, is Icelandic, Ethiopian if you will, the poem was written in England, or we should not have it in our language. No theory of its first origin, therefore, affects the argument supplied by the fidelity of Anglo-Saxon genius, which assures us that what we read is the work of a Yorkshireman of Whitby, or the country within about twelve or fourteen miles north of Whitby.

When this fidelity of representation is joined to a real poetic insight, an Anglo-Saxon poet may be capable of greater things than are within the power of the Celt. In the expression of a single sentiment with grace, vivacity, depth of feeling, he cannot approach the Celt. The best Cymric poetry is lyric. The " Gododin " may almost be considered as a chain of lyrics. But the sober earnestness of the Anglo-Saxon, which enabled him to occupy his mind with a large thought, and patiently to work it out with truth and dignity, gave him strength for the conduct of sustained poetic narrative. " Andreas " and Cynewulf's " Elenc " are remaining pieces of considerable length, with every good Anglo-Saxon quality, excepting genius. But in Cædmon there is that rare quality, too, with a vivid realization of the grandest narratives. As his poem dates a century after the " Gododin," his genius may have been quickened already by Celtic admixture : but his characteristics are those of the Saxon side in the two halves that join to make a perfect Englishman.

HENRY MORLEY.

IRELAND IN 1868.

Two economic currents are flowing in Ireland—a current of progress and a current of retrogression—of the character of each of which this article aims at furnishing some indication and some suggestions for promoting the former and arresting the latter. For both purposes something must be said of the only strong political current visible in the island at present, one rushing back to the dismemberment of the kingdom, civil war, and the dissolution of civil society. I speak here of Fenianism not so much in its organised and criminal form, as in that morally blameless form, so far as many of its adherents are concerned, which it takes without any definite organisation, and spreading, as it were, in the air. Organised and criminal Fenianism, though it numbers more sworn members than seems commonly supposed, is by itself, or without aid from America, a destructive, but not a formidable power. The annual chapter of accidents includes in its catalogue a thousand times more suffering and disaster, yet does nothing to shake the foundations of the State, or to endanger the safety of the nation as a nation. But another kind of Fenianism is developing itself, under no specific name as yet, in declared antagonism to the integrity of the State; which would shortly leave, if it gained its point, but one of the two economic currents before spoken of flowing in Ireland, that of backwardness and ruin. Various motives and feelings are converging to form a combination of a great part of the people of Ireland to demand separation from England. Romantic and generous hopes of a great independent Ireland, old legendary Ireland resurgent in glory, derived partly from ancient tradition, and partly from the nationality movement on the Continent, blend with well-grounded discontent at the system of tenure and the consequent emigration, and with it must be added, the selfish desires of some individuals or parties; but the chief source of this gathering movement is an idea that England is falling (an idea which mistakes the weakness of a government for the weakness of a nation), coupled with a persuasion that an English Parliament will concede anything to force or fright, nothing to justice and policy, and that even separation may be extorted by demanding it loudly in menacing numbers. What sort of legislation would follow the establishment of a separate Irish Parliament, if any legislation at all, might easily be anticipated, had it not been distinctly foreshadowed in a tentative declaration of some Catholic clergymen, drawn with great ability for its purpose, and assuredly not put forward without the private sanction of higher authority than it

claims. It is enough to say it is declared that political economy will not do for Ireland, that the Irish manufacturer cannot compete with the English, and that the natural energies of the Irish people must be developed, that is to say, properly speaking, repressed by protection and prohibition. But there would, in reality, be small time or heed for legislation. The inevitable, immediate result of separation would be a furious war of religions and races, in which the upper and middle class of Catholics would be placed in a position of cruel embarrassment and danger from both sides; both sides, moreover, would invoke foreign assistance, and to exclude any other occupation England would be driven to resume her former position by main force, after the island had become from one end to the other, a compound of Mexico and the Campagna, with the anarchy of one and the desolation of the other.

There is indeed a sense to be hereafter referred to, in which (paraphrasing a foreign writer's remark) it were well that Ireland should be de-anglicised;¹ but in all other respects what is especially desirable for the island, instead of separation, is a closer union with England. The greatest of all the calamities from which the Irish people suffered for centuries was not connexion with England, but compulsory isolation, politically, socially, and commercially. For six centuries they were kept forcibly aloof from the nearest border of European civilisation and wealth; down to the time of many living men, they were denied both equal political rights and social intercourse with the English and Scotch, and their descendants in Ireland itself; and placed by nature in the remotest part of Western Europe, they have only in the present generation begun to derive from the English invention of steam locomotion something like a commercial equality for half of the island with the rest of the British nation. In every country in the world, however advanced, England itself not excepted, there are localities which remoteness has kept to this day in arrear of general progress; into which improvements common elsewhere have not found their way; and where the inhabitants appear almost barbarous in their ways to people whose fathers' way were precisely the same. Had England been a solitary isle in an untraversed ocean, could its inhabitants be much better than savage now? Deduct from English wealth and civilisation all that is derived from the little country of Flanders alone, and how small would the residue be! He must be a barbarian who does not feel that the glory of England is a glory to the whole human race; b-

(1) Speaking of the lingering effects of Spanish law and misgovernment in Lombardy M. Emile de Laveleye has observed:—"Le sort de la Lombardie fut semblable à celui des provinces flamandes: le joug de l'Espagne y arrêta toute activité commerciale et industrielle. Les fidei-commis et la main-morte s'étendirent rapidement. Les souffrances se font encore sentir aujourd'hui. Ainsi que le remarque un économiste connaît parfaitement son pays, la Lombardie n'est pas tout à fait désespagnolisée (dépagnolizzata)."—*Les Forces Productives de la Lombardie*.

he must be a fool who does not see that it also belongs to the whole human race, and has come from every part of the world. Throughout its history the movement of both intellectual light and material progress has been one of diffusion, reaching the less accessible places last, and obstructed not only by distance, but by every moral barrier between country and country. England was by position an early receptacle of the movement in modern Europe, and it would have passed rapidly over to Ireland, but for a cruel succession of accidents and crimes which kept two races apart, in the words of a great English philosopher, "the most fitted of any two in the world to be the counterpart of one another,"¹ and two islands apart adapted by nature for the closest commercial connexion. No stronger evidence of the truth of these propositions is needed than the fact that in spite of Ireland's calamitous history, in spite of a system of law most obstructive to the development of natural resources,—a system not really English in origin, but imposed upon England also by conquest—in spite of political conspiracy and insecurity, a current of progress is nevertheless running in various parts of the island, distinctly traceable to a closer connexion with England. Draw a line between east and west from Londonderry to Cork, and on the eastern side, the one nearest to English markets, English influence, and English example, it will be found that the main current is one of progress, though not without an opposite stream; while on the western side, though the main current is one which carries desolation along with it, there are yet scattered indications of improvement, come from an English source and wearing an English form.²

No one who has known the eastern half of the island for more than twenty years can have failed to perceive that a striking change has taken place in the life and manners of the gentry, and that where the landlords are resident, prudent, improving, and trusted, the tenants are in many cases following the example of prudence and improvement. In a southern county on this side, not many years ago a backward one from its isolation, there is a locality comprising several large estates well known to the writer, which, within his remembrance, and chiefly within very recent years, has undergone a complete transformation. It was farmed, as most other parts of Ireland were farmed in his childhood; it is now farmed as well as any part of England, and a single dealer in a small town within it sells artificial manure to the value of £25,000 a year, who could probably not have sold a pound's worth to a former generation. From this locality a large proprietor, of English descent, himself the

(1) "Representative Government," by J. S. Mill.

(2) In this description it is not thought necessary to take account of a temporary stagnation of the linen trade of Ulster, nor of a partial failure of crops last year in particular counties, balanced by good crops in others.

cause of much of the improvement he describes, and who used to define the Irish tenant as a creature to whom multiplication and subdivision come by nature, but to whom the art of man cannot communicate an idea of farming or forbearance from marriage, now reports:—"The twenty-acre men are holding on well, farming far better than formerly, and not involving themselves as formerly with wives and families as a matter of course. The farming of this class Roman Catholics and indigenous Irish, is exceedingly improved; their prudence in the matter of marriage still more remarkable; their sisters and younger brothers, too, remaining frequently unmarried, as they will not marry out of their class, unless to better themselves. The condition of the country here shows rapid amelioration."

Other instances of a landlord's good example being followed by his tenants, where English markets have come within reach, and English improvements in farming have become known, fell under the writer's observation in a recent visit to other eastern counties; and from one that was not visited a farmer, loud for tenant right, writes:—"Farming in general is greatly improving in this district and the neighbouring ones. Here farmers are to some extent able to compete with the landed proprietors at agricultural shows, and the like." To compete with the landed proprietors at agricultural shows and the like! From what quarter has this competition come if not from England, and what sort of competition has it superseded in Ireland? With their fathers would it not probably have been a competition in the dissipation of their fortune? In other counties, such as Cavan, and even Roscommon, new crops—flax, artificial grasses, and rape—are appearing, and land may be seen turned up by spade or plough in December, which not long ago would have been left untouched until the end of January. It is, again, English markets, English manufacturing towns, and English wealth that enable the Irish farmer to eke out in any way the scale of wages on the eastern side. No fallacy has more tended to hide the real condition of Ireland and the remedies it requires, than one into which writers of authority have fallen, that emigration must steadily raise wages in Ireland in proportion as it diminishes the number of labourers. The base of the fallacy is an imaginary "aggregate wages-fund," the share of each labourer in which is supposed to become greater as the number sharing becomes smaller.¹ But the bargain of wages is a transaction between the individual employer and his men; what that employe-

(1) Mr. Mill has employed the phrase "aggregate wages-fund" merely as a shorthand term to comprise all the funds employed in the payment of labour, whether derived from capital or income. He never meant that the funds in all employers' possessions are put together and divided, as gratuities to waiters in a coffee-room are sometimes thrown into a box, and afterwards distributed.

can give depends on his own means or profits, and not on the sum of the funds in his own and other people's possession; nor are his means augmented by the scarcity of labour. Were only one labourer left in the country, would he earn as much as all the former labourers put together? Clearly not, unless he did as much work, and worked for all employers at once; for how else could the money be forthcoming to pay him? So far are wages from being equal through Ireland, as the doctrine of an aggregate wages-fund, shared by a smaller number of labourers, implies, that they vary from five shillings a week to twelve shillings, and are highest where good labourers are most numerous, and on the side nearest England, instead of America. It is the English market for Irish commodities, not the American market for Irish labour, that raises wages in Ireland; to say that it is the latter is as much as to say that the rich enable the poor to pay high prices for things by paying high prices themselves.

To the funds coming to Irish labourers from an English source must also be added the sums which the number who come over for the harvest bring back for the winter. And, speaking of this, one cannot but express abhorrence of that spurious patriotism which seeks to avenge the misfortunes of Ireland by the destruction of England. What have English labourers done, whose bread Irish labourers have divided for centuries, and never divided more largely than last year, that Irishmen should seek to ruin the country on which both subsist? What, on the other hand, have the multitude of poor Irish workmen done, who earn their living in England, that they should be marked out as the natural objects of suspicion and hatred, and exposed to violence, expulsion, and destitution? There was never a better year than the one that has just closed for the Irish labourers of the west in England and Scotland, and many who came for the season found it to their advantage to remain. If among these there are any who are parties to the crimes which Fenianism contemplates, they are guilty both of atrocious treachery to the people who have received and supported them, and of a most cruel offence against those of their countrymen who are their fellows in labour, but not their fellows in treason. If there are any among them who brood over the sad history of Ireland, and behold in it the cause of that torpor, too common among its inhabitants, which Bentham has catalogued as the third order of evil following long insecurity and oppression, let them look along the eastern shore of the island, and they will behold how the contact and commerce of England are enabling Irishmen to shake off that torpor of ages. Belfast itself, as a great manufacturing town, is but one generation old; its mechanical powers are of English invention, the advantage of its commercial position consists mainly in

vicinity to England, and many inhabitants, of pure Irish as well English descent, are sharing the fortunes of the town ; from which le arms, moreover, are now being stretched in the spirit of English enterprise up and down through the island to explore and develop its sources. Of the success of several of these enterprises it may be early to speak (Fenianism is one of their chief impediments), but nascent spirit they show is more important than their results, however successful. It is a spirit which, with tranquillity and wise legislation would soon stir the western half of the island, over which it is too that desolation and decline have been more commonly spreading late years than giving place to advancement ; where the one great enterprise carried on upon a great scale is the emigration of the flower of the population from a deteriorating soil ; and where cultivation has receded, and a retrogression has taken place from agriculture to the rudest system of pasture. The proverb is far from generally true in Ireland that the benefactor of his country is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. And although it may not be denied that many of the former holders were too small for even secure subsistence, the sweeping conversion of small farmers into labourers is, whether they go or stay, a revolution full of danger to both England and Ireland, as one may see in their darkening looks. M. de Lavergne wrote fifteen years ago "Notwithstanding its detestable rural system, Ireland seems to have preserved one excellent feature, namely, the almost entire absence of day labourers properly so called." It does not possess that feature now. The change has taken place, too, at a peculiarly ill-timed epoch, when increased intelligence, communication with America and ideas spreading over Europe, tended of necessity to make the Irishman less content than ever to descend to the rank of a servant. Instead of the conservative rural class of small farmers, with a fair security to improve, mixed with small proprietors here and there improving their own lands (which ought to have been the transformation effected after the famine), the real transformation is that a revolutionary and dangerous class has been established. Fenianism, in its worst form, is the direct result of the suspension of leases, the consolidation of farms, and that emigration to which many proprietors have looked for the regeneration of Ireland.

The predominance of a current of economic decline, with its political consequences, on the western side of Ireland, will no doubt be ascribed by not a few to an inferior climate and soil, and to an inferior and less mingled race. The theory of the faultiness of the Irish soil and climate is a late invention. The invaders held a different notion, and in saying so no impeachment of their descendants' title is intended, for the Milesians themselves had no other original title to their lands ; their own legends and traditions

that they took them by the sword. But of the natural character of those lands—the point here in question—Spenser thus wrote:—“And sure Ireland is a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, besides the soil itself most fertile, and fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. Lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate, though somewhat more moist than in the parts towards the east.” Quoting this passage some twenty years ago, an experienced English observer wrote: “I have been over every part of Great Britain; I have had occasion to direct my attention to the natural capabilities, to the mode of cultivation, and to the produce of many parts of it: this very year I have traversed the country from the Land’s End in Cornwall to John o’ Groats in Caithness; but in no part of it have I seen the natural capabilities of the soil and climate surpass those of Ireland, and in no part of it have I seen those natural capabilities more neglected, more uncultivated, more wasted than in Ireland.”¹ The inference Mr. Campbell Foster drew was one not favourable to the industrial powers and virtues of the natives of an island so favoured in its natural gifts; and there are many to agree with him in Ireland itself as well as out of it. “Mettez y des Flamands, ils transformeront l’Irlande, je pense,” said a Belgian economist and agriculturist lately to the present writer. But how are we to reconcile with the explanation of an inert race the fact that landlords in Ireland, not being of Irish race, were formerly quite as bad farmers, and otherwise as improvident in their way, all over Ireland, as the pure Irish tenants are still in the west, and are now very often (otherwise at least than in the matter of leases) both good farmers and prudent men? And again, that on the eastern side the Celtic tenant is found in many places now improving in his farming, encouraged by good markets, and instructed by good example? We may ask, too, what was the condition of farming generally over the most advanced parts of Europe fifty years ago,—Prussia, and the Lowlands of Scotland, for example? The race has not changed; what then has changed the agriculture? Is the race a different one, in each locality of England when you find the farming good, from that in the localities where you find it bad?

(1) “Letters on the Condition of Ireland,” by T. Campbell Foster, 1846.

The eminent and accurate Professor of Agriculture, Dr. Hodges, at a later period says: “The productive powers of the soil of this country are most remarkable, and enable it, even with its present imperfect culture, to produce crops which excite the astonishment of the most skilful farmers of England and Scotland. The island also possesses, in its geological structure and genial climate, such advantages as render it equal to any country in the world for the growth of plants and animals. May we not, therefore, conclude that it will yet be made to yield an amount of food far more than sufficient for rewarding the industry of any population it is ever likely to contain?”—*Lectures in Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture*, 1860.

The true causes of the stagnation and even decline of many parts of western Ireland are various, but among them one is chief; that there are the people who have suffered the most through history, who were thrust farthest from civilisation and commerce, who are still farthest from England and its markets, and whose chief landlords are far more commonly than in the East of the island absentees,—this last circumstance being in itself an indication that it is the presence not the absence of English influence and ideas that is needed for Ireland. One fact mentioned in the “Evidence relating to Railways in Ireland, 1865,” illustrates sufficiently the nature of some of the disadvantages which the western farmer suffers from remoteness from England. The county of Donegal is one, generally speaking, of the most backward counties in the island, and in a corner of it one of the witnesses stated that he found fine chickens of good size selling in 1864 at 1½*d.* a piece.¹ It is not money only or profit which is excluded by such disadvantages, but also the ideas, the progress, the spirit, the methods, that are sure to flow in with commercial facilities of ingress. And, in fact, there are some indications of progress even in the west, and wherever they are they wear, as already said, the visible garb of their English origin. There are some English and Scotch settlers whose farming is excelled nowhere in Europe; the chief resident proprietors farm like English ones; and even the smallest holders here and there grow turnips (the crop of all others for Ireland), and begin to see the advantage of winter keep for their cattle, to mow their corn, to discard the old Irish log for the English spade, and to display the intelligence awakened through the national education established by England.

There is no source from which improvement can come to the stagnant and retrogressive quarters of Ireland save from English connexion and English legislation. A great and benevolent statesman is reported indeed to have said that Ireland ought to be governed according to Irish ideas. But what are Irish ideas? Are they the ideas of the Catholic clergy, an eminently virtuous class beyond question, but surely not the one to govern a nation in our time? Are they the ideas of the best educated Catholic laity, a quiet class, who keep their ideas too much to themselves? Are they the ideas of the large Anglo-Scotch and Protestant population of the island, whose ideas are English, with a little provincialism? Or are they ideas, perchance, which are not Irish in any sense, but the ideas of the Pontiff and Cardinals of Rome? Whenever what are called Irish ideas are closely examined, they will turn out, if Irish at all, to be the ideas not of a nation, but of a class or a section; and Ireland has had

(1) Provisions are now very dear in the county of Donegal, and the labourers and small farmers are suffering greatly in consequence; but this dearness comes of a failure of crops, not of a profitable market.

only too much of class legislation and sectional government. It is English ideas—the ideas of the nearest part of civilised and progressive Europe—that are wanted for the control and guidance of Ireland; but when I say English ideas, I mean the ideas of the present English nation, not of the Anglo-Norman barons of the feudal age.

What then is the English nation to do for Ireland? No single measure, it may at once be affirmed, will make Ireland generally prosperous or appease the discontent existing among a large portion of its inhabitants. A combination of measures is necessary to arrest the progress of sedition, to encourage improvement in farming, to facilitate the rise of a class of yeoman and peasant proprietors, to remove legal impediments to the development of the natural resources of the island, and natural impediments which individuals cannot remove, to make its real condition and resources known in England, to diffuse agricultural skill, to check the enormous evil of absenteeism, and to bring all Ireland closer to England, and to the markets and progress of the European world. In the few pages at the writer's disposal it is evident that so extensive a programme cannot be discussed in detail, but some remarks are due to the readers who have followed him thus far.

Of Fenianism first: that is to say, Fenianism as an organised conspiracy for the ruin of England; which ought to be suppressed if it were only in mercy to not a few reluctant accomplices on its roll, for there are always not a few reluctant accomplices of an Irish conspiracy. Fenianism knows too well its own utter imbecility as a belligerent power not to perish of sheer despair but for its hope in America, and the spoil it promises to the mercenary part of its adherents in an American war against England, or at least an American sanction to privateering against English trade. And in American hostility it has too much reason to believe,—a hostility very unjust as against the whole English people, and their common country, but not unprovoked by a considerable section of Englishmen, blockade-runners, and newspaper scolds—if one must not add the laches or duplicity of some English officials during the late Civil War. The people of England owe it now to their own safety and strength, and to their own honour, as well as to the injured and offended people of America, to make immediate ample and generous compensation for the wrongs and insults of which the latter complain. If it be true, as the writer has some reason to believe, that the concession of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island would be accepted as a full compensation, that concession ought gladly to be made. For while, by making it, England would get rid of a formidable embarrassment and danger, she would leave the resources of great regions to be developed to her own future advantage by the only

people in a condition to develop them. America, too, ought to be thankful to be thereby released from the incubus of a claim, the attempt to enforce which, even if successful (a very doubtful matter), would do cruel injury to the very class of Englishmen who, for the sake of American freedom, were unmurmuring sufferers by the war which upheld it. The working classes must be the chief victims of every war, the wealthier classes enduring, by comparison, no real privation; but a war between America and England, or against the commerce of England, would be one for the starvation of that very magnanimous working class of Englishmen to whom America owes so much sympathy and admiration—not to say also gratitude, though they really could have added an English war to her late troubles, had they joined their voices to the disgraceful clamour of others for that end.

The next point in importance is the tenure of land, the difficulties of which cannot be surmounted by legislation relating to tenure alone. The holders of land throughout a great part of Ireland are now being studiously taught to believe that either an English or an Irish Parliament will shortly convert them into proprietors, subject at most to a redeemable rent-charge equal to their present rents. As for an Irish Parliament—if England were so unmerciful to Ireland, and so blind to her own interests, as to establish one—the present tenants would immediately find themselves exposed to the claims of a host of departed tenants and their representatives, and presently also to the claims of a Fenian army from America. Let us, then, dismiss the supposition of an Irish Parliament as the most hurtful project as regards the Irish occupiers, as well as the most unstatesmanlike one, looking to the welfare of the United Kingdom, that has ever been proposed; and let us ask what a British Parliament in which Ireland is fairly represented can do? If the tenants in Ireland would all thrive, were the landlords removed—if the latter had nowhere laid out large sums upon improvements, and were nowhere the best examples of farming in their neighbourhood—if the tenants were all good farmers, or capable of becoming so, and all were where they are with a good moral title, such as the majority of them have, to remain—the present writer, for one, would not hesitate to follow the able, kindly, and eloquent advocate of a “Perpetual Settlement” in the *Spectator*,—to which a frivolous technical objection has been made by the importation of Indian zemindars into the discussion. An insuperable objection to the proposal, however, in the present writer’s judgment, arises from his knowledge of facts militating against both its justice and its expediency. The dispossession of the present landlords would, beyond doubt, deprive Ireland of many of its best farmers and its best models of farming, and the neighbourhood in which they live of their local activity and useful-

ness. A greater calamity could hardly have befallen the county of Wexford, for example, twenty years ago, than the removal of several of its chief proprietors. A parliamentary fixity of tenure, though subject to a rent-charge equal to the present rents, would confound the improving and the unimproving, the capable and the incapable, among both landlords and tenants; it would confiscate the improvements of those landlords who have for many years past spent the whole of their incomes upon improvement (and such cases there are, to the writer's personal knowledge), while it would only make the State the agent to collect the rent of the negligent and unimproving absentee—and, some few signal exceptions excepted, most absentees are negligent and unimproving; it would also arrest all improvement on the part of landlords in the future, and, while it would confirm the least industrious and thrifty of the tenants in their old ways, it would create an obstacle to the prosperity and elevation of the more energetic and provident tenants who are often beside them. There is moreover an almost unbroken concurrence of testimony from Ireland, coming from tenant farmers themselves, as well as from their ablest advocates, that holders of under fifteen Irish acres cannot thrive, and though the present writer is convinced that this is an error—not only from continental experience, but from what has been done by garden cultivation and house-feeding in Ireland itself on Lord Gosford's estate—he is driven to admit that there are many small holdings in Ireland on which no tenants could thrive, and some small holders who would not thrive upon any holdings. Not only are there among the smallest holders some who have crept in against the express contract of the original tenants, but the class includes the sunken, the weakest, the least energetic; for the energetic tenant in Ireland always strives to enlarge his farm, and, although it would often be better to intensify than to extend his cultivation, it is not the less a fact that there has been a tendency in the size of the good tenant's farm to increase, and of that of the worthless one to decrease, so that on the smallest farms are some who, of all the tenants in Ireland, are the most incapable of making a very small farm succeed. A parliamentary lease or settlement would in short necessitate a selection of tenants, which would by no means meet the views of all the present ones. On the other hand, England cannot leave the treatment of tenure entirely to the landlords, who strangely tell us in one breath it is a settled axiom of political economy that a landlord's interest in his own property, just because it is his own, must lead him to improve it, and yet that Irish tenants will not improve if the holdings become their own for a time under a lease—or, in short, that insecurity, not security, is the great incentive to improvement on the part of a tenant. It is added, on the landlord's part, that many tenants do not wish for leases: when this is the case, as it

sometimes is, from entire confidence in the landlord, it only shows that there is a supposed security in those cases ; but even under excellent and trustworthy landlords, tenants are often shy of asking for a lease when they would be glad of one of sufficient length, were it not for its expense, and the fear at once of its legal technicalities and of offending the landlord by asking to be put out of his power.

The subject of the tenure of land is, in connection with the legal technicalities referred to, bound up with the whole law of real property, and to have a prosperous and contented agricultural population in Ireland there is needed not only a legal right to compensation for tenants' improvements, in the absence of a lease for thirty-one years at least for holdings over fifteen acres, but also a complete liberation of the transfer of land from legal restrictions and difficulties, so that farmers might buy land as well as hold it securely. For this end primogeniture and entails must cease, and a simple system of the transfer of land by registration must be introduced. It is in this sense only that Ireland, to repeat an expression used before, ought to be de-Anglicised, though in truth the English law of real property is neither English in origin nor approved of by the English people, and contains nothing injurious to Ireland which is not so to England too ; and it is only in respect of legal fetters which England ought to strike off from herself that she ought to follow the exhortation of an eminent Irish lawyer in respect of Ireland, " Loose her, and let her go."¹

The writer's limit prevents a demonstration here of the invalidity of current arguments against the possibility of yeomen and peasants prospering in either island as proprietors, or even becoming proprietors at all under even rational land laws ; but an illustration must be given of the obstructions which the land laws under which Ireland has been placed have opposed to the enterprise and prosperity of its people in other ways. " About fifteen years ago," Dr. Hancock relates in his treatise on the Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland, " an enterprising capitalist was anxious to build a flax-mill in the north of Ireland, as a change had become necessary in the linen trade from hand-spinning to mill-spinning. He selected as the site for his mill a place in a poor but populous district, situated on a navigable river, and in the immediate vicinity of extensive turf bogs. The capitalist applied to the landlord for a lease of fifty acres for a mill site, labourers' village, and his own

(1) In November, 1852, Mr. Napier introduced a series of measures into the House of Commons for the adjustment of the relations of landlords and tenants in Ireland, saying, — at the close of his speech : " Enough for him, if he had provided a freer career for industry and raised up an obstacle to injustice. The voice of mercy had resuscitated Ireland, the flush and flow of returning life reanimated her frame ; but she was still in the grave-clothes in which severe policy and sore affliction had bound her. Loose her, and let her go."—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*.

residence, and of fifty acres of bog, as it was proposed to use turf as the fuel for the steam engines of the mill. The landlord was most anxious to encourage an enterprise so well calculated to improve his estate. An agreement was concluded, but when the flax-spinner consulted his legal adviser, he discovered that the law prevented the landlord from carrying out the very liberal terms he had agreed to. He was bound by settlement to let at the best rent only; the longest lease he could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years. Such a lease, however, at the full rent of the land, was quite too short a term to secure the flax-spinner in laying out his capital in building; the statute enabling tenants to lease for mill sites only allowing leases of three acres. The mill was not built, and mark the consequence. Some twenty miles from the site alluded to, the flax-spinner found land in which he could get a perpetual interest; there he laid out his thousands; there he has for the last fifteen years given employment to hundreds of labourers, and has earned money. The poor but populous district continues as populous, but, if anything, poorer than it was. During the past seasons of distress, the people of that district suffered much from want of employment, the landlord's rents were worse paid out of it than from any other part of his estate. Could there be a stronger case to prove how much the present state of Ireland arises from the state of the law?"

The present writer knows of several similar cases; and when Lord Dufferin says of the industrial resources of Ireland, "A hundred fountains remain to be unsealed," he might have added that it is the seal of the law which closes them up, and that the law furnishes an answer to Bishop Berkeley's last question in the *Querist*, a hundred and thirty years ago, "Whose fault is it if poor Ireland still continues poor?" A part of the impoverishment which Ireland suffers, not only pecuniarily, but socially and morally, from entails, insecure tenures, incumbrances, and other consequences of the present state of the law, is absenteeism; the evil of which is the one point about which all parties in Ireland are agreed, and in removing which the legislature would be really legislating according to Irish ideas.

The excellent results which in several counties have followed the Government grant for instructors in the best methods of growing and saving flax, exemplify another direction in which the interference of the State is urgently required, namely, for general agricultural instruction throughout Ireland. The suppression of the Chairs of Agriculture in the Queen's Colleges was an act of sheer fatuity, as the suppression of the Professorships of Irish was an act of sheer barbarism, on the part of the Treasury. There ought to be a model-farm attached to a national school in every parish, and there is no sort of reason why the Irish peasant should not learn the all-important

lesson of a rotation of crops, and of the proper house-feeding of cattle as well as to read, write, and count. The intervention of the State is also indispensable for the deepening of rivers and providing outfall for arterial drainage. The state of the Suck, for example, is a scandal to a civilised Government, and an insuperable obstacle to the improvement by private enterprise of a vast district which it floods. Lastly remains the extension and cheapening of railway communication. The completion of a commercial union between the two islands is almost as vital a point as the maintenance of their political union, and a Government can look to indirect and distant results in promoting it, which are not economically within the contemplation of private enterprise. The English buyer, for example, who pays but a small sum to a company for his fare, may be worth more than a thousand times the amount to the trade of both islands; and a not unimportant economy in the workings of the Irish lines could be effected by a centralisation of management.¹

Other things there are, doubtless, which ought to be done for Ireland, and among them are some which Parliament has not at present the requisite information to do; therefore, among the things which ought at once to be done is, to make a Parliamentary inquiry into the actual condition and resources of the island, not for the purpose for which such inquiries have too often been made, of postponing legislation, but to prepare for it. But if even the measures sketched out in these pages were carried at once into effect, in the next generation but one economic current of progress would be flowing through Ireland, and the answer to Bishop Berkeley's question would be that "poor Ireland" does *not* still continue poor. The ballad might then ask with truth in 1898, the centenary of the last Rebellion,—

"Who fears to speak of '98?
Who blushes at the name?"

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.

(1) It is to be feared that the purchase of the Irish railways by the State will meet with great difficulty from the exorbitant demands of Companies; and, perhaps, also from a demand on the part of the Government for a guarantee on the part of Ireland alone against loss, which the shareholders are very ready to offer on behalf of the people of Ireland, but which the latter ought not to be expected to give. A railway which carries the produce of the west of Ireland cheaper to England, benefits producers in the former and consumers in the latter; and why should the consumer in Ireland, who does not benefit as a producer—the fundholder, for example—pay part of the carriage provisions away from himself? If the cost of carriage were annihilated between the two islands, meat and other provisions would become cheaper in London, and dearer in Limerick and Galway. Why should consumers in Limerick and Galway, but not in London, guarantee the State against loss by a measure tending to that result?

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER LIV.

PALLIATIVES.

MRS. VANDELEUR dried her tears and rang for the carriage. It had been twenty minutes at the door. She hastened upstairs, bathed her eyes, sprinkled a little dirt in the shape of pearl powder on her face, and, discarding her maid's choice, selected a bonnet she considered more becoming under the circumstances. It was no use looking her worst, she thought, and despite such judicious applications, the tell-tale eye-lids were still reddened—the delicate face was paler than it wont. But she felt better. Some of the sharpness of the blow had passed away. Burton's letter proved to a certain extent an anodyne. It diverted her mind from the one great sorrow, gave her cause for reflection as to what she must decide about the play, and above all, opened up a narrow glimpse of hope. Yes, there was a chance, nay, almost a certainty, of seeing Gerard once again. Happiness is, after all, very relative. Yesterday she pined and fretted because she could not spend her whole life with him, to-day she blessed and cherished the mere possibility of hearing his voice for five minutes in the crowded box of a theatre!

Of course he would come! She had heard much of the eagerness with which authors are believed to watch the progress of their own productions, and not being familiar with the class, voted it an impossibility that Gerard should absent himself from the Accordion on the first night of his play. Madame Molinara too had made such a point of her presence. Poor Fanny might feel hurt if she never went to see her act. This would be an excellent opportunity, and to find husband and wife under the same roof, whether they recognised each other or not, would confirm her own good resolutions so strongly, and be so beneficial to herself! The last seemed an unanswerable argument. She was persuaded, no doubt, that for a hundred such reasons, and not because of her intense thirst and longing to set eyes on Gerard once more, she had determined to accept Burton's invitation, should she find on inquiry there was any likelihood Mr. Ainslie would make one of the party.

To ascertain this point, she bethought herself it would be well to call on Jane Tregunter forthwith. Were not Gerard Ainslie and Dolly Egremont fast friends, sure to be familiar with each other's movements? Was not the latter gentleman bound in the most abject slavery to his affianced bride? He could have no secrets from dear Jane, and dear Jane, she was sure, had no secrets from her.

Now with Miss Tregunter's family, and in her own circle, there existed a pleasant fiction, upheld zealously enough, that the heiress never occupied her excellent town house in solitude, or, as she was pleased to term it, "on her own hook."

Relatives of different degrees, but of steady age and habits, were supposed to reside with her in continual succession, thus warding off the offensive strictures of Mrs. Grundy, who, with her usual consistency, saw not the slightest impropriety so long as the young lady only ordered her own carriages at her own time to go where she pleased, with entire independence of action when out of her own house.

It was at present Aunt Emily's turn of duty to mount guard over her niece, but Aunt Emily, who was prolific, and fond of her children had been summoned home to nurse a croupy little girl, the youngest of ten, and Jane Tregunter, absorbed in her *trousseau*, was just as much a *femme scule* as Lady Baker, who had buried two husbands and might have seen out half a dozen, or Madame Molinara, who had found one more than enough.

All this she explained with considerable volubility, before Nora had been in the house five minutes, pausing in her discourse but once to kiss her visitor rapturously, and exclaim—

"Darling! What a love of a bonnet!"

"And so, dear," continued the *fiancée*, "here I am as independent as the Queen of Sheba, only mine isn't a Solomon, you know; for from it, dear fellow! he was always a goose; but then he's such an honest one. And I'm ready to go anywhere with you, and do anything, and, in short, I'm game for any enormity you like to mention in the way of a lark. Only put a name to it and here you are. Do you know, it's a great pull not having married young—— No sense, Norah, I'm very nearly as old as you, only I don't look That sounds complimentary! Darling, you know I always said you were beautiful, and so you are, but it's impossible for me, with chubby cheeks, and turned-up nose, ever to look like anything but a school-girl! I wish it wasn't. It's so much nicer to have so much expression of countenance. A woman at my age should have like her baby-face. She ought to seem more as if she had 'been, done, and suffered,' like a verb, you know. Even Dolly says yours is the most loveable face he ever saw. I'm not jealous though. I do consider him a very good judge, so you see I'm not vain either, though you'll declare I am when I've taken you upstairs to show you my new dresses, and I'm sure the presents on that table in the breakfast-drawing-room are enough to make one as proud as a peacock!"

It is, perhaps, needless to observe that for everybody who came to call on the future Mrs. Egremont, these "presents in the breakfast-drawing-room" were just as much a part of the show as the new

gowns, the new bonnets, the new stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves, and petticoats, nay, the new *fiancée* herself.

Mrs. Vandeleur, as in duty bound, exhausted her whole vocabulary of praise. "Beautiful! exquisite! uncommon! perfect. How thoroughly French! How completely Spanish! What extraordinary workmanship, in such good taste too! And the writing-case, dear, it must have been made on purpose; who gave you that?"

Miss Tregunter's rosy face became the rosier for a passing suffusion. "Oh, that is a little attention of Mr. Burton's. You know he proposed to me, dear. Wasn't it funny? Do you think I ought to take it?"

Mrs. Vandeleur opened her blue eyes. "Proposed to you, Jane!" she repeated. "And you never told me! When was it?"

"Oh! a long time ago," answered the other, hastily. "At the end of last season, just before I went abroad. I met him the same night at Lady Featherbrain's fancy ball. Wasn't it awkward?"

Norah pondered. That was the very day she had herself refused this adventurous swain, without, however, considering it necessary to confide his offer to her intimate friend. Obviously, neither lady had been sufficiently proud of her conquest to make it public.

"Well, you can't send it back now," she replied, gravely; adding, after a moment's thought, "Janey, you were quite right not to marry him."

"Marry him!" echoed Miss Tregunter, and the tone sufficiently convinced her listener that Dolly never had anything to fear from the rivalry of his old fellow-pupil.

"But what a duck of a bracelet!" continued Mrs. Vandeleur, taking from the purple morocco case in which it was coiled an unequalled specimen of the jeweller's art.

"Oh! the bracelet," exclaimed the other. "Isn't it a love? Isn't it per—fection! Now, who do you suppose sent me that? I can't think why, I'm sure, except that he is a great friend of yours. Who but dear, quiet, melancholy, good-looking Mr. Ainslie. The jewels are magnificent, and the setting too beautiful! Do you know, Norah, every morsel of that gold he found and dug out himself, while he was in Australia or California, or wherever people go who are ruined, and want to make their fortunes!"

It was Mrs. Vandeleur's turn to blush, but she hid her crimson face over the ornament, and in a few seconds it had grown even paler than before.

He dug the gold himself, did he, poor fellow! How she pictured in her mind the bivouac fires, the red shirts, the bronzed, bearded comrades, the barren ridges, the starlit sky, the gloomy, desolate grandeur of the scene. She could almost fancy she saw the dear face, thoughtful, weather-beaten, careworn, gazing wistfully into the

glowing embers, while his thoughts travelled back to England; hushed and calm in sleep, while he dreamed of the woman he loved so hopelessly and so well.

A tear fell heavily on those burnished links of hard-won gold. It was all very well to be patient, resolute, right-minded, but the rebellious heart would make itself heard, and she must see him once again. Just once again, and then she would accept her fate!

"Janey," asked the White Rose, discreetly changing the subject as far as her companion was concerned. "What are you going to do on the 10th? I had some thoughts of the play if this cool weather lasts. Come and dine with me. I'll ask Mr. Egremont, of course, and we'll all go together."

"Play! my dear," answered the other. "I'm sick of the very name of plays. How any man in his senses can make himself the slave Dolly is to a parcel of odious mountebanks, seems to me perfectly incomprehensible. Would you believe it, Norah, he never got away from that hateful Accordion till half-past twelve last night? And he couldn't stay to luncheon, or you'd have found him here,—where, to be sure, he'd have been rather in our way,—because he had a disgusting rehearsal at two. Then the letters he gets, and the bills, and the bothers with the newspapers, and those shocking actresses! My dear, it's a continual worry, that drives me out of my senses!"

"I suppose you will soon put a stop to it," observed Mrs. Van der leur, meaningly.

"I believe you!" answered Jane. "Wait till I'm fairly in saddle, and if I don't make him as tractable as Tomboy, I'm very much mistaken. Poor fellow! it's only fair to say he'd get out of at once if he could, but he's so deep in the thing now, he must go till the theatre closes. I wish they'd shut it up to-morrow. *Wenig qui rirra rerra*. If that Madame Molinara ever sets foot in my house I'll give her leave to stay there for good and all!"

Ere Miss Tregunter could work herself into a fume under this imaginary grievance, Norah recalled the conversation artfully to the point.

"Then you'd rather not go, dear," said she in her soft, quiet tone. "Don't, if it bores you."

"I must," replied this energetic martyr. "I can't get out of I'll come to you and welcome, but we must dine awfully early, I've promised to be there for the first scene. It's some new play Dolly makes a ridiculous fuss about, only because this dreadful American woman acts in it, I verily believe. There's a lot of going. Theresa, and Cousin Charlie, and Mr. Ainslie; and short, as many as the box will hold. It's Mr. Burton's party, I don't want to be ruder to him just now than I can help."

Vandeleur's heart gave a little leap, not, I imagine, from the prospect of meeting either Theresa or Cousin Charlie. She begged Gerard then, possibly speak to him, and it would, of course, be easier after that to sustain an eternal separation.

She died her voice admirably while she repeated her invitation, and begged the guest to name her own dinner-hour, insisting with energy on the inconvenience of making it too late.

"Now," said Miss Tregunter, holding the door open with the airman at a Board of Directors, "all this is what I call a matter. Let us proceed with the real business of the

case that to our coarser male organisation the deep and sublimity of Dress must ever remain a forbidden worship—unrevealed. Not to man's grosser sense is vouchsafed the taste in colour, the discriminating touch for texture, the glance for shape. We possess, indeed, our uniforms (our sporting dresses (barbarous), our official costumes), but to the stronger and stupider animal undoubtedly denied that heartfelt rapture which in all matters of gauzes, silks, satins, and brocades, springs from a sense essentially to be termed with propriety "the pleasure of the eye."

Miss Tregunter's "*trousseau*," exclusive of a closet in which, her husband's wives, hung six various-coloured dresses, filled two bedrooms and a dressing-room. For one heavenly half-hour she roamed at will through these gardens of delight. During this brief period of enjoyment, it is my belief that Miss Tregunter, the remote first cause for such gratifying display, never gave her husband a thought, that the pain in Mrs. Vandeleur's heart was lulled, even deadened, by the power of that wondrous charm which has never been known to fail. Alas! that it came out sharper and more piercing later in the day, when, driving through the park, she met the well-known figure on horseback. And Gerard, without stopping to speak, took his hat off with a cold, proud, stinging.

Some little consolation to mark that he looked pale, worn, and to gather from his appearance that he too was not without his share of suffering, that however cross he might be, he felt likewise almost as she herself.

CHAPTER LV.

ANODYNES.

We have loved him better had she guessed his morning's loss was not the water-lily, torn cruelly up by its roots, only to

slide from an eager, disappointed grasp, seem fairer and fairer pitiless stream bears it farther and farther out of reach? A of us really aware of its worth while our treasure lies under lock and key, ready to gladden the eye, and warm the heart, at our caprice? No. I think when the thief is at the door, we wake to the sense of its importance, perhaps only to learn its full value, when the casket has been rifled and the jewel stolen away.

Gerard Ainslie, like the majority of mankind, was not so constituted as to resist oft-repeated attacks of vexation and disappointment. Nay, there was so much of the woman in his temperament that he was fonder of being derided him patient and trusting at one season, suspicious and disheartened at another. Like a woman, too, while full of courage to dare, and fortitude to endure, there were certain blows from which he made no effort to recover, certain injuries he would accept without resisting, to sink under them without a struggle. When the camel falls beneath that last ounce of burden, the meek eyes cast up to urge their piteous reproach in silence; the weary head droops to its rest without complaint, but never rises from the desert again! Some years ago, perhaps, our gold-digger might have been content with a great sorrow as becomes a man, but the heart has thus made an affinity with the brain—should I not add, the stomach?—and will only bear a fixed amount of ill-usage, or even of justifiable and-*tear*. Take too many liberties with it, and, no more than the intellect or the digestion, will it continue to perform its functions. There comes a paralysis of the feelings, as of the senses; and the man is indeed a dreary death-in-life which drops its arms in hopeless lassitude, and says, “I have shot my bolt; I have run my chance—sink or swim, what matter? I accept my fate!”

Rank cowardice, is it not? But a cowardice to which the human spirits are sometimes the most susceptible. Accept your fate! What is this but yielding the stakes before the game is played? Scuttling the ship before she strikes and fills? Surrendering the fort, and going over with arms, standards, and ammunition to the enemy? The man who succeeds in love, war, money-making, or anything else, who will not accept his fate—no, not though it be rammed down his throat!—but frowns, and grins, and strives, never yielding at all, unless to win back two, and so by sheer force of dogged obstinacy and perseverance, gaining the hard fight at last, and grasping the prize—to find, perhaps, after all, that it is scarce worth the trouble. Never mind, however valueless the victory, the struggle is not without its good results.

Now Gerard, from an inconsistency of character peculiar to sensitive dispositions, though he had hoped on while there seemed no hope, gallantly enough, became so relaxed by a gleam of unexpected happiness, that when adversity lowered once more

could not endure the reaction, and gave in. He felt like some mariner, who, after battling with contrary gales a whole voyage through, makes his port in a fair wind that veers round and drives him out to sea again ere he can enter the harbour; like some gold-seeker, who has travelled, and starved, and shivered, and prospected, and reached a likely spot at last, to find nothing but quartz, dirty water, sand, perhaps a little mica, but never a grain of the pure, yellow, virgin gold.

I do not hold this man was by any means wise thus to set up a fellow-creature for a fetish, and exact from his idol supernatural perfection; but, having adopted the superstition, degrading or otherwise, it would perhaps have been more consistent and more comfortable to stick fanatically to his worship, how much soever the image had become defaced, its pedestal lowered, its gilding tarnished, or its paint worn off.

It is a hard truth, but probably no woman that ever wore a smile is worth one-tenth of the vexation, the longing, the weariness of spirit, caused by hundreds of them in hearts twice as kindly and honest as their own. Yet if men did not thus put a fictitious price on that which they covet, and pay it too, readily enough, what would become of romance, poetry, three-volume novels, the book of fashions, and the ladies' newspaper? Cosmetics would be a drug, *chignons* unsaleable, jewellers might shut up shop, Madame Dévy would be bankrupt, Madame Vigoureuse paralysed, and Madame Rachel in the bench.

Such questions of demand and supply never occurred to Gerard's aching heart. Sore and angry he determined that Norah was no longer worthy of her place in his breast, and resolved, therefore, unphilosophically enough, to make himself as miserable as he could during the rest of his life. He was one of those gentlemen, very scarce, they tell me, in the present day, who despise Moore's sagacious warning,—

“ 'Tis folly when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose be not there,
And the world is so rich in voluptuous eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.”

Like a spoilt child whose favourite toy is broken, he declined to play any more, and refused to be comforted.

There is a strange impulse in restless spirits, that urges them ever towards set of sun. “Westward ho!” seems the natural outcry of weariness and discontent. “You may go to h—ll!” said the stump orator to his constituents, who had failed to re-elect him for Congress, “and I'll go to Texas!” Something of the same sentiment hardened Gerard's heart when he saw the round of fashion and amusement

whirling about him in the gaiety of a London season; that which, pleasant as it is, seems such a bitter mockery to an empty, an aching heart. Of Texas, indeed, he had heard too much to make it his refuge, but for a very few thousand pounds he bought a many thousand acres in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres; thither he resolved to betake himself forthwith, fitting out for purpose a goodly barque of considerable tonnage, which he procured to command as captain and sailing-master, lading her with a cargo of "notions" that could not fail to make handsome profits, selecting with great care a crew of honest, able-bodied "salts," as it would be a pride and a pleasure to employ. "If anything can take the nonsense out of a fellow," thought Gerard, "it will be a trip as this. Constant work, heavy responsibility, lots of sea weather, and then a bad bargain to make the best of, a life in open air, and a score of half-broken horses to gallop about a few fifty thousand acres!"

To this end he proceeded to dispose, by sale and gift, of the necessary articles constituting a bachelor's establishment in London. He sold or gave away four or three pictures, several boxes of cigars, a self-adjusting filter, a Racing Calendar complete, two bull-terriers, a piping bullfinch, a mail phaeton, a circular brougham, several valuable canes, a monium, and a stud of hunters.

It was pleasant for Mrs. Vandeleur, reading the *Morning Post* at breakfast, to come on such an advertisement as this, from the Messrs. Tattersall,—

"To be sold without reserve, as the owner is about to return to England, the following horses well-known in Leicestershire as the property of Gerard Ainslie, Esq.," succeeded by a string of sounding appellations dwindling at last to "Jack and Gill, quarter harness, and have been constantly driven together," and concluded by "Norah Creina, a favourite hack."

"He might have kept *her*," thought Mrs. Vandeleur, "if only on the name!" but her eyes filled with tears, and she could not swallow the food that did not improve her appetite for breakfast.

Their joint sorrow was unequally divided, the woman as having the larger share. Gerard sought relief in sheer hard work of mind and body. To a certain extent he found it. A long day passed at the docks, carefully overlooking fittings and repairs of ships, a dozen interviews with different merchants, all men of the strictest probity, but with whom it was "business" to get the best of him if he neglected to keep his eyes open, a hunt through Wapping and its purlieus, after, here a boatswain's mate, and there a ship's carpenter, with unceasing research for top-men, smart but not "cheeky," knowing their duty yet not wholly given over to drink. These varied labours would sometimes tire him so comp

that after an hour's smoking he was glad to go to sleep in his chair, only leaving it to toss and tumble through a wakeful night in bed.

Then, mistaking fatigue of body for peace of mind, he would vote himself cured of his infatuation, and to prove it, even changed the barque's name, substituting for her humble appellation of the *Simple Susan*, a more suggestive title as the *White Rose*.

He "pitied himself," as the French say, very deeply, and this form of sympathy is not without a spurious consolation of its own. His friends, too, afforded him the usual commiseration, vaguely wondering why they saw him so seldom, but accepting the loss of his society with resignation, and troubling themselves not at all about its cause. Dolly, entering the Club he most affected, about five o'clock in the afternoon, found a knot of intimates thus bewailing the absentee.

"Has Ainslie got any sound horses amongst those wretches I saw to-day at Tattersall's? I want two or three hunters if I can get my sort. Anybody know anything about any of them?"

The speaker was a stout florid young man, who looked rich, stupid, and good-natured. He loved hunting very dearly, was extremely well mounted, very particular that his horses should be safe fencers, and equally careful only to ride them at safe places. As his friend and toady, Mr. Agincourt, commonly called Blueskin, was wont to observe, "It seemed a good system, making the odds two to one in his favour."

That gentleman laid down the *Globe* and rose from his chair. "There's one you ought to buy," said he dictatorially, for he understood his profession and smoothed a patron's plumage from the higher standing-point; "the chestnut with a thin tail, 'Bobstay' they call him in the list. I saw him go last season from Gumley Wood to the Caldwell, right across the Langtons, and he never put a foot wrong! I don't believe there's such another fencer in England. Old Fly-by-night gave me two falls following him, in and out of the Harborough Road. The distance isn't much, but I'll trouble you for the 'oxers.' No horse that can go straight in that country should slip through your fingers. I shall be at Tattersall's at any rate, and I'll bid for him if you like."

"I suppose Ainslie don't ride much," observed the other, a gratuitous assumption enthusiastically repudiated by young Lord Rasperdale.

"Ride, Jerry!" exclaimed that outspoken nobleman; "I should just like to see you bound to follow him. Why, he beat every man jack of us last March on a thorough-bred horse he calls Lucifer (the beggar they returned so often as unridcable), in that good run from 'John-o'-Gaunt.' There were only three follows out of Melton got to the end, and I wasn't one of them, but he was. Ride, indeed! the only fault I can find in his riding is that he's a turn too hard!"

"The more fool he," replied imperturbable Jerry. "Then, Blue skin, I think you and I will just pop in presently, and have a look at Bobstay. But why is he sending them up? Is it a *bond fide* sale, or does he only want to get rid of the drafts?"

"Don't you know?" observed an elderly smoke-dried man from the writing-table. "Do you mean to say you haven't heard? The Mr. Ainslie is but a man-of-straw, after all. What you young fellows call a 'chalk' performer. I don't believe he ever had shilling more than two thousand a-year, and he's been living as he'd twenty. Good fun, I dare say, while it lasted; but result—smash! Everything's to be sold—pianofortes, guinea-fowls, carriages, villa at Teddington, yacht at Cowes; in short, the whole plant. Jerry needn't alarm himself about the horses. Take my word for it they're not to be bought in, if they go for five pounds a-piece!"

"I think you're mistaken about the money," said Mr. Agincourt. "I've always understood he succeeded to a large fortune, but it was all in Blight's bank; and when that broke, our friend 'went his mucker' with the others, and we shall never see him here again."

"I'll take ten to one about that," interposed a young guardsman solacing himself with a chicken sandwich and dry sherry. "I don't believe he'd money in Blight's Bank, any more than I have in Cox's. No, it's that American woman who has cleaned out Ainslie. What her name? This new actress coming out at the Accordion. Here's a fellow who'll tell us all about it. Dolly, what's the name of your new star, that you make such a row about, and why did you let her have a run at Ainslie first, instead of the other Jerry here, who's twice as big a fool with twice as big a fortune?"

"He's not a fool. He's not ruined. He's no more to do with Madame Molinara than you have," answered Dolly, honestly enough, and standing up as usual for his friend. "Why a fellow can't see his horses and go abroad for a lark, without everybody swearing he's a blackguard and a sharper, is one of those scandals which beat them altogether, I confess. Ainslie's got six thousand a year if he has a penny, and I don't believe he ever spoke to my new actress in his life!"

"Bravo, manager!" shouted half-a-dozen voices. "That's right, Dolly. Stick up for the shop! You only say so to defend the respectability of your theatre!"

Like a baited bull, Dolly turned from one to another of his tormentors.

"Ask Burton," said he, pointing to the latter, who had been sitting silent in a corner, behind the evening paper; "he knows about him. Ask the Dandy, if you don't believe me."

That gentleman pointed to his forehead. "Quite true," he replied.

with a gentle smile of commiseration. "I have known poor Ainslie from a boy. He was always very queer. Not mad exactly; at least not mad enough to be shut up; but subject to fits of flightiness, you know, and alarmingly violent at times. It is best to get him abroad during these attacks, and I'm glad he is going. Poor fellow, it's very sad for himself and very painful to his friends!"

As usual, not for ten men who heard the slander, did one listen to its contradiction—Dolly's indignant protest being lost in the uprising of the conclave to go and talk the whole thing over again, a mile and a-half off, in the Park.

CHAPTER LVI.

TOLD OUT.

THE Dandy was not mad, far from it, and nobody would have attributed his ruin to anything like want of caution or care for Number One. Nevertheless, he was at this very period in the last stage of undeclared bankruptcy, having arrived at that hopeless point, so touchingly described in the well-known parody (perhaps the best of its kind ever written) on Locksley Hall:—

"Credit shook the glass of Time, and dribbled out the golden sand,
Every day became more valueless my frequent note of hand."

Mr. Burton, to use an expression of the money-market, had "a good deal of paper out." Little of it, I fear, was of greater value than that which is made into tags for the tail of a kite. Certain of the tribe of Judah had already refused to look at it. They declared it "wouldn't wash,"—an objection one would hardly have expected gentlemen of their appearance to entertain. His own Christian man of business, a respectable solicitor, had long ago given him up as a bad job. "Your position, my good sir," said that sagacious person, "is beset with difficulties. I scarcely know what to advise, but, under all circumstances, the closest retrenchment is indispensable!"

Now "the closest retrenchment" was exactly that form of amendment to which the Dandy was most averse. In his eyes, any other way of escape seemed preferable. His habits were formed now, and those indulgences, which once afforded such keen gratification as superfluities of luxury, had become daily necessities of life. It is not your thoughtless, reckless, devil-may-care spendthrift, who walks through his thousands, few or many, in a couple of London seasons and a winter at Rome, that feels the real pressure of poverty when his last hundred has vanished after the rest. No; these graceless

spirits are usually endowed with considerable energy, faultless digestions, and marvellous powers of enjoyment. The Lord Mayor or the Pope, or somebody, gives them a lift when they least expect it; they turn their hands to work with as keen a zest as once they did to play, and find as much fun in five shillings as they used to extract from five pounds. Such men often end by building up a fortune ten times as large as the one they kicked down. But the selfish, cold-blooded sensualist, the drone that loves the honey for his own sake, and thinks by superior cunning to over-reach the bee, the man of pleasure, who draws from every sovereign its two shillings' worth of gratification, neither throwing away nor giving away a farthing, who calculates extravagance as others do economy and deliberately weighs the present indulgence against the coming crash, undeterred by the consciousness that prearranged insolvency is neither more nor less than swindling, he it is who discovers, too late and at too great a cost, when money and credit are both gone, that they have taken from them everything that makes life worth having, and left nothing in their place but a broken constitution, an enfeebled mind, a nerveless arm, and a diabolical temper. Such are the results of systematic pleasure-seeking, and for such ailments friends advise and doctors prescribe in vain.

This deplorable state Dandy Burton, notwithstanding his enviable start in life, bade fair to reach at last. Latterly, as he told him with bitter emphasis, for he confided in none else, everything was gone against him. His winnings on the Turf had been invested at a high interest in a foreign railway, which must have paid admirably had it ever been constructed on anything but an engineer's plan. To meet his losses he had been compelled to borrow of the Jews. He had bought a share in the best two-year-old of its own, or perhaps of any other year, and in this transaction showed his usual judgment; but the two-year-old broke its leg at exercise, and no amount of care or forethought could have prevented the catastrophe. A farm he had realised less than was anticipated. A great-aunt, from whom he expected an opportune legacy, died suddenly, and "cut up," as he expressed it, far worse than anybody would have supposed. To come to powers of attorney, calling in of balances, mortgaging of estates and sale of reversions. Lastly, bills drawn, accepted, renewed: so the clouds seemed to gather from each quarter of the heavens, ready to burst in a thunderstorm over his head.

And all the time he had not the heart to forego the vainest pleasures, the resolution to give up the smallest luxury. He must keep his brougham, of course—no fellow could do without his brougham; the tea-cart—every fellow had a tea-cart; also, it was impossible for the same animal to go in both. Putting down the saddle-horse would be simply to advertise his ruin, and bring the Philistines upon him at once. A stall at each opera-house seemed a positive econo-

for where else could he pass the evening without spending more money? The same argument held good regarding his share in the omnibus-box. Poole he didn't pay, of course, that great and good man never expected it; while bills for gloves, boots, eau-de-Cologne, and such small personalities, were liquidated by fresh orders easily enough. He often considered the subject, and as often came to the conclusion that his habits were really regulated with due regard to economy, and there was no direction in which he could retrench. To leave off attending races would certainly save a few paltry "fivers" in railway-fares; but then was it wise to lose the experience of a lifetime, and miss, perhaps, the one good thing that to pull off would put matters again almost on the square? He certainly belonged to too many clubs, but out of which should he take his name, for the sake of the miserable ten-pound subscription he had paid his entrance-money on purpose to defray? One was the only place in London where "fellows" were to be met with between four and five p.m. It would be a pity to leave another till that '34 claret was drunk out. At a third a man might ask a friend to dinner; at a fourth, play whist for hundred pound points, if he fancied it; at a fifth, smoke cigars in an atmosphere you could cut with a knife during any hour of the twenty-four; while a sixth boasted the unspeakable advantage that its members comprised all the stars of the literary world, though none of them ever seemed to go near it by day or night. Obviously, nothing in the way of retrenchment could be done as regarded clubs. Then his daily life, he argued, his own personal habits, were of the simplest and most ascetic. Chocolate was the only thing he ever could drink for breakfast, and it could surely be no fault of his that cigars were not to be bought fit to smoke under seventy shillings a pound. Turkish baths every day came cheaper than visits from a doctor, and nothing but those searching sudorifics enabled him to drink dry champagne, the only wine that really agreed with him now. He might save a ten-pound note, perhaps, on the whole year, by dismissing Brown, to whom he paid unusually high wages; but then Brown saved him a fortune, he always reckoned, in many valuable receipts for varnish, hair-oil, shaving-soap, and such articles of the toilet; while his system of never settling the valet's book till it rose to a hundred pounds, and then writing a cheque for the amount, spared him an infinity of trouble, and seemed a wise financial transaction enough. Brown, too, was an invaluable servant in so many ways. Everybody wanted to engage a Brown. He knew the addresses of all his master's friends, the post-towns of every country-house they frequented, the stations at which fast trains stopped, and those where post-horses were not to be procured. Arriving late at his Grace's, or my Lord's, or the Squire's, in five minutes dressing-things were laid out as if by magic — bath ready, towels aired, letters inquired for, all necessary

information as to hours, habits, and guests, respectfully reported, while, however early a start might be made next morning, leathers appeared spotless, and guns oiled, as if Brown sat up all night. He could guess from the proposed "beat" what number of cartridges were likely to be shot away before luncheon; and not another valet in Europe but Brown could tell whether a frost was too hard for hunting. It was a mystery how he found time to make acquaintance with all the ladies'-maids, and through them to learn so much about the doings of their mistresses.

An invaluable servant, thought Burton—so quick, so quiet, so respectful, so trustworthy, such a good manner, and, above all, so devoted to his master's interests. No; he could not afford to part with Brown!

So the Dandy wrote one or two letters, which, notwithstanding his high opinion of the valet's fidelity, he resolved to post with his own hands; and dressing scrupulously, as usual, sauntered off to his club.

Mr. Brown laid out his master's evening's clothes, shook, brushed, and folded those lately taken off, removed every speck from his own irreproachable costume, and proceeded to the house of call he most affected, where he ordered a glass of cold brandy-and-water, not too strong, with which he diluted the perusal of *Bell's Life*, not omitting to study the odds for a great race, on which many a nobleman would have liked to make as good a book as Mr. Brown's.

His occupation was interrupted by a showily-dressed, flash-looking individual, with dark eyes, a good deal of whisker, and a red face, who accosted him with great cordiality, and a pressing invitation to drink, calling for a bottle of champagne on the spot, which was promptly placed before them, both gentlemen preferring that pleasant wine out of ice.

"Mr. Jacobs," said the valet in his usual staid tones, "here's your good health. You're looking well, sir, and I'm glad to see our horse holds his own in the betting, though Tim telegraphs as he's done our commission this morning at Liverpool."

Mr. Jacobs leered with his fine eyes, and smiled with his ugly mouth. "Here's luck!" said he. "We've pulled together in this here business strong, Mr. Brown, and it's the best thing as I've been in since Corkscrew's year. It's not half so good a game as it was then. There's plenty of flats left," he added, in a voice of plaintive regret; "but the flats knows they is flats now. Ah! it's a great pity, it is. While as for the young ones—why there's never such a thing. It seems to me in these days they're all born with their wisdom-teeth cut, and their whiskers growed."

Mr. Brown made no answer. His own wisdom-teeth had been through the gums many a long year, and kept his tongue habitually in their custody. The other, filling both glasses, proceeded more

cheerfully, "We might do a good stroke of business, you and me, Mr. Brown, suppose we worked together regular with nothing to interfere. Why, as I was a-saying to 'Nobby' only last night at this here table, a man of your form is quite thrown away in such a profession as yours. There ain't no scope for you, not what I calls elbow-room. 'It's downright foolery,' says Nobby. 'I wonder as Brown ain't sick and tired of it, and that's the truth!'"

"I have some thoughts of retiring," answered Mr. Brown, who had indeed made his mind up long ago as to the course he should adopt, and was only here now for what he could get. "My 'ealth isn't quite what it used to be, and change of hair at the different meetings always does me a world of good. We might work it, as you say, Mr. Jacobs, you and me. We can depend on one another, can't us?"

The dark eyes shot an eager glance in the speaker's face. "Then he is going!" exclaimed Mr. Jacobs, emptying his glass at a gulp. "I'm a straight-forward chap, I am, and I never has no secrets from a pal. There isn't another man in the ring what I call so fair and above-board, as yours truly. Now I tell you what it is, Brown. I've calculated your 'boss' to a day—I may say to an hour. I never gave him longer than the week after next. If he goes a minute sooner you'll tip me the office, won't you now? Honour!"

He pulled a note-case from his breast-pocket, and thrust a crumpled piece of thin suggestive paper into Mr. Brown's unresisting hand. That worthy never moved a muscle of his countenance.

"He bought a foreign Bradshaw," said he, "the day before yesterday. Mr. Poole, he sent in a lot of new clothes last night. There's been three gentlemen and a horse-dealer to look at our hacks. More than that, he's posted five letters in the last two days himself. I'm sure of it, for I keep count of the envelopes in his writing-case, and there's the same number of postage-stamps missing. I shall know, never fear, if he means bolting; and you can trust me as if it was yourself. No, I won't have another bottle, thank ye, Mr. Jacobs. I'm going out to tea directly. If there's anything fresh to-morrow, I'll drop you a line by post."

So Mr. Brown walked leisurely off to his tea-party, and thence proceeded home to superintend his master's dinner-toilet, affording him the usual assistance in his usual quiet unobtrusive manner, with as much tact and forethought as if he had no other study on earth, nor intended to apply himself to anything else while he lived. The Dandy, dressing early and somewhat in haste for a club-dinner, reflected how impossible it would be to do without such a servant, and even pondered on the wisdom of confiding to his faithful valet the secret of his ruin, to afford him the option of accompanying his master at a lower rate of wages into exile.

CHAPTER LVII.

“FOR AULD LANG SYNE.”

IF Gerard Ainslie, disgusted with life in general, and the White Rose in particular, took but little interest in his own play, now on the eve of representation, so culpable an indifference could not be said to extend to manager, actors, or subordinates of the Accordion Theatre. The bills stated no more than the truth, when they affirmed that scenery, dresses, decorations, &c., were all new. Full rehearsals had rendered the players exceedingly perfect in their parts, and although much dissatisfaction was expressed at a certain want of fire in the dialogue, not a word could be said in disparagement of the gorgeous costumes that decorated the very supernumeraries in such scenes as the Pope's universal benediction, or the Grand Chorus (upwards of a hundred voices) in front of the Cardinal's Palace. An illustrative piece of music had also been written on purpose for the melo-drama, that is to say, favourite airs from various operas, slightly altered, were tacked together, and played a little faster than usual. Every nerve was strained, every resource of the establishment exhausted to render *Pope Clement, or the Cardinal's Collapse*, what is termed a success, and his whole company seconded their manager's efforts with something more than common professional zeal, something due to the genial character and universal popularity of the man. Madame Molinara had shown herself indeed a little troublesome in occasional absence from rehearsal, and carelessness when there; but nobody who saw her walk across the stage, even by daylight, could doubt she was a thorough artist, and understood the very smallest *minutiæ* of her profession. Dolly could not repress his raptures; much to that young lady's disgust, he even enlarged on the excellencies of his importation in presence of Miss Tregunter.

“She can just act above a bit,” exclaimed our enthusiastic manager. “If I'd only known of her six months sooner, before they gave her that exorbitant engagement at New York, she would have made all our fortunes, and I'd have got a *trousseau* of my own—

“Like other charmers wooing the caress
More dazzlingly, when daring in full dress.
I won't go on—the sequel you can guess!”

Miss Tregunter very properly snubbed him no less for the glaring impropriety of his quotation, than the approval he chose to profess, “under her very nose,” as she said, “of this detestable Yankee!”

Still Janey was woman enough to entertain no small amount of curiosity concerning Madame Molinara, and would have been exceed-

ingly unwilling to miss that artist's first appearance. So she dined solemnly by daylight at Mrs. Vandeleur's house, expressly to be in time, but was compelled to forego her lover's attendance because that gentleman had contracted a previous engagement elsewhere.

Nobody in London gave such pleasant little men-dinners as Dandy Burton. Professing keen interest in Gerard's play, he had long since obtained a promise from author and manager to dine early with him on the first night of its performance, that they might see it afterwards in company. He had reminded Gerard only that morning of his engagement, and the latter had agreed to join the dinner-party at least. Thus much he felt due to his old fellow-pupil, with whom his conscience smote him that he should be unreasonably aggrieved. "I won't throw you over," said he cordially. "I'm off in less than a week, and I don't think I shall ever come to England again." To which the other replied, hypocritically enough, "Good luck to you, my dear fellow, on either side the Atlantic. I trust we shall see you back again before next year's Derby!"

The Dandy having then secured Dolly Egremont's box, made up his party, ordered a little gem of a dinner for four at "The Vertumnus," and felt now his traps were artfully set and baited, that there was nothing more to be done but await the result.

To-night would be his grand *coup*. To-night the appearance on a public stage of Gerard Ainslie's lawful wife could not but fall like a shell amongst the party collected in the manager's box. "Theresa," indeed, and "Cousin Charlie," might escape unwounded; but for Dolly and his future bride, must not such an exposure produce dismay and confusion of face? For Gerard himself destruction—for Mrs. Vandeleur despair? By that lady's demeanour under the torture he would learn whether a chance existed of his own eventual success. "If not"—he stuck his hands in his pockets, ground an oath between his teeth, and paced across the strangers' room at "The Vertumnus"—"if not, I must make a bolt of it before Jacobs and his partner—whichever he is, d—n him!—know anything about my movements. In the meantime, why don't these fellows come? They made such a point of being early. Waiter! get dinner directly!"

Egremont and Ainslie arrived together; the latter silent, out of spirits, preoccupied—the former in a state of intense bustle and excitement, looking so like the Dolly of former days on the eve of some holiday-making frolic, that even Burton's worldly heart warmed to him for the moment, and beat during half-a-dozen pulsations with the sanguine, sympathetic cordiality of nineteen.

"What a day for Archer's!" he exclaimed, shaking each guest by the hand. "Dolly, I read victory on your brow; and as for Jerry here, he looks a cross between Shakspeare and Sheridan. I've nobody

to meet you but Tourbillon, and he's always late, so we won't moment."

As if to redeem his character for punctuality, the Count while he spoke, smiling, radiant, well dressed; looking prosperous, wicked, and on exceedingly good terms with himself. The soup made its appearance; and the four men sat down to get the most out of their short hour and a half before they were due at the theatre.

When people meet, either at dinner or elsewhere, expressly to celebrate a particular event, or discuss a particular subject, it is always remarked the conversation drifts about in every other direction so that the assemblage often breaks up without having in any way furthered the object for which it was convened. On the present occasion, soup and whitebait were discussed without eliciting anything of greater interest than a late Paris scandal from Tourbillon; but after a lobster *rissolle* and second glass of champagne the conversation became more talkative, and the Frenchman, turning to Gerard, observed, with a meaning air completely lost on the other—

"So you are off again, I understand, to make long voyages, explorations—to bid farewell to England, to Europe? My dear friend, I think you are right."

Now, Gerard's first impulse, like that of any other right-thinking person, had prompted him to leave the room the moment Tourbillon entered it. You can't well sit down to dinner with a man who has just come away with your wife, even after many years' interval; neither can you reasonably pick a fresh quarrel with him, the old one having been disposed of, because you have both accepted invitations to the party. It speaks ill for Gerard's frame of mind that with a moment's reflection he dismissed his first idea, and elected to remain. He was so restless, so unhappy, altogether in so excited a state, that he cared little what might happen next, and even looked forward to the possibility of a row arising out of their juxtaposition, into which he could enter with savage zest.

All this Dandy Burton had calculated to a nicety, when he hesitated such a solecism as to place these two men at the same table. Anything that should put Gerard "off his head," as the saying is, before the grand final exposure at the theatre, would count very much in favour of his own manœuvres. He was therefore prepared for the explosion, and somewhat disappointed at its failure. The Count is needless to observe, accepted the situation with his usual humourless *sang-froid*, simply addressing Mr. Ainslie as a plain acquaintance with whom he was not on very intimate terms.

The latter grew brighter and kindlier under the influence of Gerard. Even now, in his misery, it rendered him neither morose nor repulsive. Something, too, in the absurdity of the whole proceeding

struck him as irresistibly comical, and he almost laughed in the Frenchman's face while he replied to his observation. After that, of course, there could be no more question of a quarrel, and they remained perfectly good friends till the dessert.

“I sail this day week,” said Gerard, cheerfully. “I've got the best-built, best-fitted, best-found barque between London Docks and Deptford. Won't you take a cruise with me, Count? I'll give you a berth. Will either of you fellows come? It is but a stone's-throw across the Atlantic, if you're in anything like a craft; and the climate of South America is the finest in the world. Come, won't you be tempted?”

“Who's to take my book on the Leger?” asked Burton, wishing in his heart he might not be compelled to leave England whether he liked it or not.

“Who's to manage my theatre?” said Dolly, with his mouth full.

“And who is to write plays for it when Monsieur Enslee is gone?” added the Count, bowing courteously over the glass he lifted to his lips.

“Plays!” exclaimed the manager. “After to-night no more plays need be written for the British public. I venture to predict that *Pope Clement*, as I have put it on the stage, will be the great triumph of the season. I tell you I shall be disappointed if it don't run a hundred nights, and go down as good as new into the provinces afterwards.”

“Here's success to it!” said Burton. “Give me some champagne. Why, Jerry, who would have thought of your turning out a great dramatic author when we were all at Archer's together! We considered him stupid as a boy, Count, I give you my honour. It only shows how people are deceived.”

“Monsieur Enslee has seen a great deal since those days,” observed Tourbillon. “To dramatise them, a man should have exhausted the passions. It is but anatomy, you see, my friends, studied on the nerves and fibres of the surgeon's own body. How painful, yet how interesting!”

“Not the least painful,” answered Gerard, laughing; “and to the author, at least, anything but interesting. Only a bore, Count, while he works at it, and a disappointment when it is finished.”

“Ah, bore!” replied the Count; “that is an English disease—incurable, irremediable. The philosopher has *migraine*, he has *grippe*, but he knows not what is understood by bore. I think the bore, as you call it, of you authors, is often worn like a pretty woman's veil, to hide the blush of some real feeling that a false shame tells her to suppress.”

As far as Ainslie was concerned, the Count's arrow reached its mark. Of interest, indeed, in his own plot, he might have none;

but it was false to say there was no pain connected with it. Every line, every word, was more or less associated in his mind with the woman he had loved so long, and whom he had determined to see no more. He wished the play at the devil, wished he had never written it, never thought of it! Wished he was fairly across the Atlantic, and the next two months were past! Then something smote at his heart, and told him that henceforth there would be a blank in his life. So he emptied his glass, and called for more champagne.

"We must make the best use of our time," said the host, at this juncture; "Dolly is getting fidgety already. He sees an impatient audience, a company without a captain, and a gallery in overt rebellion. Suppose you got drunk, Dolly, and didn't go at all? What would happen?"

"The supposition involves an impossibility," answered Egremont gravely; "but they'd pull the house down—that's what would happen."

"You don't mean it!" replied the other. "What a lark it would be! Waiter, coffee in five minutes. Just one glass of that old Madeira, and we'll start. I have places, as you know, for you all—Dolly has kindly lent me his box."

"I thank you," said the Count; "I shall enter later. I have taken a stall."

"I don't think I shall go," observed Gerard carelessly, and opening his cigar-case.

"Not go!" exclaimed Dolly, in accents of unaffected disappointment.

"Not go!" echoed Burton, beholding, as he thought, the white fabric he had taken such trouble to erect crumbling in pieces.

"You're sure to make a mess of it the first night," argued Gerard. "Grooves stiff—scenes awry—actors nervous—prompter audible—and fiddles out of tune. Besides, how shall I look if they hiss it the stage?"

"And how shall I look," expostulated Dolly, "if they call for the author and I can't produce him? They'll pull the house down! My dear fellow, you don't know what it is! Under any circumstances my theatre seems destined to destruction this blessed night! Fiddle—gone! Well, it might have been worse!"

They all laughed, and Ainslie looked inclined to give way.

"You are right," said the Count, who, in the plenitude of his generous nature, really wished to spare Gerard the pain in store for him should he recognise, in the Madame Molinara from whom so much was expected, his runaway wife. "I shall go late. I am not your friend here, to whom five minutes' delay must cost fifty thousand pounds. Ah! *blagueur*! I shall smoke one cigar; you will not, and smoke with me. I tell you, my friend, it is better."

Something admonitory, almost dictatorial, in the Count's tone, jarred on the other. Ainslie's frame of mind was that in which men start off at a tangent from anything like advice, resenting it as they would coercion.

"I don't see why," he answered rather shortly. "I shall have plenty of time to smoke between this and the Accordion. After all, hang it! I ought to stick by the manager. I'm ready, Dolly, if you are. Count Tourbillon, I wish you a good evening."

Burton said not a word. The judicious angler knows when to let his fish alone, giving it line, and suffering it to play itself. The Count looked a little surprised, but attributed Gerard's unexpected abruptness to the champagne.

"Il paraît qu'il a le vin mauvais. C'est égal!" said he; and, undisturbed by the departure of the others, proceeded to smoke a tranquil cigar in solitude.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MANAGER'S BOX.

THE Accordion, from its front row of stalls to the extreme verge of its gallery under the very roof, was one dense mass of faces, all turned eagerly towards the stage. Playgoing people had been subsisting for a long time on musical extravaganzas, of which the extravagance outdid the music; far-fetched burlesques, of little humour and less wit; drowsy readings from Shakspeare; translations ill-translated; and adaptations, worse adapted, from the French. The public were hungry for a real, old-fashioned melo-drama once more, with love, murder, glittering swords, stage jewellery, frantic dialogue, and appropriate action. They longed to see the stride, the strut, the stop,—a scowling villain, a daring lover,—a Gothic hall, a moon-lit pass,—above all, an injured heroine, now tearful and dishevelled, with pale face and hollow eyes, despairing at the back; anon, radiant in smiles, white satin, and imitation pearls, exulting before the foot-lights, victorious over insult and oppression, triumphantly to vindicate the first principle of stage morality, that "Beauty can do no wrong."

This starving public then—through the medium of posters, newspaper advertisements, men in cardboard extinguishers, and other modes of legitimate puffing—had been informed that its cravings were at last to be satisfied, in a grand, new, original melo-drama called *Pope Clement, or the Cardinal's Collapse*. Critics whispered one another that this was none of your foreign plagiarisms, altered only in costume and language, but a real novelty—startling in action, replete with incident, and—well—yes, it had been pruned

to a certain extent, for in these days, you understand, an author cannot be too careful. But, although the moral was doubtless unimpeachable, some of the situations might seem, perhaps, to an English audience a little—what shall we say?—unusual, but nothing the least indelicate—far from it.' Can we wonder that the famished public rushed incontinently to their meal?

Dolly Egremont, too, who had learned his trade by this time pretty perfectly, kept up the right amount of mystery regarding his American actress, identifying her skilfully enough with the new melodrama in which she was to appear. He also told several friends under promise of inviolable secrecy—a manner of advertising only second to the columns of the *Times*—that this much-talked-of piece was the production of their acquaintance, Gerard Ainslie, who, from feelings of modesty, did not wish his name to be made known; that it was by far the best thing out for many years; that even the actors at rehearsal could not forbear their applause; that the dresses he cost him three times as much as dresses ever cost a treasury before and that soft music would play continuously throughout the whole action of the piece.

A thrilling drama—a new actress—a dandy playwright—and liberal manager! What more could be desired?

The bait took, the public were tempted, and the house filled. Dolly Egremont, peeping through a hole in the curtain, positively showed with mingled nervousness and delight while he scanned the overflow and reflected that his check-takers were still driving supplicants away unsatisfied from the doors.

There was one part of the house, however, on which the roving eye of cupidity, even in a manager, could linger without counting profits or returns. For a few seconds it rested on his own box, and Dolly Egremont forgot that the world or the theatre contained no object besides Jane Tregunter, dressed in pink—a colour which on other eyes than a lover's might have appeared a little too bright for her complexion, a little too juvenile for her years.

It is with that box we also have to do. Let us imagine ourselves impalpable, invisible, jammed into a corner under the peg on which the White Rose has hung up her berouze. She has taken a place in front, furthest removed from the stage; perhaps because there is a nook behind it containing the worst seat in the box, and likely therefore to remain vacant the longest. No chance is so minute as to be neglected in a woman's calculations. Mrs. Vandeleur looks very pale and her manner is more restless than usual, while the gloved hand that holds her opera-glasses would shake ridiculously but for her clenching it so tight. All the party have not yet arrived. Colonel Charlie indeed, an ensign in the Guards, has made his appearance and already told them the whole plot and history of the play, and

comments of his own, facetious, not to say disrespectful ; for Charlie, like many of his kind, possesses unflagging spirits, any amount of that self-reliant quality which the rising generation call "cheek," imperturbable good-humour, very little sympathy with anything or anybody, and no faculty of veneration whatever. "Theresa," ten years older than himself—which, after all, scarcely makes her thirty—takes him up, as she calls it, and pets him considerably ; laughing at his nonsense while encouraging his impertinence, treating him with a regard almost as demonstrative as she shows towards her bull-finch, and with about as much respect as she entertains for her poodle !

Miss Tregunter, because she disapproves of Dolly's connection with the Accordion, superintends the whole ceremony, as it were, under protest, yet cannot but feel a certain accession of dignity in her own position, and has never perhaps looked on theatrical matters with so indulgent an eye as to-night.

Cousin Charlie disappears to return with half-a-dozen play-bills, which he distributes not without buffoonery, venturing even to address a far-fetched witticism to Norah, but recoiling a good deal chilled from the cold, absent expression of that lady's face, who has not indeed heard a syllable, to take refuge with Theresa, and whisper in her willing ear that "Mrs. V. has got her back up about something, and he can guess why, but he isn't going to say."

The orchestra strikes up. A child in the gallery begins to cry ; its removal in such a crowd is no more possible than to take away the great glittering chandelier from the middle of the roof. An unfeeling joker suggests, "Throw it over !" The audience cry, "Hush !" "Silence !" "Order !" Fainter and fainter the fiddles die off ; the music sinks and swells, and sinks again, into harmony such as an imaginative mind, predisposed by the play-bills, might fancy the resemblance of a morning breeze ; and with a fresh burst, which Norah, preoccupied as she is, thinks not unlike something she has heard long ago in David's symphony of *The Desert*, the curtain rises on a "Sunrise in the Campagna"—wide plains, distant mountains, classic ruins, white oxen, flat-capped women, peasants cross-gartered, garlands, grapes, and garnishing all complete.

The scene reflects great credit on the stage-carpenters. The audience, prepared to be pleased, applaud loudly. Norah's thoughts have travelled back, Heaven knows why, to the marshes about Ripley, and the box-door opening, with considerable bustle, announces a fresh arrival. By no small effort she concentrates her whole attention on the play.

She has quite lost the clue to its opening, nevertheless. Already the peasants have dispersed ; the scene has changed to a street in Rome, where a "typically-developed" monk, with round stomach

and red nose, is accepting a purse of zecchins—ringing and chinking with a rich luxuriance money never seems to possess in real life—from “a gallant” (no other word expresses the character), wearing a black mask, long boots, a wide hat, a drooping feather, an ample cloak, and huge spurs that jingle as he walks.

Mrs. Vandeleur’s ear, quickened by anxiety, recognises a man whose heavier tread close behind her. Pooh! it’s only Mr. Burton! She turns to shake hands with him civilly and even cordially. What does it matter? What does anything matter now? The Dandy’s manner is perfect of its kind—guarded, conventional, the least thing penitent; interested, yet exceedingly respectful.

“Thank you so much for coming,” is all he says, and proceeds gracefully enough, to pay his respects to the other ladies in the box. Heavy and sore at heart, Norah turns her face once more towards the stage.

“You must listen to this,” observes Burton, for the general benefit, “it’s almost the best thing in the play. I’m so glad we’re in time. I know Dolly’s on tenter-hooks now. He would never have forgiven us if we had missed it.”

By twos, and fours, and sixes, the manager’s whole force, supported by numeraries and all, are trooping on the stage. Great masses of men and white group themselves artistically in the old Roman street, from which a judicious arrangement of gas sheds all the warmth and glow of real Italian sunshine. It is impossible to detect where the human figures end and the painted crowd begins. Deeper and deeper the gorgeous phalanx gathers, and still, by a waving movement never discontinued, the effect is gained of an ever-increasing multitude massed together in the streets and squares of a city. Processions of white-robed priests and acolytes wind in stately measure through the midst; censers are swinging, choristers chanting, waving banners, and massive croziers are borne to the front. It is the great scenic triumph of the play, and a burst of grand music appropriately heralds its exhibition to the audience. While she looks and listens, Norah’s heart seems very full; but a quiet sensation of repose steals over her, and she attributes it, perhaps, to the influence of those exalted strains rather than to an instinctive consciousness of the presence of Gerard, whom she still so dearly loves.

His sleeve just touches her shoulder as he slides into that vacant seat in the dark corner which nobody has thought it worth while to occupy. He has come in very quietly after Burton, and the attention of the whole party being riveted on the stage, his arrival remains unnoticed. How is it that Norah knows Gerard Ainslie is within a foot of her before she dare turn her face to look—that face no longer pale, but blushing crimson to the temples? He does not see it. He sees nothing but a dazzling vision of lavender and black lace and

gloves, and a white flower nestling in coils of golden chestnut hair ; but he is conscious that the blood is rushing wildly to his own brow, and his heart aches with a keen thrilling sensation of delight, utterly unreasonable, and actually painful in its intensity.

Author as he is, too—the first night of his play and all—yet has he quite forgotten drama, theatre, actors, the manager's anxiety, his own literary fame, and the ostensible reason for his being there. This is no imaginary sorrow, that must henceforth darken all his future—no fictitious passion that has endured through his whole past, that still so completely enslaves him ; he is trembling with a mad, causeless happiness even now.

Their whispered greeting was of the coldest, the most commonplace, but something in the tone of each struck the same chord, called forth the same feeling. Their eyes met, and in an instant Norah slid her hand in his, while both felt that in spite of doubt, anxiety, alienation, so much that had seemed harsh, unjust, inexplicable, their true feelings remained unchanged, unchangeable.

Mrs. Vandeleur dared not trust her voice, and Gerard was the first to speak. His face looked very sad, and his tone, though kindly, was sorrowful in the extreme.

"I am so glad to have seen you again to-night. But I should not—I could not have sailed without wishing you good-bye."

"Sailed !" she gasped. "Good-bye ! What do you mean ? Where are you going, and when ?"

"To South America," he answered, simply. "We shall be at sea in less than a week."

All this in a low subdued voice, but they could have spoken out loud had they pleased, for burst after burst of applause now shook the very walls of the theatre, and excited spectators waving fans, handkerchiefs, opera-glasses, rose tumultuously in their places, to welcome the great American actress, at this moment making her first appearance before a British public.

From his ill-contrived corner Gerard could see so little of the performance that he might indeed have left the box without further enlightenment, but that Mrs. Vandeleur, hurt, confused, dismayed, could think of nothing better than to make room for him, and direct his attention to the stage.

The scene, representing the confessional of a cathedral, left nothing to be desired in architectural grandeur and florid decoration. Madame Molinara, as Violante, about to relieve her conscience from a heavy list of theatrical sins, came forward with peculiar dignity of gait and gesture, enveloped from head to foot in a long white veil. Even Mrs. Vandeleur could not have recognised her under its folds. Gerard applauded like the rest, and observed to his companion, "You can see she is an actress by the way she walks across the stage !"

Round after round, the well-trained artist sustained that deafening applause without being tempted to destroy the illusion of the piece by abandoning her dramatic character; but at length the enthusiasm reached such a height, that to delay its acknowledgment would have seemed alike uncourteous and ungrateful. The star came forward to the footlights, raised her veil, and executed a curtsy to the very ground.

Then, indeed, the excitement became a tumult. A storm of bouquets burst upon the stage, besides one that fell short of its mark, and only reached the big drum in the orchestra. Shouts of "*brava!*" resounded from pit and boxes, while repeated calls on the band to strike up "*Yankee-Doodle*" pealed from the gallery; but through it all there came to Norah's ear a hoarse whisper, as if one in extremity of pain, and every syllable smote like a knell upon her heart.

"Believe me," it said, "I did not know of this. You must forgive me. I could never have so insulted you. It is well I am to leave England. My own—my only love—may God in heaven bless you. We shall never meet again!"

And this while Cousin Charlie and Theresa and the others, thirty feet off, were laughing and jesting and criticising the new actress. Her eyes, her arms, her ankles, the depth of her curtsy, and the general turn of her draperies.

Norah heard the box door shut, and then lights, audience, stage, pit, boxes, all seemed to swim before her eyes.

"Mr. Burton," said she, in a faint voice, putting out her hand with that helpless gesture of entreaty peculiar to the blind, "would you take me out? I desired my carriage to wait. Would you mind asking for it? The gas or something makes me feel ill." And rejecting every kindly offer of assistance and companionship pressed on her by Theresa and Miss Tregunter, Norah left the box, descended the private staircase of the theatre, arm-in-arm with a man she most disliked in London, conscious only that she was vaguely grateful to somebody, it mattered not to whom, for the relief it afforded her to get away.

CHAPTER LIX.

EXIT.

For the convenience of its manager, the Accordion possessed a private door, opening on a quiet narrow street, and here Mrs. Veleur's carriage was found in waiting according to orders.

fresh air revived its mistress almost immediately. She implored Burton to rejoin his party without delay, a request that gentleman had the good taste to accord at once, congratulating himself, it must be admitted, that so far at least his scheme had been tolerably successful.

Returning to the box, he found Gerard Ainslie too had vanished. Nobody else was sufficiently anxious about Mrs. Vandeleur to press him with further questions, when he observed quietly, "She was suffering from a bad headache, so he had packed her up in her carriage and sent her home." In truth, these, like the rest of the spectators, could spare attention for nothing but the all-engrossing business of the stage.

The long-drawn aisles of its scenic cathedral had been darkened so skilfully, as to convey an idea of dim religious grandeur, and vast architectural space. A few wax-tapers twinkled through the gloom. Violante, her white veil fallen from her brow, her black hair dishevelled on her shoulders, knelt with clasped hands and wild imploring eyes before the love-stricken Cardinal, while enumerating the catalogue of her sins. It was to the credit of our old friend Mr. Bruff,—we beg his pardon, Mr. Barrington Belgrave,—that although he recognised her at rehearsal, he had respected the incognita of his former pupil. It was also to his credit that on the present occasion he abstained from his customary rant. The tones of repressed passion in which he addressed her as "my daughter," the shiver, admirably controlled, that shook him from head to heel, when she besought his blessing, must have elicited its meed of applause, then and there, but for the invincible attraction of the penitent herself. Those low tones of hers, from which intense power of histrionic genius had purged all provincialism of expression or accent, vibrated to every heart; and many an eye was wet with tears, while the whisper—for it was scarcely more than a whisper—thrilled through the whole house, that told how the beautiful Italian struggled with her sin, and her despair.

"So when entreaty comes,
Not like an angel, all in robes of light,
Nor hero nodding from a golden car;
But earthly-troubled, weary, worn, and sad,
Yet for defeat the prouder;—and the eyes,
The haunting eyes, draw tears from out my heart,
Pleading an endless, hopeless, wordless grief;
Must I not pity, Father?"

Well, it is not with her we have to do, with the successful actress in the crowded, lighted theatre, holding hundreds entranced by the recital of her fictitious woes. No. It is with the lonely suffering woman outside in the dark deserted street, pressing her temples hard against the cushions of her carriage, weeping bitter tears in

solitude, yet not so bitter as to flow unmingled with a sp consolation in the thought that, now as ever, for good and spite of all that had come and gone, through shame, sorrow separation, her image was still cherished, still worshipped beloved!

Yes, it was impossible to mistake those tones of passionate felt despair in which he bade her farewell. Not the most complete power of acting, not his own wife's, could have feigned the weariness of desolation that spoke in every one of those half words. Her tears flowed faster while she recalled their tender proachful sadness, their meek, undying love, and brain grew heart stouter, as she wept on. He should not part like this! if she waited in that dismal street all night! Of womanly and womanly pride, the White Rose cherished more than he. To a presuming suitor none could, or would, have dealt a sharp rebuff; but here was an emergency in which to the false shame moment might be sacrificed the repose—more, the very peace a lifetime. She must go mad, she felt, if he went away without seeing him again, to ask what had happened? how she had deceived him? why this change had grown up between them? and him that, though she was well satisfied to lose him for ever, of justice and right, nothing here, or hereafter—no, not a hundred wives—should drive him from the place he had always held always! though she had been so cruelly false to him), and should hold in her heart.

After that, she thought, it would be much easier to give and perhaps in time this woman would amend, and make devoted wife.

Far off in the future might be a life of success, usefulness even domestic comfort, for Gerard; while, for herself!—mattered little what became of her. She was no Roman Catholic; the refuge would have occurred to her of a cloister. At present Norah felt as if she could never be at rest but in the tomb.

Meanwhile she waited on, watching the door from which she expected Gerard every moment to emerge. And, though while she eagerly desired it, and half dreaded the interview as positive last, time lengthened itself out, till she began to feel on her senses the unrealised horror, the vague apprehensive dream.

Suddenly, with a start, she thrust her delicate, bare head from the carriage-window, and observed that a couple of foot-passengers stopped mid-way in the crossing at the end of the street. Their faces looked very pale under a glare of gaslight; their attitudes pressed curiosity and consternation. Great-coated policemen hurried rapidly past, vouchsafing no answer to the eager in

poured on them. Presently the trampling of many footsteps rained along the adjacent street, and smothered, scuffling noises came from the theatre itself. Then, even ere Norah could frame the idea suddenly presented to her mind, it was substantiated by that thrilling cry which, more than any other alarm, seems to paralyse the boldest hearts, habituated to every other extremity of danger. "Fire! fire!" was shouted, loud and clear. She could not be mistaken; she was sure of it before the startling words had been taken up and re-echoed by a hundred voices. Listening with strained, horror-stricken attention, Norah could hear a suppressed stir and bustle inside the theatre, rising to wild, tumultuous confusion, and subsiding again as quickly in an unaccountable calm, while over all arose long, swelling bursts of harmony from the grand, majestic music of the *March in Faust*.

Robert Smart, in attendance on his mistress, turned a very white, helpless face towards the carriage-window, and it is possible that at this juncture may have dawned on him some vague intention of going to inquire what had happened. If so, it was put to immediate flight by the appearance, at the manager's door, of the manager himself, pale as death, haggard, disordered, trembling all over, yet preserving that presence of mind which seldom deserts those who are accustomed to trust in their own resources and to act for themselves. His hair, whiskers, and eyelashes were singed, his gloves and dress discoloured, scorched, and smelling strongly of fire; about him, too, there clung a faint, fearful odour as of roasted flesh. Utterly aghast though he looked, into his eyes came a gleam of satisfaction when they rested on the carriage. "How providential!" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Vandeleur, a frightful accident has happened. They are bringing it out here."

It!—was there no hope then? Her heart stopped beating while he spoke; but she leapt out unhesitating, and intimated to him—more in dumb show than words—that her carriage should be at his and the sufferer's disposal. Ere he could thank her, Gerard Ainslie, Mr. Bruff and two more actors—these three still in the costumes of the parts they had been playing—moved heavily and carefully through the doorway, bearing amongst them, covered over with a cloak, a shapeless bundle of rags, shreds, stage jewellery, and human suffering, that had been a beautiful woman and a consummate actress but ten minutes ago!

Making room for these on the pavement, Mrs. Vandeleur was touched by Gerard's shoulder as he passed. She did not yet understand the catastrophe, though it was a relief to learn that he, at least, seemed safe. "Who is it?" she asked; and even at such a time the well-known voice caused him to turn his head. "It is my wife!" he answered, and she found herself thinking she had never heard him

speak in that strange, hoarse tone before. "Gerard," she whispered very softly, and laid her hand unconsciously on his shoulder; "every moment is precious! Take her home at once to my house."

A doctor was already in attendance. He and Gerard lifted the poor actress, now moaning feebly in extremity of pain, into the carriage, while Norah—roused to all her natural energy under pressure of emergency—hailed a passing Hansom, wound herself into it just as she was, with bare head and evening dress, to dash home and get every thing ready, only pausing an instant for the despatch of Robert Smart, who recovered his wits slowly, in another direction, to seek fresh advice and more assistance.

So poor Fanny was carried helplessly off to the very house of others in London which, perhaps, she would have been most loath to enter of her own free will, and Gerard Ainslie found himself, under a new and frightful complication of circumstances, crossing once more that well-known threshold, at which he had thought to lay down once for all, every hope of happiness he had cherished upon earth—

CHAPTER LX.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

DAY after day poor Fanny lingered on, suffering less, perhaps, from physical pain, than if her case had been more hopeless from the fact that the Doctors looked grave, and shook their heads, but ordered brandy, stimulants, opiates, nevertheless; everything to relieve pain, to restore vitality, and to sustain strength. Still she pined and faded gradually away, lying for hours together in a state of utter unconsciousness and stupor, varied at intervals, further and further apart, by a vain, longing restlessness, that produced fever and exhaustion. She could only speak in whispers, and even such weak efforts were attended with considerable exertion, but her large black eyes, glowing so beautiful with the light that is kindled in some other world than this, would follow Norah about the sick room, with a touching, wise gaze, that seemed to implore forgiveness, while it expressed remorse, gratitude, and affection.

Mrs. Vandeleur scarcely left her side, and, indeed, the sufferer grew very desponding and querulous when she missed the gentle touch that anticipated all her wants, and the kind loving gaze that never looked upon her but with sympathy, forgiveness, and compassion.

Here were two women, each of whom had injured the other in her dearest hopes, her deepest and most sacred affections; but one

learned those lessons of resignation and self-sacrifice by which mortals must be trained for immortality. And the other was even now trembling on a shore, where much that seemed so necessary in her earthly journey was to be discarded and abandoned, as but vain incumbrance for her future voyage on the silent sea—so vague, so dark, so cold, so terrible to all. Yet over its dreary surface is there not shed a light from the shining form of Him who walks upon the waters, and stretches out a hand to save the weakest of us ere we sink into an unfathomable deep?

These two had forgiven each other their injuries, as they hoped themselves to be forgiven. There was nothing between them now but peace, and confidence, and goodwill. I suppose if patients were doctors they, too, would err on the side of timidity, and shrink with professional caution from anything in the shape of responsibility. The best advice in London forbade all excitement as most injurious to the sufferer, and peremptorily interdicted Fanny from the visits of her husband. At last, however, on one occasion, when, after an exceedingly bad night, the invalid had prayed very earnestly for a few minutes' conversation with Gerard, three wise men, whose faces looked wiser and more solemn than usual, announced that her petition might be granted, and then Mrs. Vandeleur knew that there was no longer any hope.

It lasted but a short time, that interview between husband and wife, the first for long years of separation, never to be repeated here on earth. No one else was present, and mutual forgiveness, penitence, reconciliation, whatever took place, remained as they ought to remain, without witness and without record; only, weak as she was, Fanny's tones could be heard uninterrupted for many minutes consecutively, as if she were arguing and expostulating on some subject very near her heart, so that when Gerard left the room, pale, trembling, with tearful eyes, and she called him back once more to her bedside, the last words she ever spoke to her husband, were heard plainly by, at least, one mourning listener, through the half-closed door.

"Then you've promised, dear, and I'm easy. It's the only way to undo all the harm I've done you; and you'll be happy, Gerard, never fear. You're young still, you know,—young for a man. And I couldn't have made you the right sort of wife—not if it was ever so. I wasn't brought up to it. And Gerard, dear, in Ripley Church-yard, as I said, close to father—d'ye mind?—I'm tired now—I think I'll take a sleep. God bless you, Gerard! Perhaps I'll see you to-morrow—perhaps, dear, I'll never see you again!"

* * * * *

It is easy to understand how a lady of Miss Tregunter's wealth, fashion, and general pretensions could only be married at such a church as St. George's or St. James's, and of these she elected the

latter, in consequence, I imagine, of some technical necessity connected with her bridegroom's residence in that parish. Of bridesmaids, I understand, she had exactly four couple, though why so large an escort should have been requisite, what were the duties of these beautiful auxiliaries, or how far the bride derived moral support from their presence, I am at a loss to conjecture. There they were nevertheless, all in pink, decorated, besides, with ornaments of rubies precisely similar in pattern, presented by the bridegroom.

Miss Tregunter herself was obliged to abandon her favourite colour, in compliance with the dictates of an over-fastidious civilisation, but preserved as much of it as possible in her cheeks, so that when she dropped her veil, Burton, who was best man on the occasion, felt forcibly reminded of the lace-covered toilet-table in her dressing-room, as he beheld it when admitted with other hymeneal officials to a public view of her *trousseau* laid out in the apartment.

The Dandy was free from his difficulties after all, and had escaped far better than he deserved. There are men in the world, more than we generally suppose, for whom it is an impossibility to hit an enemy when he is down, and Gerard Ainslie was one of them. During Fanny's illness this gentleman could not, of course, leave England as he had originally intended, and the disposal, at considerable loss of the district he had purchased in South America, with the sale of that well-found barque, *The White Rose*, letter A, No. 1, entered Lloyd's clinker-built and copper-fastened, besides full freight and provisions lying on board of her in London Docks, put him in possession of a large sum of ready money, for which he believed he could find no more fitting use than to extricate Burton from his most pressing liabilities, thus, to use Dolly Egremont's expression, "setting him on his legs again, though the beggar didn't deserve it, and giving him one more chance to be a man or a mouse!"

There was but little of the sentimental in Mr. Burton's composition; but his wonted eloquence deserted him when he grasped the friend's hand whom he had injured so cruelly, and tried to thank him, with dry lips and a knot in his throat. For once his heart was too full to speak.

He made a capital "best man" for Dolly though, nevertheless, arranging all the details and ceremonious observances of the wedding with a tact that seems especially accorded by nature to those who are predestined to remain bachelors themselves. The cake with its ring and thimble was ordered, and I believe compounded under his directions. The lawyers were hastened, the license was procured, the clergyman advertised, the wedding-feast provided, and the invitations were sent out. Not the most distant relation of bride or bridegroom was omitted, and I have been unable to

learn that anybody took offence at the slightest neglect or want of deference during the whole proceedings, so that when Theresa in the vestry signed her name to the register with a flourish, just below "Cousin Charles," she was justified in affirming that through the whole course of her experience she had never been concerned in so orderly, so well-conducted, and altogether so decorous a wedding!

They were likely to be indeed a happy couple; and every one of their friends wished them well. None more so than a man in deep mourning passing down the street, as the last carriage with its liveried servants, brilliant in bouquets and white favours, set its freight of beauty down at the church door. His dress denoted that he had lately sustained some domestic bereavement, but on Gerard Ainslie's brow might be traced a joyous expression of hope and confidence, such as it had not worn since the days of Marston Rectory and Ripley Marshes, long ago. In his eyes had come that light which the poet tells us "never was on sea or shore," but which most of us have seen at some period of our lives, in the eyes we best love to look on here below, that we humbly hope will shine on us unchanged in heaven hereafter.

The association of ideas, the links on which thought follows thought, as wave succeeds to wave, and the tendency to speak aloud when none but ourselves can hear, are amongst the eccentricities of reason, the most eccentric, the most unreasonable. Turning into St. James's Street, a crossing-sweeper on whom he bestowed a shilling, was the only listener to Gerard's unconnected thanksgiving—

"What have I done to deserve to be so happy? How can I ever hope to be worthy of her? I suppose my darling will have to be married in a bonnet, when the year is out. She surely won't insist on waiting longer than that?"

And Norah didn't!

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

ON THE CHRISTIAN HYPOTHESIS, AND THE METHOD OF ITS VERIFICATION.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in an interesting article on "Miracles and Special Providences," in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of June 1 concluded with a warning to theologians "to keep to their region," albeit he added that "it is *not exclusively theirs*." "Unless you come to her as a learner," wrote the Professor, "keep away from physical nature. Here, in all frankness, I would observe, that at present you are ill-informed, self-deluded, and likely to delude others. Farewell!"

Why is the region of the theologian "*not exclusively his*"? What is this claim on the part of science to the right of traversing that region? Why? if not because science has to do with facts, and facts lie within her sphere, and therefore that for science to shut her eye to *any* fact, to leave *any* dark corner unexplored, as which she dare not enter, would be unscientific indeed. Because also, facts are so intimately related to each other, that purposely overlook one set of facts would be purposely to put up with a partial and one-sided, and therefore distorted, knowledge of the rest.

This is why the scientific layman, and, more than all, the positive philosopher, cannot allow theologians to claim the ground of religion as exclusively their own. Men whose habitual attitude towards facts must of necessity be that of learners, who cannot put off the childlike spirit of true inductive inquiry without ceasing to be men of science and positive philosophers, ought not to be warned away from the manors of theology, as they themselves thus warn away theologians from the fields of science. They should rather be welcomed.

Still, however willing one may be to grant this, it must, I fear, be confessed that in the words in which Professor Tyndall chose to warn off the theological poacher there is a tone which augurs ill for the attainment of that earnest desire for the reconciliation of religion and science, which pervaded another and equally interesting article in a later number—that in which Mr. Lewes reviewed the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law."

There is an unpleasant ring about this "farewell" of Professor Tyndall, which seems to speak, intentionally or not, of an *unscientific* indifference, which seems to say, "Neither do I care to enter your region, as a learner or otherwise." And yet, if Mr. Lewes be right in thinking that there is a religion which, if we could get hold of it, "would be the most precious of man's possessions," and that religion and science "not only can be reconciled, but must both

tally imperfect until they are reconciled," surely it were at least worth while for the positive philosopher and scientific layman, setting theologians and current theology alone, if he likes, in true scientific spirit himself to explore the facts on which the Christian hypothesis rests, and so far as possible to subject it to the test of verification which every other hypothesis must undergo before it is accepted or rejected.

But has this really been done?

Comte, indeed, in his dislike of open questions, unphilosophically assumed, without proof, the truth of the *Atheistic* hypothesis; but that he transgressed a fundamental canon of his own philosophy in doing so, we have upon the authority of one of his greatest and fairest English disciples. And though it would not be fair to conclude that Comte's unphilosophical assumption is shared by our English positivists and most clear-headed men of science, yet an equally unphilosophical assumption, that the Christian hypothesis is not worth their scientific study, seems to me to be traceable here and there in their writings; and if I may venture to say so, to keep them from that earnest investigation of its nature, and the method of its verification, which, in my humble view, it may fairly demand at the hands of any philosophical and scientific inquirer who wishes to be consistent throughout with his own principles, and to leave no stone unturned in their faithful application.

But what do we mean by the "Christian hypothesis"? Not any particular theology. It does not follow that because mediæval astronomy, with its crystalline spheres and epicycles, was a system of unverified hypotheses, that therefore there are no stars and planets at all—no knowledge of them possible—all astronomy a fiction. The stars and planets remained the same throughout. What had to be done was to substitute hypotheses which *can* be verified for those that could not. So of Christianity. It does not follow that because mediæval theology, with its unverifiable hypotheses of original sin, election, vicarious satisfaction, verbal inspiration, priestly power, communion of saints, and the like, is unbelievable, that therefore there is no God, no Christ, no eternal life, no change of heart—no knowledge of them possible—all theology a fiction. The Christianity of the future, if it is to be believable, cannot, it is true, consist of unverified hypotheses; but the question is whether, after all the innumerable theological epicycles have been cut away from it, there does not remain a "Christian hypothesis" which *can* be verified.

If there be, it must clearly be based, like every other hypothesis capable of verification, upon facts which, however superhuman they may be, have somehow or other come within the sphere of our knowledge.

What are these facts?

Whence did a believing Jew before the Christian era derive his religious faith? From the Hebrew Scriptures in the first place. Perhaps so. But what was it in these Scriptures which gave him his faith? Their supposed plenary inspiration? Certainly not. For, even though probably he did believe in their inspiration, and read therein an authoritative declaration of Jewish theology, which on the faith of their being inspired he would have swallowed without further verification, yet those Scriptures themselves did not give him a chance of so accepting a dogmatic theology. The Scriptures inspired or not, were a *record of phenomena*, of facts, in the religious experience of his nation from the earliest times, from which the writers and he after them, inferred the presence and influence of a Divine Spirit, whom consistently with that inference they spoke of as “God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,” “the God of Israel,” and ultimately the “God of the whole earth.” Those phenomena to a great extent might have been separated from the inferences. The call of Abraham might have been attributed in the Book of Genesis to Mercury, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah to the influences of planets in unpropitious conjunction, and still the Bible might have contained a moderately truthful record of the facts, the phenomena themselves.

And whence did the first Christians derive *their* faith in Christianity? Do their own accounts of it leave us in doubt on this point? Are they not records of further phenomena which the writers themselves had seen, and from which they drew those inferences out of which they formed their creed; inferences which might in like manner be separated from the phenomena, leaving the latter strange and unaccounted for, no doubt, but still *facts* which science is bound to explore and *try* to account for?

So then the facts of the religious life of the Jews, of the life and character, and teaching of Christ, of the conversion, labours, and faith of St. Paul, of the history of the first Christians and the effect of Christianity on its first diffusion, are the phenomena from which the Christian hypothesis, scientifically considered, was originally inferred. The facts of Christian life for eighteen centuries, and the lives and experience of Christians under varied circumstances during that period, have since been added to the stock of phenomena on which it rests.

Nor do these phenomena claim exemption from the ordinary rules as to evidence or verification. They may be traced, those of them which are within the range of sense, to “the primordial facts of sensation,” those of them transcending sense to “conformity with the necessary laws of thought.” The reality of the phenomena of the lives of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, the Hebrew prophets, John, of CHRIST, of Paul, of the thousands of Christian

who have lived and died since during eighteen centuries, though not all of them altogether with the same degree of certainty, rest like those of the lives of other men—Zoroaster, Homer, Socrates, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon—upon historical testimony. Some doubt may rest upon the existence of a Homer, and so speculations may be raised as to what kind of an Exodus Moses may have led. But the broad facts of the religious life of the Jewish nation and of sixty generations of Christians remain, I presume, indestructible. From the days of Abraham till now there have always been men who have believed themselves to have been subjects of *some influence*, whatever it be, which they have followed, believing it to be the influence of a Divine Spirit. That influence, whatever it be, centred in the person of Christ; *He* said he came to bear witness to *Him* from whence *it* came, that He came from *Him*, that the worship of the “Unseen God,” instead of being confined as formerly to the descendants of Abraham, was thenceforth to spread among the Gentiles also. And the fact is, it *did* spread from that moment, so that from that time to this the Christian religion has been the one powerful living religion of the civilised world. Thousands of Christians meanwhile, from that time to this, have believed that they have been recipients of this same spiritual influence, that it has changed their hearts, that in following it some of them have at times been led in a very remarkable way which to themselves and others around them seemed superhuman; that their prayers have in like manner apparently been answered, sometimes in a way which they believed could not be the result of mere coincidence or chance. They may or may not have been mistaken, but the facts remain.

In like manner, whether miracles are considered unbelievable *a priori* or not, there remains the fact of their having been supposed to have been facts, and of that supposition having had great influence on the lives of Christians. And here I would observe that the whole incredibility of the Christian miracles is logically deducible to the denial that there is a God, or that if there be a God, *He* can, consistently with his own laws, have produced these particular results. For the power to work miracles was not assumed to *himself* even by Christ. His miracles were attributed by him to the power of God. In the same breath in which he seemed to declare his Divinity he declared, “The Father who dwelleth in me *He* doeth the works.” And so of all other miracles recorded in the Old or New Testament, “the Holy Ghost bearing them witness with signs and wonders,” &c. Hence the point of the evidence of miracles. They were taken to prove, not that the worker of them was a superhuman being, but that “God was with him.” Hence the raising of Lazarus following the audible prayer of Christ proved that “God had sent him.” Hence, too, the blind man held the lawyers on the horns of a dilemma:

"Herein is a marvellous thing. Ye say that he is a sinner, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners," &c. They never dreamed that any one but God could have made the blind to see. Hence, also, when Christ proposed the alternative, "If I cast out devils by the prince of the devils," &c. on the one hand, "If by the finger of God," &c., on the other, they never dreamed of a third way by which they might escape the conclusion they shunned. Hence, with regard to the Christian miracles, the case stands thus: To those who saw them, or believed them upon credible testimony, they were evidence in direct verification of the Christian hypothesis. To those who hold on through thick and thin to the *unverifiable hypothesis of their impossibility*, they are doubtless hindrances in the way of its verification. But whichever view of miracles we take, it cannot be doubted that multitudes of veracious and self-denying men staked their all upon their belief, at all events in the two greatest of all Christian miracles—the resurrection of Christ and his continued spiritual presence with them afterwards. This itself is a fact within the range of sense verified by reference to the test of sensation as fully as the fact that Cæsar was stabbed by Brutus or Jerusalem destroyed by Titus.

Let it be clearly understood that I am not overstating the case or gliding smoothly over a difficulty. I am asserting only that — facts of Christian life and history, whatever they may be found to be after the most rigid and remorseless subjection to the scientific process of verification — these facts stand in the same relation to the Christian hypothesis as the fact that an apple falls to the ground and the attractive power of the magnet, did to the Newtonian hypothesis of gravitation.

The Christian hypothesis then does not, considered from a scientific point of view, claim a different basis from other scientific hypotheses. It claims to be *as scientific* as they are (if Christians did but know it!). It claims to be an inference from phenomena which can be reduced to the ordinary test of sensation.

But can the *hypothesis* be verified?

Is it not in its nature unbelievable to the scientific mind? Does not its main conception transgress the fundamental canon of the Positive Philosophy, viz., that all knowledge of *Noumena* is impossible, human knowledge being restricted to *Phenomena*? I think not. When the Christian speaks of the unseen agent whose existence he infers from the phenomena of human life as his "Heavenly Father," he does not claim a knowledge of "Noumena" any more than the physical philosopher does in calling the unseen, imponderable agent to which he owes his telegraphs *Electricity*.

From certain phenomena the physical philosopher infers the p

sence and power of the unseen, imponderable agent which he calls Electricity. In like manner, from certain other phenomena, the Christian philosopher infers the presence and power of an unseen agent whom he calls the Spirit of God. In both cases, equally and by the same process of reasoning, the presence and power of an agent, not itself directly cognizable to the senses, is inferred from its effects upon something else which is thus cognisable.

In both cases also the unseen agent is known only in its (or in His) *phenomenal* relation to ourselves. It is true that the Christian speaks of a "*personal God*," but in doing so he surely is conscious that he is using a word expressive of an analogy which must not be pushed too far. What he means is not, I think, that "God" is limited by any of the conditions which go to make up our notion of a *human person*, but that the phenomena from which his presence is inferred speak of his relation to man being one most analogous to that of mind to mind or, still more closely, of *heart to heart*. The relationship, so far as he can judge from the phenomena, is not one of physical attraction, or chemical affinity, or magnetic polarity, but a *loving* relationship, as I have said, of heart to heart; and this, I think, is what is meant by the Christian when he speaks of a "*personal God*." He remembers that Christ *was a person* when on earth. Whether he may rightly be called a "*person*" still, when no longer limited by the conditions of a human body, is of little matter, so long as his spiritual relation to man and God's relation to man is understood to be one as of heart to heart. If this be what Mr. Carlyle meant when he replied to John Sterling's question, whether he believed in a "*personal God*," by the words, "That is unspeakable!" he may have been more Christian as well as more philosophical than many Christians who endorse with zeal the anathemas of the Athanasian creed.

" There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But still may it not be urged that the Christian hypothesis, though it may not transgress *this* canon of the Positive philosophy, yet is notwithstanding unbelievable on another ground—as transgressing all that we know through the revelations of modern science of the order of nature and "the reign of Law"?

I can well understand that the Positive philosopher, and the mind schooled in physical science, may find an insurmountable difficulty in believing in any miracles or special providences (so called) which claim to be miracles according to the popular notion of them, viz., as reversals of the law of nature, or as results obtained without the use of means. But apart from the view recently so ably advocated by the Duke of Argyll, that God may have worked all His miracles, (including even those mighty works whereby he accredited the mission of Christ as of one sent from him) *through and by the laws of*

nature, and not by reversing them—apart from whatever difficulty attach to some alleged physical miracles, which it is not need to discuss here, I submit that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent with the “reign of Law,” at least in the hypothesis that Creator, in creating nature and in fixing the laws which should govern the relation of the forces to matter and the action of mind upon man and heart upon heart, may or might, in fixing his own relations with man, have provided BY LAW OF NATURE a channel of communication and influence between his spirit and the spirit of man. There is nothing *à priori* unbelievable in it, provided the evidence in its support is sufficient in amount.

It is submitted, therefore, that the Positive philosopher, provided that he could free himself from all participation in Comte’s philosophical atheistical bias, would, upon full consideration, deem it beneath his dignity as a scientific inquirer to examine upon its merits the hypothesis on which Christians for the eighteen hundred years past have relied as accounting for these facts. He would be still less likely, I think, to be prejudiced against it, could he still further free himself from the equally illogical assumption, that it must stand or fall with the epicycles tacked on to it by scholastic theologians.

He would probably start by using the hypothesis, in accordance with the methods of his science, only as an instrument of inquiry. Professor Huxley points out that the celebrated Darwinian hypothesis is being used now. Just as Newton, in the beautiful illustration of the scientific method given by Professor Tyndall, having made himself acquainted with what Kepler and others had deduced from previous observation, “first pondered his facts, illuminated them with persistent thought, and finally divined the character of the force of gravitation;” so taking up the thread of the “persistent thought of the greatest Christian men of the past, he would in the same way *ponder* over the Christian hypothesis, separate it from its epicycles, reduce it to its purest form, until in some measure he should have divined the character of *Christ*, and the nature of his teaching and work.

And having done this (in something of the spirit in which the author of “*Ecce Homo*” appears to have been doing it); having, as Professor Tyndall says of Newton, thus “travelled inward to principle,” he would then have to do exactly what Newton had done, viz.: test his hypothesis, “reverse his steps, carry the principle outward, and justify it by demonstrating its fitness to external nature.” This Newton did, we are told, first by weighing the attraction of the moon, and comparing it with his hypothesis.

What if the Positive philosopher were in like manner to test the Christian hypothesis first in its relation to the laws of social life

If I mistake not, the cardinal point of its morality, the vital principle whereby it has ever sought to regenerate social life,—its assertion, viz., that the *law of love*—the golden rule—is the true morality and basis of human society,—has received a strikingly full verification in the discoveries and conclusions of modern political economists. Christians may naturally be scared by the “Doctrine of Utility,” when they hear it declared to be the *sole* criterion of morals. But if the Christian hypothesis be true, that the Creator of the laws of nature was also the Giver of the golden rule, utility *ought* to be a criterion of morals, it ought to add the force of its independent sanction to the golden rule. Accordingly Mr. Mill, in his luminous essay on utilitarianism, after asserting his own belief that utility is *the* sole criterion of right and wrong, that our conscience is the result of the experience of mankind, and not of any moral instinct or religious intuition, and thus putting himself in a position antagonistic to Christianity, yet ends by urging that Christians, more than all others, ought most eagerly to adopt the utilitarian doctrine, inasmuch as the “golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth is the complete expression of the ethics of utility.” If it be so, then eighteen hundred years’ experience, and fifty years of modern scientific thought, have verified the Christian hypothesis in this particular. Nor would it be unreasonable to draw from this direct verification of a part of the Christian hypothesis an indirect presumption in favour of the whole. For it may be asked, How came it to pass, that while Aristotle and Plato built their ideal commonwealths upon a *narrow* utilitarian basis, aiming only at the selfish benefit of citizens, *at the expense*, one might almost say, of an outer world of barbarians, as well as of an inner world of slaves,—how came it to pass that another philosophy sprung historically from the most exclusive and selfish race of the ancient world, which looked upon its uncivilised Samaritan neighbours as “dogs,” and its highly-civilised Greek and Roman conquerors as uncircumcised Gentiles, proclaimed as its fundamental maxim the equal right and brotherhood of all men, whether “Greek or Jew, circumcision or uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free”? There is no mystery about it; it came from a belief that “Christ was all and in all” alike. It was the pænumbra which surrounded the bright nucleus of a faith in a “God who is love.” It was dimly foreshadowed in the moral code of the Jewish nation at least as far back as the date of the book of Deuteronomy, where the first great commandment is stated as the underlying reason of the whole Decalogue. If, upon other grounds, we are led to believe in the existence of a “God of love,” we might well ask, Whence came it if not from Him?

Again, if there be one point more than another which distinguishes the Christian hypothesis from the hypotheses of heathen religions, it

lies surely in this, that whereas your virtuous heathen, vexed by the capriciousness, and fickleness, and vindictiveness of ill-natured deities, seek by prayers and sacrifices to buy *their* favour, to change *their* hearts, to appease *them*; in the Christian hypothesis a God altogether righteous, of no changeableness nor shadow of turning, full of loving-kindness towards men who had gone astray from him, brings *his* sacrifice in order to draw *men* back to himself to change *men's* hearts; so that instead of heathen priests having on behalf of *men* to pray and beseech their *gods* to be reconciled to *them*, Christian ministers, if we may believe St. Paul, are, as it were, "ambassadors for *Christ*, praying and beseeching *us* in Christ's stead, be *ye* reconciled to *God*." And now comes the point—the verification in this respect also of the Christian hypothesis. Eighteen hundred years ago it was a problem whether Christ *could*, by the sacrifice he was willing to make of himself, reconcile men to God. It was impossible that the blood of bulls and goats could put God and man at one. The heathen hypothesis had been tried, and had failed in its verification. The number of professed believers in the one Invisible God had been an ever-dwindling one. The Christian sacrifice has, however, during these eighteen hundred years past, also been put to the test. It *has* reconciled thousands and thousands in every Christian generation to God. It has *more than reconciled* them. It has kindled in the hearts of Christians, from St. Paul's downwards during eighteen centuries, and is kindling still a *love of Christ* so tender that the very mention of his name will sometimes bring a tear into the eye of the strong and the brave; a love not confined to his beloved disciple, or to one or two of his nearest companions, but so widely felt amongst Christians that there have been thousands in every age who would at any moment have been ready to die for him; a love, both in depth and extent, *unique* in the history of mankind. It—the *sacrifice*—has kindled this love. As a matter of fact in the lives of Christians it has been so. As iron can only be melted by heat, and is so melted every day in the forge, so the selfish heart can only be melted by *love*, and is so melted every day by the love of Christ. And the Christian, whatever his creed and whatever his theory, verifiable or not, to explain it, will give you this all but unanimous statement—that the *love of Christ*, from which his own heart took fire and by which it was melted, was brought home to him by the *self-sacrifice of Christ*. And this result, achieved by the love which burned in that sacrifice, has been wrought, be it observed, in spite of those strange perversions of its meaning which would fain have dragged it back into harmony with heathen conceptions of Divine injustice, vindictiveness, and partiality. It has been, in spite of its having been set forth by priests as the means used to change the heart of a once-alienated God, that it has achieved that work which no power

of self-interest could achieve—the work of *changing*—of *melting*—*the heart of man*. There is surely here an accordance with man's nature, an adaptation of means to an end, a wonderful stretch, if I may so speak, of prophetic insight in the divination of a cause, so unlikely at first sight, and yet intrinsically so powerful to produce an effect so apparently hopeless, that it would be hard, I think, plausibly to account for it upon any other theory than that implied in the Christian hypothesis—viz., the reality of that “Divine love” by which it is alleged that it was conceived and done.

The same process of verification might also be applied in respect to the reality and power of *Christian prayer*. But here, too, the result might probably be very unsatisfactory if Christian prayer were assumed to be identical in its theory with heathenish notions of prayer. A man's notion of prayer must be coloured by his notions of the character of him to whom he prays. The Greek hero, for instance, knowing what he wanted, thinking that he knew what he had need of, used prayer as a means of getting what he wanted from some deity upon whom he or his family could plead some special claim, but who, until thus reminded, was not likely to know or to care what he wanted. The question of the efficacy of such prayers, by whomsoever offered, might be tested, perhaps—as Professor Tyndall suggests—by observation whether a larger proportion were spared by the pestilence of those who prayed against it, or of those who obeyed the laws of health and took scientific precautions against its coming. But, notwithstanding that the result of such an inquiry might be what the Professor would expect, yet it would tell neither for nor against the efficacy of Christian prayer. For he who would inquire scientifically whether *Christian prayer* has been answered must first learn what it is. He must learn to distinguish from heathen notions, albeit they may linger in Christian minds, the essence of what is involved in the Christian belief in a God who is heart to heart, “who knows what we have need of before we ask him,” while “*we* know not what to pray for as we ought”—to whom, therefore, the Christian thinks he can go, and in practice has ever gone, as a child to an all-knowing and loving parent, not to change that parent's will, but to get his own will changed into unison with it: not to seek the gratification of his own foolish and selfish desires, but to be taught what he ought to desire; dreading, it may be, the cup which he longs might pass from him, but finding an answer to his prayer, most often, in being strengthened to drink it. If the inquiry be put in this form—whether, in that access to the Divine heart for sympathy which is involved in the *Christian* idea of prayer, Christians have found a source of spiritual food and strength, and have thence received a power which has enabled them to fight the battle of life and to brave its sorrows, and, if need be, to meet

torture and death,—the results of Christian experience will, I think, not give an uncertain reply.

Now, what would be the next step of the truly scientific inquiry after testing, in these points and others, the truth of the Christian hypothesis and finding it answer the test? Would he not seek more direct verification of the *main* element of the hypothesis, the existence and presence of the Divine spiritual influence?

How is he to test its reality? That he does not feel it himself is no proof of the negative. That an electrical machine damp and in order gives no sparks is no proof that one dry and in order will not. That a tube of glass is a bad conductor of electricity, or not a conductor at all, is no proof that a metal wire will not be a good one. So it may be that a certain moral state is a condition of the receipt of spiritual influence—that a certain delicacy of sensation is needed to perceive it, which all of us, it may be, have not got.

How, then, are we to test the presence and power of such an unseen agent, unfelt—or, if felt, unrecognised—by ourselves, if not by carefully observing the conditions under which its presence and power have been manifested to *others*? This is what is done in researches into the nature of the imponderable agents of the physical world. The magnetism which human sensation cannot directly detect is detected indirectly by means of the needle. The electricity, which in its ordinary intensity can hardly be appreciated, is concentrated and produced in *extraordinary* intensity by means of machines, Leyden jars, and batteries; and by experiments with electricity so intensified its laws are discovered. But when by these means discoveries have been made, such *faith* have scientific observers in what they have thus learned of the omnipresence and character of this imponderable agent, and such *faith* have others in their demonstrations, that hundreds of thousands of pounds are willingly invested upon the expectation that when the wires have been laid across the bed of the Atlantic an electric communication will be established between London and New York. Until the expectation is realized, it rests upon *faith*—the evidence of things not seen—a faith which calmly awaits the result, and is not unreasonable in doing so. The wire is laid. The ends of the wire are dipped into a thimble, and the current is produced—*faith* is changed into knowledge, scientific expectation into science; the hypothesis on which it rested is verified.

So to test the reality of Divine spiritual influence ought we to take a somewhat analogous course? Not, indeed, precisely the same; for every class of phenomena having laws of its own, each requires in the means used for its verification an exact adaptation to its own special peculiarities. If, for instance, *holiness and purity of heart* be conditions without which we are not in a state capable

receiving spiritual influence, the obvious course to be pursued in any attempt practically to test its reality and character would be to observe the phenomena of its influence on men, singled out from all others, as men of the greatest holiness and purity. If Christ was altogether holy, in Him surely would it be found without measure. And may not the man who fails to find the necessary evidence in his own experience fairly ask himself, after careful examination of the phenomena of the life of Christ,—Would *He* have prayed to God if he had not been sensible or had not received sufficient proof of the reality of his presence? Would *He* have spent whole nights among the hills in communion with God, if he did not feel such communion to be a reality? Would *He* have spoken so confidently of his future presence with his disciples in spirit to the end of the world without knowing what He was promising? Would *He* have called Lazarus forth if He had not known that God always heard him? Would *He* have attributed his mighty works and message of love to his Father, if he had not known that it was God who worked the works, and sent him to deliver the message? Would *He* have spoken in words which were understood to mean his oneness with God, if he was not sensible of it? This, if I understand it rightly, is the form of the argument pursued by the author of “*Ecce Homo*,” in that remarkable passage in which he contrasts the extreme humility of Christ with his “enormous pretensions.” Having pointed out the humbleness of Christ, and established that “Christ was then this humble man,” he concludes, “When we have fully pondered the fact, we may be in a condition *to estimate the force of the evidence which, submitted to his mind, could induce him*, in direct opposition to all his tastes and instincts, to lay claim, with the calmness of entire conviction, in opposition to the whole religious world, in spite of the offence which his own followers conceived, to a dominion more transcendent, more universal, more complete than the most delirious votary of glory ever aspired to in his dreams.” (p. 179.)—A dominion which Erasmus pointed out “was not to be sounded through the whole world till *after his death*, lest it should seem that he had sought anything for himself while alive.”

To Christ surely the Christian hypothesis must have been verified indeed! To St. Paul, also, that knowledge which he gained from Christ and his disciples must surely have been verified in his own experience, before he, the persecutor of Christians, could so realise the still living existence of Christ, as to look forward so triumphantly to his own cruel death, resting on what to him was an undoubted certainty, that “to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.” The more the Pauline epistles (whose authorship has hardly ever been challenged), and especially the triumphant ones written from his Roman prison, are studied in close connection with

the facts of his life, the more strong, I think, will become the likelihood that such a life as his, built upon the truth of the Christian hypothesis, and utterly baseless without it, should have been built upon an imaginary and unverified foundation.

I will not trust myself to state the character and weight of the evidence of the experience of holy Christian men whose lives have also been built upon the same belief, men who have lived in every Christian century and in every Christian country, whose faith has been, it must be allowed, tested by a great variety of circumstances. I will content myself with suggesting that in the facts of the lives of these Christians of more than ordinary holiness is presented, so to speak, in a more or less intensified form, evidence in verification of the Christian hypothesis; evidence which would not be disproved, but which would be, on the contrary, illustrated and sifted by a careful examination of the phenomena produced, by even the same religious beliefs in the case of disordered intellects and fanatical minds, in the same way as the circulation of the blood may be usefully studied in the phenomena of the fevered pulse, and the healthy action of physical organs illustrated by watching their action when diseased.

It is enough for my present purpose to have suggested that in the history of Christ, and St. Paul, and other men of extraordinary holiness, religious phenomena may be observed in extraordinary intensity of action, and that the Christian may consistently, as I venture to think, with scientific methods of induction and verification, learn from such observation, as the electrician learns from the experiment of his battery, to put reasonable *faith* in a hypothesis which he finds to be sufficiently verified to be relied on in practical life, even though for its *full* verification in his own individual experience he may have to wait till he is emancipated from those conditions of human nature which shut out from us all knowledge of "Noumena," which do not make it therefore impossible for us to believe in a Christ who is "heart to heart," and who was declared by Christ to be "secret."

FREDERIC SEEBOHM

FENIANISM AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE chameleon was not a greater puzzle to the two travellers in the fable than Fenianism is to politicians. If we consult the Church about this pest, Protestant divines of all shades will tell us, with one voice, that it springs from what Archbishop Magee, with delightfully sibilant alliteration, called "the slough of a slavish superstition." The Church to whose religion this graceful compliment was paid can quote high Protestant authority for a different origin of Fenianism, and declare that it has sprung from *the slough of a slavish land system*, formed by the foul waters of Protestant ascendancy, trickling from ten thousand channels ("agents' offices"), and oozing through the soil. The frowning ramparts of ascendancy cast a chilling shade over this damp and sunless region, now "the Slough of Despond." From this slough issue the Fenian *larvæ*, which the American sun quickens into fierce life, and develops so prodigiously, that they come in swarms across the Atlantic, infest our cities, and threaten to sting England into madness. It is a plague of scorpions. The Roman Catholic clergy, who are obliged to live in and about the native plague-spot, and breathe its miasma, sometimes complain bitterly of their hard lot, in being deprived of the sun by the obstructing fortress of Protestant ascendancy. It is not unnatural, nor does it seem to be a proof of great wickedness that they should feel uncomfortable and discontented. Yet there are disinterested men looking on from an independent stand-point who believe that their complaints are the chief, if not the sole, cause of the Fenian plague!

Mr. J. M. Capes is a reformer, and I suppose he may be considered one of the most enlightened of his class in England. On the 18th of December, a letter bearing his signature appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the subject of "The Catholic Clergy and Fenianism." He started with an assertion to the truth of which all history might be summoned to bear witness. "The moment," said he, "that a religious body is thrown into violent antagonism to the State, clerical influence is enormously increased, and the laity deem it a point of honour to yield absolutely to the dictates of men whom they look upon as persecuted, but from whom they would keep at a respectful distance in times of quiet and prosperity."

It is undoubtedly the nature of all clerical corporations to seek to increase their influence, power, or despotism—call it what you will.

We may regard this tendency as a constant force in all hierarchies, and it may be admitted to be stronger in the Papal hierarchy than in

any other, and strongest of all in Ireland. Certainly no priesthood was ever so highly favoured, in this respect, as the Irish priesthood. For three hundred years the whole action of the State respecting that body has tended to excite and inflame its antagonism. It began by despoiling the Roman Catholic Church of her revenues, suppressing her worship, and banishing her clergy. It persisted in its proscription for ages, framing laws which were designed for the utter extirpation of the Roman Catholic religion ; and it abolished the penal code only when there was no alternative in the minds of the most Conservative British statesmen but religious liberty or civil war. If ever there was a people with whom it was a point of honour to stand by their clergy through evil report and good report, that people is the Irish. The consequence is that nowhere in Christendom has the priesthood so much influence, so much moral power, so much real authority, as in Ireland.

This does not arise merely from religious sympathy, from the passions kindled by persecution, or from the charred fanaticism which, when their flames have burnt out, remains to be lit up again by the least spark of fresh provocation. It arises also from another feeling of our nature at least equally strong—the feeling of patriotism. In Ireland these two forces have combined—the religious and the national—and flowed on together in one deep channel, quietly at times, but fiercely beating against the English Government, like waves against a rock, whenever they were lashed into fury by the storms of persecution. To rail against the Irish priests and their people, because of tendencies inherent in our nature—tendencies which, in all ages and countries, have been roused into action by the same causes—is about as rational as to rail against a hurricane or a volcano. It is unworthy of statesmen or students of history to whine and grumble and scold about phenomena that are the natural and necessary effects of removable causes, which they have not the courage to touch or the sagacity to investigate.

For example, Mr. Capes asks what must be said of Irishmen who, like Archbishop M'Hale, are lending their countenance to the Fenian agitation, by subscribing to a fund for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the "justly-executed traitor-murderers," and he affirms that "the men who are chiefly responsible for Fenian sedition and Fenian crimes are those ecclesiastical chiefs who take every possible occasion for keeping up a savage feeling against the Imperial Government in the minds of the shopkeepers and labouring classes in Ireland." He adds that the tone of every speech and manifesto of Cardinal Cullen is designed to strengthen his own spiritual despotism over Irishmen, and that the inevitable effect of "his incessant irritants" is to make Roman Catholics hate Protestants, and to make Irishmen hate England and the English Government.

He declares that in no other European country would dignified ecclesiastics be permitted habitually to denounce the Government of the State, or to subscribe to a fund for the families of the Fenian convicts. This antagonistic spirit of the Irish prelates is certainly very deplorable; so also is the tone of the continental press and the American press, which is quite in unison with the tone of Cardinal Cullen. But let us grant everything that an indignant English Protestant can affirm on this subject. Let the irritants of the Cardinal and the subscriptions of the Archbishop be as seditious and rebellious as you please,—what then? The logical conclusion of a discourse like that of Mr. Capes is that both prelates should be prosecuted, as they would be on the Continent. Does he think that any jury in Ireland, except one packed by an Orange sheriff, could be got to convict either of them? Does he suppose, if they were convicted and incarcerated, that their spiritual power would be thereby diminished? Would it not rather be increased enormously, and would not the antagonism of the Irish people against the English Government rage more madly and widely than ever it did before? Surely it is very idle, in a crisis like this, to reproach and reprobate the ecclesiastical chiefs of a disaffected race; to taunt them with “the hollowness of their stereotyped professions of loyalty;” and to say, “we know well enough what it all means.”

I am far from defending the tone of Cardinal Cullen’s speeches and pastorals. They are undoubtedly powerful irritants; and I am aware that they have had a great effect on the temper of the Catholic population. But I have been rather surprised that no English writer, in reviewing recent events, has noticed the irritants applied daily to the Cardinal himself and his episcopal brethren. I do not refer to the offensive attacks of the Tory press, and some of the Government organs, which are often of the coarsest and most insulting character. I refer to the official action of the Government itself, and the state of the law which it has to execute. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, it must be admitted, has a right to be as proud as any other hierarchy. It ruled Christendom for many centuries before the Reformation; it is still powerful in France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and Belgium. It is very influential and very much respected in the United States of America. It is recognised and honoured by our Government in Canada. In Ireland it has special claims to consideration in consequence of the sufferings it endured in past ages at the hands of England. It is true that the penal statutes that bound and galled it so long have been struck off. But although it ministers to four and a half millions of the population, it is to the present hour unrecognised by the Government. As an ecclesiastical corporation it has no civil rights, no status; while the hierarchy of seven hundred thousand Protestants is part and

parcel of the constitution and Government of the country. Is not this fact in itself a source of irritation and jealousy, a fountain of bitterness, poisoning all the relations between this Church and the Government; and does not a Church so situated necessarily disseminate the spirit of disaffection throughout the whole Catholic community?

Let us reflect for a moment upon this. Shortly before Christmas the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland issued a number of proclamations prohibiting the funeral processions in honour of the three Irishmen executed at Manchester for the murder of a policeman. The proclamations were signed by certain members of the Irish Privy Council, and what was the *first* name on the list? It was the name of *the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin*, who is a great State functionary, as well as an archbishop, and who regards Cardinal Cullen as an intruder in his diocese. The Anglican Archbishop, with the Lord Primate and the Bishop of Meath, is, *ex officio* privy councillor; and—mark this!—he ranks above the Lord High Chancellor, the head of the magistracy of the kingdom. This is the position of a prelate whose people are only one to six of the population that look up for guidance to his rival, Cardinal Cullen. Now, would not the Cardinal be something more or less than humiliated if he did not personally feel deeply mortified at this distinction? But if he were humble enough not to feel it or resent it as a prelate, must he not painfully feel it as a humiliation to his Church and to his nation, as well as an indignity to the Pope, whom he specially represents, and who in his present tribulation may be supposed to be more than usually sensitive? Consider the contrast. Archbishop Trench is a great State functionary, who is the first to sign Government proclamations that may lead to collisions between the people and the military, and to bloodshed. Archbishop Cullen is the spiritual chief of the race against which these proclamations are directed. Archbishop Trench takes precedence of the Lord Chancellor on all State occasions. Archbishop Cullen has no *status* at all—the Queen cannot know him. Archbishop Trench has £6,569 net a year from the State. Archbishop Cullen, who ministers to the mass of the people in the same diocese, has not a shilling. Archbishop Trench is an Englishman, lately appointed to what is, practically, the highest position in the Irish Establishment, and belongs to the Irish aristocracy whose power has been always identified with Protestant ascendancy. Archbishop Cullen belongs to the people, which that ascendancy had continued to trample under foot up to the period when these archbishops were boys. Is it reasonable, then, to expect that the “tone” of Cardinal Cullen’s speeches and pastorals should always sweetly accord with the notes of the National Anthem, that he should sing “God save the Queen” as fervently as he sings “God save Ireland?”

We may judge of the perverting influence of the Irish Church and State system from the fact that a learned and amiable prelate like Archbishop Trench, who believes himself to be a successor of the apostles, sees nothing incongruous with his sacred mission in these political functions. If he saw them in their true light, he must believe that St. Peter or St. Paul would suffer his right hand to be cut off or burned before he would sign those anti-Fenian proclamations. He would say to the Government, "My Master's kingdom is not of this world: the weapons of *our* warfare are not carnal." He would tell the people, indeed, that the magistrate bears not the sword in vain; that he is a terror to evil-doers. But the apostle would not be a magistrate,—would not bear the sword,—would not be a terror, nor sign terror-striking proclamations. He would say that he was a minister of peace; that, as an ambassador of **CHRIST**, he came beseeching men to be reconciled to God. He would not preach the Gospel of peace from a fortress full of troops, with mounted guns menacing sinners from its battlements. Let us suppose the converse of the case. Let us suppose Archbishop Cullen, the chief minister of a mere fraction of the population, to be a State functionary ranking above the Lord Chancellor, and as such signing proclamations to put down Orange processions, the Orangemen belonging to the majority of the nation, and feeling bitterly their real or imaginary grievances. What would Englishmen think of that state of things? Would they be surprised if the tone of Protestant bishops was not quite as loyal as might be desired? When will nations and churches learn to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them?

The contrast existing in Dublin between the Archbishop of the dominant sect and the Archbishop of the subject millions is seen in every city and parish of the island. The bitter feeling roused by it penetrates everywhere throughout Catholic society, cutting like an east wind. It produces the most offensive ecclesiastical snobbery to be found in Christendom. The meanest curate deems himself incomparably superior to the most respectable parish priest, or even to the Roman Catholic bishop. The Protestant curate may be a plebeian, the son of a small farmer or shopkeeper, like the clergyman upon whom he looks down. But good society overlooks his plebeianism in the encircling dignity of a privileged corporation. He may become a rector, a dean, a bishop. The liberal bursaries of the Endowed Schools have enabled him to pass freely through the Dublin University, which exists mainly for the benefit of the Establishment; and through that magnificently-endowed institution the son of a humble peasant may find his way to a bishopric and a seat in the House of Peers. But in a country cursed more than any other in Europe with the odious exclusiveness of so-called "gentle blood,"

there is nothing to redeem the plebeianism of the Catholic priest. Few of the Catholic nobility or gentry devote themselves to the clerical profession in Ireland, and of those few scarcely any are in the ranks of the secular clergy, or engaged in parochial duty. Consequently, the Irish gentry do not "know" the Catholic priest. They are not met in what is called good society. No matter how eminent may be their talents, or how great their influence with the people, or their usefulness in promoting social order, they are shunned by the landed gentry and their families, except when a general election is coming on. Then the young scion of some noble house or some Whig proprietor of the county, may condescend to ask a parish priest to dinner for the sake of his "vote and influence."

In the controversies between Protestants and Roman Catholics the charge of "idolatry" is often freely brought against the Church of Rome. In England the most zealous Protestants, with some rare exceptions like Mr. Whalley, would be content to regard the charge of idolatry merely in the abstract, and would not associate it practically with the Catholic clergy whom they meet in society, and whose "Holy Orders" they admit to be valid, not merely in churches established by law, but even where they are supported by the voluntary system. In Ireland, however, the charge of idolatry is terribly concrete, and almost odiously personal. Protestant lords of the soil, bearing the commission of the peace, have refused to sell or let plots of ground for the erection of Roman Catholic chapels, simply and avowedly because they believed the Roman Catholic worship to be "idolatrous," and they could not conscientiously allow its being performed on their estates. The great majority of the Irish Protestants and the Anglican clergy, with rare exceptions, view the subject in the same light, and regard the Roman Catholic clergyman as an idolatrous priest, with whom it is contamination to come into personal contact. Protestant Dissenters of all denominations are infected with the spirit of the Establishment on this, and many other points. They live under its shadow—it chills their charity and blights the human race. I remember a case which strikingly illustrates this feeling. About thirty years ago the Rev. Josiah Wilson was the much-respected minister of a small Presbyterian congregation in Drogheda. There was some pressing distress in the town at the time; and at the request of the Relief Committee Mr. Wilson, and one of the parish priests went round from house to house to collect funds. The priest, venturing to make some advance towards breaking down the social barrier that separated Protestants and Catholics, took the arm of the reverend companion as they walked along the street. Instantly the Presbyterian minister stopped short, and disengaging himself, ran into a shop, and when he returned, he thrust his umbrella under his arm next to the priest. The incident was noticed in the newspaper.

Mr. Wilson published a letter in one of the journals, in which indicated the course he had adopted, declaring that he felt "a ll of horror" run through his frame the moment the priest's hand laid on his arm !

Now, let any one consider the effect of an occurrence like that upon whole Roman Catholic population, which the hostile action of the e has enabled the hierarchy to unite so closely, that on all such ects it may be said they feel with one heart and think with one n. To what do they ascribe such wounds as these which pierce he quick the national honour and the national conscience ? They eve that the foul stigma of *idolatry* is branded upon them and their gy by the British Government, and that they are thus degraded insulted, for the sake of the Established Church, at the instigation ts ministers. The Irish subjects of the Queen are not a stupid . They are well aware that the priests of Hindooism and Maho-anism have been recognised and endowed, while their own clergy, of the most exemplary in Christendom, are degraded by the e, and vilified by the ruling classes of their country. They have r told again and again by the organs of those classes that this em of ascendancy on the one side, and degradation on the other, aintained by the will of the English people, guaranteed by the of Union, and that it must be maintained at all hazards to the of time. Who, then, is so blinded by prejudice as not to see in Church Establishment one of the principal and most vital roots 'enianism ? The Fenians, and those who sympathise with them, air of any constitutional remedy for this state of things. The ians want to show that their object is not sectarian, but national, ot to substitute one Church ascendancy for another ; and they te the co-operation of Protestants as well as Catholics. There- they have not mentioned the Established Church among their vances. With them the upas-tree which poisons all national life Ireland is British domination. Why, then, they say, waste time energy in the effort to lop off one of its branches ? Their policy ot to prune, but to eradicate.

These are times when it might be supposed that the clergy of a ll minority of the population, in the enjoyment of exclusive pri- ges and large national revenues, would be very careful to avoid ing offence "to them that are without." It is admitted that the arch is in danger, and that even the State is in danger on account the Church. A year ago there was an open rebellion in Ireland ; edily crushed, no doubt, but at great cost, by overwhelming military ce, protracted special commissions, the suspension of the consti- tion, and the deportation of a considerable number of Irishmen as nvicts supported at the public expense. But the multiplication of ctims on the altar of justice served only to increase tenfold the

number of the disaffected, and to alienate more widely than ever the hearts of the Queen's subjects from the constituted authorities. During the year that has just passed, marked in our calendar by open rebellion, audacious defiance of law, State prosecutions, and suspended liberties, what has been the *tone* of the great functionaries of the State Church towards the four millions and a half of the Irish population among whom the few scattered Protestant families are mixed throughout three provinces of the island? Considering the difficulties of the British Government in connection with the Irish Church question—considering the odium which the Establishment brings upon England throughout the civilised world—considering the breakers ahead which menace its very existence—we might expect that, if not gratitude, if not loyalty, if not the love of peace at least common prudence would restrain the Irish bishops from the use of unchristian and irritating language towards the Roman Catholic priests and people by whom they are surrounded. It would not be an extraordinary stretch of charity in the Anglican prelates, who live in palaces, enjoy princely revenues, and rejoice in the style and title of “Lords Spiritual,” if they, in their Charges, adopted a tone of conciliation towards the toiling and tax-paying millions who conscientiously disown their ministry, and towards liberal men of all classes who firmly believe that Protestantism in Ireland is injured and impeded by its connection with the State. Yet these Lords Spiritual, when they condescend to plead, do not make the least allowance for conscientious convictions; or a sincere regard for the spiritual interests of the Church, in those who differ from them about the expediency of its connection with the State. On the contrary, they denounce all such persons as “enemies,” “foes,” “spoliators,” “robbers,” “plunderers,” “calumniators,” &c. For example, I take the Charge of the Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Verschoyle, not a fierce zealot, or an impassioned declaimer, but a mild, quiet, cold, dignified divine. It is not an extemporaneous effusion. It was written carefully, after months of meditation; it was delivered successively to the clergy of the three united dioceses over which he presides, and then printed, revised, and published for the edification of the Church in general. Very solemnly, as if before the throne of Eternal Justice—“on the great day of visitation,” he reviewed the position of the Church. In doing so, he alluded to the Roman Catholic hierarchy as having justly forfeited its title to the Church endowment because it did not preach “the Gospel;” because of “the detection of gross errors and abuses,” which had converted the Church for many ages into a “synagogue of Satan.” Consequently it was only a righteous judgment of God that the Roman Catholic priests, whose property was confiscated, should, like the unfaithful branch of the family of Aaron, “crouch for a morsel of bread;” or “that ~~the~~

who still adhere to them should be in the humiliating position of asking alms for their support." The clergy of the Irish nation, as distinguished from the Anglican colony, are not only taunted with their poverty in all the high-flown insolence of a State-pampered prelate—it is further alleged that the "entrance of the Romish bishops,"—in the reign of Elizabeth,—was like that of "a thief climbing over the wall." Bishop Verschoyle has the Catholic sat his feet, and he kicks them thus:—"What we complain of is that now, when Roman Catholics have been relieved from all pains and penalties on account of their religion, through the forbearance and toleration of Protestants; and when, after they had *crouched at the door of Parliament and the feet of the nation*, with the most solemn assurance that they would never employ political privileges, if conceded to them, for the overthrow of the Established Church," &c. After picturing the five millions of Roman Catholics crouching at the door of Parliament, and at the feet of the (English) nation, this gentle prelate, turning his polite attention to their Church, speaks of her, not as a Christian society, not as a civilised society, not as a human society, but as a ravening and all-devouring wild beast. He says, in a note (p. 8):—"This will at least justify us in distrusting the promise that if the Church and land questions were settled, Ireland would be content and tranquil. Any settlement short of an absorption of the whole ecclesiastical and lay property of the realm into the maw of the Romish Church would never content the agitators who are and have been troubling the waters," &c. Another specimen of the refined rhetoric with which this meek evangelical bishop, in his most studied utterances, edifies his clergy will suffice:—"Should the British Parliament consent to *degrade* the weaker sister Church in Ireland to a level with the Church of Rome, as a recognised teacher of the people, it will spit in the face of the English Church, who must share in the degradation which the other suffers" (p. 15).

Now, my argument is that no divine who did not believe that he belonged to a superior caste, who did not enjoy, or hope to enjoy, a large interest in the rich inheritance of a small monopolising minority, would thus deliberately write about the clergy of another religious denomination. It is almost certain that no other body of Christians in the world would be reviled and insulted by Bishop Verschoyle in terms so coarse, and by comparisons so odious—I might say, so brutal. It is only those who have imbibed from childhood the spirit of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland that could so far forget themselves.

Let us consider the effect of the Bishop's Charge on the Irish priests and people. It was delivered at Cavan, at Longford, and at Elphin. It was noticed in the newspapers. It was alluded to probably in every Roman Catholic chapel in the three or four coun-

ties included in his lordship's extensive diocese. Not only every priest but every national schoolmaster, read and talked about it with indignant feelings. This Church question is not a question merely or chiefly, of pounds, shillings, and pence. It touches feelings in the Irish heart deeper and stronger than the love of money. Probably there is not a Catholic peasant in Ireland who would not prefer seeing his only pig driven to the pound and sold for tithes, witnessing the humiliation of his priest, and seeing the priest of the rival Church crowing over him, and insulting him as a crouching mendicant. There is, therefore, no exaggeration in the language of Louis Blanc, who, in one of his "Letters on England," remarks "There is no room to question the fact that what, more than any other thing, irritates the Irish, exasperates them, fires their blood, gnaws at their heart, is the domination of priests who, in their eyes, are wolves at the door of the sheepfold."

I need scarcely remark that the bishops of the *degraded* Church feel most keenly these attacks upon the hierarchy. But what poisons the weapon that inflicts the rankling wound is the fact that the man who wields it is not only a rival bishop, but a *Sí paid bishop*, appointed by the Sovereign on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. And some of the most arrogant and offensive of them have been placed on their vantage-ground in the Irish garrison by the head of a Liberal administration. Lord Palmerston was not orthodox: he believed that infants are born without taint of Adam's sin, and he did not believe that cholera was sent as a national punishment for the favour shown to "Popery." But he was, nevertheless, regarded as an inspired bishop-maker, because he elevated to the bench in Ireland men whom the Evangelical party recommended as sound Protestants. It is certainly not the least strange part of the administration of Irish affairs, that at a time when conciliation of the Roman Catholic people ought to be promoted in every legitimate way, the Government should elevate to the high places in the Establishment clergymen of such strong prejudices and fanatical tempers, that they think they are honouring God by serving Protestantism by delivering the most inflammatory Charges. It is not of the chief ministers of the grave and staid Anglican Church that it should be said—

"They rave, recite, and madden all the land."

It may be supposed that the Charge of the Bishop of Kilmore is exceptional. Doubtless it is so to some extent in the coarseness of its vituperation, but not in the exclusive spirit of its assumption. Dr. Lee, Archdeacon of Dublin, was selected by the Lord Primate to preach the sermon at the consecration of the present Bishop of Derry in the cathedral at Armagh. He was also selected by the Archbishop of Dublin to preach at his grace's last annual visita-

the sermon being delivered in lieu of the episcopal charge. These two sermons, thus sanctioned by the two archbishops, have been published together with this title, "The Position and Prospects of the Church in Ireland." The present crisis has roused the Irish Protestant gentry from one end of the island to the other—has made them forget their distance, relax their *hauteur*, and set them to implore Presbyterians and Wesleyans to come forward in defence of the menaced Establishment as the bulwark of Protestantism. While the aristocracy, the gentry, and the fast diminishing section of the clergy called "Evangelical" stood at Hillsborough and elsewhere in this supplicating attitude, Archdeacon Lee came forth, *ex cathedrâ*, with the following enunciation of Church principles:—"Combined with the unwavering maintenance of apostolic truth, it is the uninterrupted inheritance of apostolic succession which constitutes the indefeasible title of the Established Church of these kingdoms to the allegiance of all their inhabitants. It is this fact which renders the intrusion of a Roman episcopate and of a body of Roman clergy within the limits of the United Church, on any principle of revealed truth, or canon law, or ancient precedent, uncatholic and schismatical."

In the same sermon, at the consecration of the Bishop of Derry, the Archdeacon said:—"When I mention the name of Bramhall, I propose an example than which few are brighter in the annals of any church. Assuredly, to emulate the labours of such a predecessor is an object sufficient to stimulate the highest energies, and to kindle the warmest zeal."

Bishop Bramhall occupied the see of Derry in the reign of Charles I. He was one of the principal instruments employed by the Lord Deputy Strafford and Archbishop Laud to make their master the most absolute prince in Christendom. They established in Dublin a "High Commission," to support the ecclesiastical courts and officers, "to bring the people to a conformity of religion," and to "raise a good revenue for the Crown." In pursuance of the first object, proceedings were taken to exterminate Presbyterianism in Ulster; in pursuance of the second object, proceedings were taken against the London Companies which had estates in the county of Londonderry; and in the year 1637 they were sentenced to pay to the Crown the enormous fine of £70,000; their patent was revoked, their lands were seized in the name of the king; and Bishop Bramhall was appointed Receiver-General of all their Irish revenues. If any one in Ireland breathed a word of objection to these arbitrary and rapacious proceedings, he was at once crushed through the instrumentality of the Dublin Star Chamber. And this is the example which the Archdeacon of Dublin, in the presence of the Lord Primate Beresford, exhorts Dr. Alexander, the new Bishop

of Derry, to emulate, as one of the brightest in the annals of a church! Fortunately, if this amiable and accomplished prelate were disposed to follow such an example, he could not invoke the aid of Star Chamber to expel the Presbyterians from his diocese; nor could he, without a revolution very like what the Fenians are seeking, get the estates of the London Companies confiscated, and himself appointed Receiver-General. I allude to these historical facts for the purpose of showing the sort of Churchmen the present heads of the Irish Establishment hold up to the clergy and people as pattern saints. I do not say that they are inconsistent in doing so. On the contrary, I believe that they are only carrying out the spirit of the canon law which they are sworn to observe. But this fact renders still more serious the question—Should the bishop of a community little larger than the population of the county of Cork was in 1851 be invested with the privileges and powers of a national Church Establishment in the midst of a race which the ascendancy has so often goaded into sedition, that it is now hardened in disaffection?

In the sermon which, as archdeacon, Dr. Lee preached for the Archbishop in St. Patrick's Cathedral, he set forth still more emphatically the exclusive claims of the Episcopalian community in Ireland. "Now," he says, "the present position and prospects of the Church of Ireland seem to render it of special importance that her members at large should fully understand the nature of her claims upon the allegiance. . . . The present juncture specially calls upon us to urge upon our people the distinctive claims of our Church." Then he goes on to show (p. 35) how this is to be done. "The course to be adopted must be the fearless and unswerving assertion by the clergy of the claims of our ancient Church of Ireland; the plain setting forth of the great truth that this Church, as purified at the Reformation, is the sole community in this land, which, by God's blessing, possesses in full measure both scriptural truth and apostolic order; the careful exposition to our people that any deviation from the principles which are embodied in our Church's formular—whether that deviation be to the right hand or to the left, is so forth a departure from the faith once delivered to the saints. On such principles, and on such principles alone, can we call upon our people to rally in defence of the Church. On such principles, and on such principles alone, can we fearlessly encounter the menacing dangers."

[7] This is certainly raising the issue very fairly. There is no mistake about the colours, and the trumpet does not give an uncertain sound. But surely the two archbishops and their suffragans, and their archdeacons and deans, cannot expect the Presbyterians and the Wesleyans to rally for the defence of the E

blishment under such a banner! Nor is it likely that the laity of the Established Church itself will very eagerly fight its battles.

The Bishop of Cork (Dr. Gregg) is quite as martial as his High Church brethren on the bench; but if a fight came, it is not at all certain that he would not be found knocking the mitres off some of their Ritualistic lordships. No prophet of Israel ever more vehemently denounced the priests of Baal. What does he care for their patrician rank or their patristic learning? It is enough for him that they resemble the *Irish* ministers of Antichrist. Accordingly he laughs them to scorn as blind idolaters—to use his own words, “blind and besotted; dark amid the blaze of noon;” worshipping the Maker of heaven and earth “in a few drops of common wine, and in a small portion of wheat bread, and then preposterously and profanely eat, drink, and consume them.”

The Roman Catholics of Queenstown held an indignation meeting to denounce this as a gross insult to their Church. I make no comment on the taste evinced in the phrases, “a few drops of common wine,” “a small portion of wheat bread,” and “preposterously and profanely,” as applied to the communion, either in the Church of England or the Church of Rome. No doubt it was the latter he had in his mind in his grand peroration, which winds up thus: “The English laity, the great body of the Church, are amongst the foremost men of all the world; they hate *idolatry* as their fathers did, for they know that it blights where it breathes, and desolates where it comes; it is a creeping pestilence,” &c. Bishop Gregg knew what he was about when lauding the English people as “the happy breed of men,” “the foremost men of all the world.” He wants them to stand by the Irish Establishment. “We have many steadfast friends,” he says, “in and out of Parliament, noble and true-hearted men among the peers and prelates of England; troops of friends we have multitudinous in number among the gentry and middle classes of Protestant England.” But what does he say of the English statesmen, including some of the Cabinet, that made him a bishop, who believe that sound policy and justice require the disestablishment of the Irish Church? He declares authoritatively that the State has no right to alienate the property of the Church, and if it did so, it would be like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar and set fire to its own nest. He knows “that political power and party objects would be gladly purchased by men of wicked and worldly ambition, at any sacrifice, whether of Irish Church, or English, or both. . . . Many such men no doubt there be whose hearts are not right with God; *who are set on fire with unholy lust of power, or place, or pelf.*”

If from any member of the bench we might expect comprehensive views and large national sympathies, it would be the Bishop of

Limerick. Dr. Graves was for many years President of the Royal Irish Academy, and was the author of some learned papers on Irish antiquities. His diocese has a total population of 394,562, of which only 11,122 are members of the Established Church. For taking care of this small fraction of the population the Bishop receives a round number of £4,000 a year net; while his clergy enjoy a net revenue of £12,000. Now, when Bishop Graves, the liberal, the learned divine, whose antiquarian pursuits might be supposed to have inspired national sympathies, found himself in the midst of a Roman Catholic population of 246,300 souls, how did he act? Why he followed the example of the State, and simply ignored them. In passing through the country he saw nothing but an odd Protestant here and there like an exotic in a wood, and to the culture of this rare plant he carefully and tenderly applied his learning and piety, with the aid of his assistant gardeners, all the other trees that grew thickly around him being entirely unheeded. Yet, oddly enough, he calls the diocese "a portion of our Master's vineyard," and says "Others planted and watered, and trained and pruned; and God vouchsafed to give the increase. I have had the happiness to stand by while the fruit was counted and gathered into the garner. How true! but he never mentions the real workmen who did the planting and watering and training, and were obliged to gather and count the fruit for *others*. Nor is this want of candour to be ascribed to the fact that his lordship did not discuss the Establishment question. He did discuss it, and spoke as scornfully as a Tory of those "who *clamour* for the disendowment of our Church. He owns, indeed, that the position of the Protestant clergy is *unnatural*, and in many ways disadvantageous;" but he consoles himself with the reflection that his clergy form a valuable body of resident gentry; that the preponderance of wealth and intelligence in this country is on the side of Protestantism; that the Protestant Church has been "an abundant source of blessings to the poor, a powerful engine of civilisation, the nurse of loyalty, the champion of freedom, the guardian of a pure faith." Yet I am afraid that when the Queen looks there for sweet and wholesome fruit she will find little but the "wild grapes" or sour crabs of Fenianism. In this matter, the present system is to be maintained because, says Bishop Graves, the transference of part of the revenues of the Establishment to the Roman Catholic clergy "would give intense dissatisfaction to the Protestant inhabitants of Ireland, whose loyalty and attachment to existing institutions is one of the best guarantees for order and prosperity in the country." It is true he puts these and like arguments in the mouths of other advocates. But he adopts them as his own, and deliberately comes to this conclusion concerning

ing the Establishment: "IT IS NOT A TREE TO BE CUT DOWN BECAUSE FRUIT IS LOOKED FOR IN VAIN UPON ITS BRANCHES."

I conclude by asking my readers to reflect upon two points. First, the feeling with which the Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and people must regard the position of the Establishment; and the conviction it must work in their minds and hearts that there is no hope of justice from a Government that maintains such a state of things, and threatens to maintain it for ever by sheer military force. Second, that the defenders of the Establishment, lay and clerical, at all their public meetings frankly admit that its existence depends solely and entirely upon the *will* of the ENGLISH PEOPLE.

JAMES GODKIN.

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.

WITHIN the last few years a railway mania has broken out in Russia. The Central Government has given the initiative, but the movement is not purely official. In projecting, surveying, and actually constructing railways, provincial governors, district assemblies, associations of merchants, not only second the initiative of their superiors, but act on their own account. The Russian newspapers teem with paragraphs announcing new projects, or some step taken in carrying them out, while leading articles discuss, at great length and with no little fervour, the comparative advantages of rival schemes. It is possible that a good deal of this excitement, as it is reported of other movements in Russia, is got up for the benefit of foreigners. The Government may borrow more easily abroad by presenting a show of evidence that the railways for which money is ostensibly sought, are really being made. It may also be useful to impress European nations, rivals or allies of Russia, with the notion that the material resources of the empire are being rapidly strengthened. But, whatever allowances may be made on these accounts, there is plainly a great deal of substance behind the show. The sincerity of the Government is shown in the extensive employment of soldiers to make the preliminary works; the sincerity of the people, in the rapid execution of certain lines—such as that from Riajsk to Morchansk, which has been constructed in fifteen months—with little Government aid. The truth is that in devoting all the energies of the empire to making railways, the Russian Government and people are only doing the work of most immediate necessity—simply giving proof that they appreciate at last one of the most powerful agencies for increasing the national wealth. Few countries need railways more than Russia, with enormous spaces intervening between important centres of industry, and between her grain-fields and the sea. It is every way credible that the labour so essential and so long neglected is correctly represented as now calling forth the activity of the whole nation.

The reasons are on the surface why this great movement of a power like Russia should attract the attention of her neighbours. Commercially, those who trade with Russia must have the benefit of measures which increase enormously the possible amount of her transactions. It is no small matter that a population like that of European Russia should be doubling its commercial force. The calculation is soberly made that the increased facilities for pouring Russian corn into the markets of Europe will permanently lower the price of bread. The military force of Russia must also be entirely transformed. Her appearance of magnitude and strength is

at present somewhat deceptive. Enormous legions are of little use if you cannot move them ; if you must disperse them in widely-separated garrisons unable to support each other. Railways will make all the difference. The force of Russia will become by this means as mobile as that of a nation of smaller area ; and perhaps for the first time the full weight of her numbers will begin to be felt. Changes so great might have passed without remark, had the Russian movement commenced sooner, ere the effect of railways in war had been illustrated by experiment ; or even now, were the progress only gradual. It is the suddenness of the threatened changes, and the certainty of their effect, which make them so striking. What, then, is the actual rate of progress ? And in what order are the various lines being made ? On the answer to these questions depends any exact estimate of the revolution going on, and perhaps the solution of some doubts as to the immediate policy of Russia.

It must be distinctly understood that until the present mania, which has been at its height for about a twelvemonth, set in, nothing to speak of had been done. Grand projects had been formed ; foreign companies had received favourable concessions ; but to whatever cause owing, the result was small. According to an official chart and explanatory comment published in 1866, the works then executed and opened for traffic were about 2,500 miles in length. This is a ridiculously small mileage when the map of Russia is looked at,—hardly enough for a single trunk railway from north to south, or from Warsaw to the Siberian frontier. The mention of the places connected shows yet more strikingly the slightness of the impression which had been made. The most important lines are those from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and from St. Petersburg to Moscow ; the former 800, the latter 400 miles in length. These represent, indeed, the only approach to a network which had been made, the linking together of the two Russian capitals with each other, and with the capital of the Polish annexe. The connection of Moscow, however, with Warsaw, and thence with Europe, being by way of St. Petersburg, is a very roundabout one. The other lines on the list include three proceeding in different directions from Moscow towards the Volga, namely, northward to Serguievsk, in the direction of Jaroslav ; eastward to Nijni-Novgorod ; and south-eastward to Kozlov ; altogether nearly 600 miles in length. Besides these there is a line from Riga, 140 miles long, to Dunaburg, on the St. Petersburg and Warsaw line, the beginning but only the beginning of a line to Orel, an important town situated about 250 miles south of Moscow, and occupying a prominent position in all the projected systems of Russian railways. There are also various Polish lines, extending to about 450 miles, including a line proceeding eastward from Warsaw in the direction of Moscow as far as Brzesc-Litevsky, situated on the Bug.

Add to these about 50 miles of railway to various places near St. Petersburg; a line in Finland, from Helsingfors to Tavasthus, 68 miles in length; a short branch connecting the Don with the Volga; and a line from Aksai, at the mouth of the Don, northwards to Grouchevka; last of all, a line from Odessa northwards to Balta, with a branch to Tiraspol on the Dniester; and the list is complete of the lines which, in 1866, could be reckoned as finished. Plainly there are here only hints of a system, even if we include the whole length from Riga to Orel, the execution of which had been arranged and shortly afterwards was completed as far as Vitepsk, about half way from Riga to Orel. It may also be questioned whether the districts selected for the lines, the poverty-stricken lands of the north were those whose development was likely to be most remunerative.

Such, however, is the basis from which the present start was made—by comparison with which we must estimate what is being done. In doing so, one is at first sight bewildered by the number of proposals and the variety of methods in which the construction of lines is provided for. It may be of use in disentangling the mass to fix our attention first on the lines which have been opened since 1866, or are now in progress, and among them to distinguish those which fit in as part of a general system. It happens to be chiefly the latter which the Government favour, and by this method we shall see more clearly the ends they are pursuing. The first conclusion is important. The completion of anything like a perfect system is not looked for immediately. Such a system would necessarily include two sets of lines—one running north-west from the Black Sea, the Sea of Azoph, the Don, and the Volga, to the Baltic; the others, intersecting the first set, and connecting them with the railways of Germany and Austria. The general purpose is to enable the produce of the South to be directed at pleasure to the Baltic or Black Sea ports, or direct by railway to the markets of other European countries; while the second set of railways, facilitating the transport of troops and material to the western frontier, is of especial importance in a military view. Now the least that will be necessary to provide for these objects are the present lines from the Baltic—viz., from Riga and St. Petersburg to Orel and Moscow respectively, the two inland termini being connected, and various lines proceeding from each to gather up the produce of the south, while the intersecting lines, in addition to the present one between Warsaw and St. Petersburg, should be a direct line from Warsaw to Moscow, and another from the Austrian frontier in Galicia to Kiev and Orel, terminating on the Volga. For the present, however, these intersecting lines are almost left out of sight and of three southern lines from Orel, which have long been projected, the Russian Government only prosecutes two. It supports a trunk line of the south from Moscow by Orel to Kursk, and thence

a branch by Kiev to Odessa, and another by Kharkov to the Sea of Azoph, with a junction line between the two branches from Kharkov to Balta. The favourite project of a line from Orel to Sebastopol, intermediate between the other two branches, is not among those which are regarded as of first necessity by the Russian Government.

Our first inquiry, therefore, comes to be—what progress is being made with these more important branches? With regard to one of them the answer is almost nothing. The line from Kursk to the Sea of Azoph (480 miles) is as yet untouched. Quite recently the Russian Government was still engaged in negotiations with a private company for the execution of the scheme. Whether an arrangement has now been made or not, nothing can be done till the spring, though it is probable a beginning will then be made. The other branch, however, including the line from Moscow to Orel, is in a different condition, being forward enough to give the promise of one trunk line from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Excluding the section between Odessa and Balta, which was open in 1866, the works now proceeding are divided into three separate sections at different stages of advancement. The first between Moscow and Kursk (350 miles) has been in hands since 1864, and may be considered quite finished. It was lately opened for traffic as far as Serpoukhof; it is understood to be ready for opening as far as Orel; the works between Orel and Kursk were far enough advanced to allow of the Emperor Alexander travelling by it from Kursk to Moscow during his last autumn tour. The second section between Kursk and Kiev (292 miles) is also very far advanced; the embanking works finished, the line partly ballasted, the rails ready to be put down, the materials for the bridges on the spot, the stations in course of construction. There is some reason, then, for the calculation that this section will be opened for traffic next autumn. The third section is comprised between Kiev and Balta, 286 miles, and should have been, but is not, equally far advanced. The private company entrusted with the execution of the work is accused of proceeding so slowly, that the energetic interference of the Governor-General of the province was required to push on operations. The company had had some difficulty in obtaining labour, and would have stood still but for the assistance of some thousands of soldiers and military workmen, who were placed in their employ. No date is assigned for the termination of these works, and perhaps some period in the course of next year will be the soonest practicable. Not till then will Moscow have direct communication with Odessa, though it may have such communication with Kiev, if all goes well, in the course of the present year. It will be observed, however, that of all the lines to proceed from Orel, and gather up the produce of the south for transmission to the Baltic, only that to Kursk and Kiev will

soon be in existence, although the lines converging at Moscow in addition to their present access to the Baltic by the St. Petersburg and Moscow line will be enabled by the line from Moscow to Orel to make use of the Riga-Orel line as well. Some progress has also been made with the junction line from Balta to Kharkov. It is already nearly completed between Balta and Elizabethgrad—a distance of about 160 miles—under the direction of Baron Ungern-Sternberg, who has headed the construction of the Odessa-Balta section and branches. The total distance still untouched between Elizabethgrad and Kharkov is 250 miles. To sum up the results as to these lines, which are the most urgently needed parts of a general system, we may say, that including the Vitepsk-Orel section, about 330 miles, and allowing that the whole line from Moscow to Odessa will be open in the spring of next year, about 1,400 miles in all out of 2,100 will have been constructed in the course of about three years. This is at the rate of rather more than 400 miles per annum, and may serve to indicate the length of time which must elapse before the other parts selected for favour are complete. Their length being 700 miles, their opening cannot be looked for till about two years after 1869. The calculation is perhaps rather too favourable. It may be late in 1869 before the line is complete between Moscow and Odessa, while the construction of a considerable part of the 1,400 miles has been proceeding since 1864.

With regard to lines made outside of the main system, the most important facts are the extension of a line from Riazan, on the line between Moscow and Kozlov, to Morschansk, a distance of 90 miles; and the continuation of the Kozlov line to Voronej, 160 miles. By these extensions the importance of the lines converging at Moscow is very much increased; few districts in Russia being more important than those of Voronej and Tambov, which they supply with means of communication. These are the only lines which have been actually made or are very far advanced, even among those which are considered urgent although they are not trunk lines. Several of these have, however, been commenced. On a branch from the Kiev-Balta section towards Volostchisk on the frontier of Austrian Galicia—112 miles—half the embankment has been made; a short branch—43 miles—from Tiraspol on the Dniester to Kichinef, in Bessarabia, is also in progress; and totally disconnected from all these, on a line from Poti to Tiflis in Georgia, 160 miles in length, the preliminary works have been executed by the Government, and a company has engaged to finish them in the course of three years. An important, though short branch of those considered urgent, viz., from the Kiev-Balta section to the manufacturing town of Berdytchef—18 miles—is still, like the trunk line from Kursk to the Sea of Azoph, entirely untouched. The total length of all these unfinished branches, however, is only about 340 miles; and

speed with which the Morschansk and Voronej extensions have prosecuted, their completion may be accomplished easily in the of two years.

are the bare facts as to what is actually being done, or is ed by the Government as most important. This being the case, ght discuss the changes fairly in prospect, without noticing at numerous projects and surveys which have been made. But ssible that some of these—like the continuation of the Moscow- line to Voronej—may be advanced *pari passu* with the more works, through the activity of local governors and private nies. A statement of them will indicate, besides, the extent of y-making required in Russia for the satisfaction of its first ties.

t in importance comes the project to fill up the interval between -Litevski and Moscow, on the transverse line between Moscow ar saw. According to the latest reports, this section, which for ime has been warmly advocated by the *Moscow Gazette*, has now ken under the especial patronage of the Government, and the are to be commenced in the spring. Next to this, we may the project of a line from Kharkov to the southern shore of imea—the old Sebastopol line—as well as a branch from ethgrad to the important workshop of Nicholaef, on the Dnieper, will have the incidental effect of turning the rapids on that nd connecting the navigation in its upper and lower course. complete the trunk-lines proceeding from Orel southwards. ve also to note the beginning of a third trunk-line from the in the proposal of a branch line from Vitepsk southwards to v, in the direction of Kiev. This would furnish the most direct Russia from Odessa to ports in the Baltic, and from all those f the south in easy communication with Kiev.

come next to two projects of double importance, as opening s into the Siberian and Tartar possessions of Russia, and serving rpose of the intersecting lines in a general system. The first berian line, which has been thoroughly surveyed from Sarapol Kama, one of the eastern affluents of the Volga, to Tiumen in , already a rival of the better-known town of Irbit. This line ass through the most important mining and manufacturing s of the Ural mountains, including the border city of Ekater-. The districts concerned have warmly adopted the proposal, e people of the government of Kazan propose to supplement it line from their city to Sarapol in one direction, and to Nijni- ord in another—by that means linking the Siberian railway the general railway system. The total distance is nearly miles. Without the supplement, it may be remarked that the ion between Sarapol and Tiumen will greatly facilitate the

Siberian trade, providing, as it does, for the most difficult part of the journey between Moscow and Irkutsk. Between Nijni-Novgorod and Sarapol there is already water communication by means of the Volga and the Kama; and from Tiumen there is a water communication by the Siberian rivers as far eastward as Tomsk, capable of easy extension to Irkutsk. It is on the border between Europe and Asia that it is necessary to substitute a railroad for the present arduous paths. The second project is that of a line into Tartary, which has also been thoroughly surveyed from Samara on the Volga to Orenburg on the Ural, through which lies the chief caravan route from Russia into her Tartar possessions. Like the Siberian scheme, it is supplemented by a project for effecting a direct railway communication between it and the general system. This is to be done by extending the Riazan-Morchansk line through Penza to Samara; and the proposal is eagerly supported by the localities interested. The total distance will be about 700 miles. The Russians contemplate in future the prolongation of the Orenburg line to the Sea of Aral, and even to Tashkend, in the heart of Tartary; but the time has not yet come for surveying or pushing forward these projects. A railway through the Kirghese steppe will be a most formidable enterprise.

To these schemes we must add a number of projects of a more modest description,—a line from Riga to Mittau, the works of which have been commenced; a line from Kowno to Libau on the Baltic; a project competing with this last for a line between Königsberg and Pinsk, passing by Bialystok, on the Warsaw-St. Petersburg line; a line from Viatka on the Volga, in the government of Perm, to Vytchegda on the Dwina, opening up a path into the interior from the now languishing port of Archangel; a line from St. Petersburg by Viborg, to Helsingfors; another line from St. Petersburg to Balti Port; a line from Rybinsk on the Volga, either direct to St. Petersburg or to a station on the Moscow-St. Petersburg line; and, finally, a circle railway for St. Petersburg, on the model of the circle railway of Berlin, to connect together the various lines which will be coming into it from all directions when these schemes are carried out. What have been mentioned may not be all the projects put forward, but with hardly an exception, they are receiving more or less of official countenance, or are promoted by those who are locally interested. Their total length will not be far short of 5,000 miles.

This is what has to be done in Russia, in addition to the more advanced works we have already described, before the country can possess anything like a perfect network, embracing all the great towns of the centre and the south, and stretching out its giant antennæ to the confines of Asia and the gates of Western Europe. It is useless to speculate what time must be consumed in effecting

much. Everything will depend on the progress of the next few years, but at the rate of 500 miles to be given to the public in each year, about ten years must elapse before the system would be getting into shape.

It remains to point out how the successive changes now occurring may affect the position of Russia in Europe. The commercial results—the addition to the national wealth—must be both large and immediate. The traffic on the present lines gives little indication of the tide of business which must soon begin to flow. One has only to calculate that more than half the population of European Russia, between thirty and forty millions of people, will be affected by the new lines south of Moscow, to understand how these lines must be used apart from any special needs. The St. Petersburg and Moscow line passes over a distance of 400 miles without touching a single place of more importance than a village. The corresponding line south of Moscow in less than that distance passes through four important towns—Serpoukhof, with 13,000 inhabitants; Tula, the manufacturing capital of Russia, with 60,000 inhabitants; Orel, the commercial entrepôt between North and South Russia, with 32,000 inhabitants; and Kursk, nearly the size of Orel. About 290 miles further on, on the line to Odessa, lies Kiev, with a population of nearly 70,000; and Berdytchev, which lies near, and is to be joined by a branch railway, possesses upwards of 50,000. It is the same with the other lines of the south—Kharkov, Poltava, Krementchoug, Taganrog, and many other stations, being all towns of importance, the centres of manufacturing and agricultural districts. Such is the region to be opened up, partly this year, and partly in the two or three years succeeding. Then it *has* special wants to be supplied. Distance and bad roads shut it out altogether from markets to which, when the railways are open, it may send its abundant harvests. Produce will become suddenly valuable, which has literally been worth nothing. Those who were lately serfs will awake some fine morning to find themselves rich, receiving a sudden shower of gold, like the peasants of India whose crops of cotton, when the American supply failed, were suddenly demanded for the Manchester mills. The infusion of wealth, it is needless to add, will be a great addition to the resources of Russia; will perhaps help in restoring order to the finances, and equip her, if so inclined, for ambitious deeds. As to the *contre-coup* in Europe of this great movement, it will perhaps be less observable, because widely distributed over communities already so much richer than Russia. So far as it may go, it will be purely beneficial. The more Russia sells, the more she must buy, tariffs to the contrary notwithstanding. Even if the calculation should prove correct—that the price of grain will be borne down to a lower level on all our markets—there are cir-

cumstances which will make the result not so disastrous as appears at first sight to agricultural interests. Rents may fall for a time, but the tendency of the Russian agriculturists, as prosperity goes on them, will be to exact a higher reward for their labour, the permanent level of depression may be little below the average of our good seasons. In all other respects cheap food will be a gain to the communities of the West.

Of course by increasing her financial strength Russia also increases her military power; but she will do so in a far more direct way through the strategical effect of the railways. In either case it is important to observe that she must wait. Every year for ten or fifty years to come must add enormously to her means, and she cannot but be tempted from year to year to postpone all action till a great accumulation is made. She will be gaining relative weight merely lying by. It is difficult to say how long it would be judicious to wait in order to use the railways for purposes of war. Still it may be safely affirmed that the present in a Russian view can be no time for action. The only railway to the western frontier—viz., the Warsaw line—proved its utility in the last Polish insurrection, but would be of little service if Russia's quarrel was with a rival power. It would be insufficient against Prussia, being apparently exposed by passing close to the frontier of that power in East Prussia. For operating against Austria, unless in concert with Prussia, it is far too eccentric, taking Moscow or St. Petersburg as the base from which men and supplies must be despatched. Russia's real base, besides, is still farther away, in the fertile and manufacturing provinces south of Moscow, which the railways are now only beginning to enter. Towards the south and south-west the present deficiency is more glaring: only a few lines here and there—not a line that could be used in approaching Austria or Turkey. So necessary are railways now to the movement of great armies, that whether Russia has or has not "breech-loaders, men, and money," it is hardly conceivable that she would seek a great conflict until she has ready the indispensable roads.

It is very doubtful even whether the progress to be made within the next two years would make it much less injudicious for Russia to make a forward movement. Practically by that time, as we have seen, she will have got nothing more than the trunk-line from Moscow to Odessa, with perhaps a branch from near Kiev to the Austrian frontier in Galicia, and another from Odessa to Kichinev in Bessarabia; with the branch from Balta towards Kharkov pretty well advanced. The line from Orel to Riga will also be working, and through Moscow the trunk-line of the south will be virtually connected with all the railways meeting at that point. Thus from a wide area reinforcements of men and material could be sent

Galicia. The railway in this manner would be of vast utility; but it would be only one line, and therefore perhaps insufficient for the supply of an army on the largest scale. Still more the economy of force to be effected by the railways then in existence, in reducing the numbers of garrisons, and saving the time lost in marches, would be short of what is needed to let Russia mobilise an army of considerable magnitude without a superhuman strain.

But if such is to be the state of matters even a year or two hence, it must be allowed that several years afterwards the position may be greatly changed. By that time the Kursk-Taganrog line may have been constructed, as well as the junction between Balta and Kharkov. Very likely, too, the Moscow and Warsaw line will have been pushed forward. Something will also have been done in constructing the other lines of the south, and perhaps the south-eastern railways from Moscow will be extended still farther in the direction of the Volga. By these means, and when small feeders have been added to the trunk-lines, not only will the area from which troops and material can be drawn be greatly widened, but Russia will possess the three essential trunk-lines towards the west—from Kiev to Galicia, from Moscow to Brzesc-Litevski, from St. Petersburg to Warsaw—all terminating as in a common centre at Cracow, as well as the line in Bessarabia to the Turkish frontier. At the same time the preponderating numbers of Russia, assisted by the new development of wealth, will begin to tell. When a mighty force can be assembled in a few days from the borders of Siberia, and from the shores of the Black Sea and the Baltic, and launched from the Polish Quadrilateral against Vienna or Berlin, or from the south-west against Galicia or the Danubian Principalities, Europe may begin to feel that a new power—an old power so transformed as to be really new—has made its appearance on her stage.

It is a great deal, nevertheless, to put off for nearly ten years the date of this transformation. Much may happen in that time. A great revolution is going on in Russia, and only a bold prophet would venture to foretell what kind of people will emerge from the present period of transition. The railways, by bringing Russia into closer contact with the west, will not be without their influence in accelerating or modifying the changes that are taking place. External events may also alter greatly in the interval the relative position of Russia and her neighbours.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

WILLIAM BLAKE: A CRITICAL ESSAY. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
London: Hotten.

WHEN the Jews went into captivity, Jeremiah, it is said, hid the sacred Fire at the bottom of a cistern, and the holy Ark in the hollow of a rock, the entrance to which he closed with care. Later interpreters have found that the cistern signifies the symbol at the bottom of which truth is found, and the rock identified with the allegories of the law, in which the spirit is concealed. "When man," says Constant, "deluded by the folly of power, began to tyrannise over speech, the Word was fain to conceal itself in mysterious allegories, to seek analogies more abstruse, images less accessible to the common mind." But that symbolism, which began with the early oppressions to which cherished creeds were subjected, acquired presently a charm of its own, and while the corresponding faculty was strengthened, the disposition of some minds to dwell under the shadows of the greatest of their predecessors' disposition on which nearly all sects are based—secured the perpetuation of each successive envelope of truth as long as possible. This is the natural history of mysticism, which has scattered its seed throughout the world,—that has from time to time sprung up in Plotinus, Behmen, Swedenborg, Blake—and is now running to seed again in Andrew Jackson Davis, and the modern Spiritists. Neither the times at which the great mystics appear, nor the form of their oracles, are accidental; the relation of these to the current age is a subject requiring far more investigation than it has yet received. As a general rule, they would seem to come at the end of sceptical generations, and to be representatives of advancing reactions against a prevalent and inadequate materialism—itself a reaction against some previous inadequate mysticism. The human mind shares the general peristaltic movement of things, and, like the earth-span-worm, now lifts itself heavenward, now stretches itself along the earth. A century ago the human spirit was gaining its first successes in its rebellion against heaven, refusing to accept alleged Divine authority for earthly wrongs, or the joys of a future world as compensation for the inequalities of this. Thomas Paine was the Coryphæus of this movement, whose great success was the independence of America—a land thenceforth to be pitted against the heavenly Jerusalem by the materialists who made it a republic, and their allies in England and France who attempted to create an America on this side of the Atlantic. But it is hard to reason down the facts of the human soul. Without subscribing exactly to Mr. Swinburne's phrase of "the tape-yard infidelities of Paine," their impotence toward any measurement of the mysterious nature of man will be conceded by his friends, and Blake was already inaugurating on his side the era of the rebound. It is an incident to which I have lately recur with enhanced interest, that the first time I ever heard the name of William Blake mentioned, was on the occasion of an assemblage of the friends of Thomas Paine in a city of the Far West, to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. He was there named with honour as a faithful friend of Paine, whom he had rescued from his political pursuers; but no one in the meeting seem

to have any further association with Blake. Immediately after the disciple who made this allusion, there arose a "spiritualist," who proceeded to announce that the work of Paine was good, but negative; he was but the wild-honey-fed precursor of the higher religion; he prepared the way for the new revelation of the Spirits. So close did Paine and Blake come to each other again, without personal recognition, in the New World, where each had projected his visions. America was, indeed, the New Atlantis of many poets and prophets: Berkeley, Montesquieu, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey, and many others, saw the unfulfilled dreams of Humanity hovering over it; but thus far only the dreams of Paine and Blake have descended upon it—that of the former in its liberation from the governmental and religious establishments of the Old World—that of Blake, in the re-ascent of mystical beliefs which have taken the form of transcendentalism amongst the cultivated, and spiritism with the vulgar.

The tendency of mysticism throughout its history to simplify its symbols and illuminate its images, has kept pace with the extension of civil liberty. In its inception and expansion it has always been in the direction of emancipation from the letter. In the curious picture of the Stonehenge arch, with the almost fully eclipsed sun shining through, which Mr. Swinburne has happily chosen as the frontispiece of his work, Blake, however unconsciously, traced his pedigree; but in the long journey from the astronomical circles on Salisbury Plain to "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," the eclipse has perpetually waned, and the harmony of the altar with universal laws been steadily attained. Nature, ostracised by priests in every age, has been admitted in larger measure by each successive revival of mysticism; and its encroachments upon hell are notorious. Madame Guion saw an angel with a pitcher of water going to quench those flames, that man might not love God through fear. It could have been wished that Mr. Swinburne had felt equal to the rather heavy task of showing the relation of Blake to Swedenborg. Superficially there is reason enough for Blake's dislike of Swedenborg, whose temperament was without poetry or humour, and acted like a Medusa upon his hells, heavens, and angels; the English artist demonstrated the vast difference between himself and the Swedish seer in one exquisite stroke where he describes himself as using Swedenborg's volumes as weights to sink himself from a certain "glorious clime" to an iron void between the fixed stars and Saturn. Nevertheless, hard as were the fetters of Calvinism upon him, Swedenborg, in sundry passages, ingeniously overlooked by his followers, had the germs of the optimist faith in him. He sees spirits in hell quite happy in a belief that they are in heaven, and giving thanks. And where they were suffering he saw hope brooding over them. "Moreover, I desire to state this fact. . . . that many of them have been raised from hell and torments into heaven, where they now live; and that it appeared to a certain one who had been in the greatest torment as though God Messiah embraced and kissed him." With Blake the soul of the current theology which still haunted Swedenborg is utterly dead and trampled on; but he has not been able to rid himself of its body of language and images, however he may force these to strange and for them suicidal services. Nature, without and within, with all her powers and passions, is vindicated and worshipped; but these claim to be baptized and struggle for Christian shrines, and to supersede church mints in the same niches. Perhaps Mr. Swinburne is right in thinking that Blake's prophetic works would have been in his age unbearable if they had not

been generally incomprehensible. This strange fire needed a deep cistern, doubt. It has burst forth again, however, and now in the large and free genius Walt Whitman, by whom the traditional and theological language and form entirely ignored, and Nature and Life, without regard to lines of good and are everywhere loved and celebrated as the physiognomical expressions of all-fair unity. On this re-appearance of William Blake in America Mr. Swinburne has touched in the spirit of literary, rather than historical or philosophical criticism; but the passage is remarkable.

"The points of contact and sides of likeness between William Blake and Walt Whitman are so many and so grave as to afford some ground of reason to those who pre- the transition of souls or transfusion of spirits. . . . A sound as of a sweeping wind a prospect as over drawing continents at the fiery instant of a sudden sunrise; a splendour now of stars and now of storms; an expanse and exultation of wing across strange spaces of air and above shoreless stretches of sea; a resolute and reflective love liberty in all times and in all things where it should be; a depth of sympathy and height of scorn which complete and explain each other, as tender and bitter as Dante's a power, intense and infallible, of pictorial concentration and absorption, most rare when combined with the sense and the enjoyment of the widest and the highest things; exquisite and lyrical excellence of form when the subject is well in keeping with the poet's tone of feeling; a strength and security of touch in small sweet sketches of colour and outline, which bring before the eyes of their student a clear glimpse of the thing designed—some little inlet of sky lighted by moon or star, some dim reach of wintry water, or gentle growth of meadow-land or wood; these are qualities common to the work of either. . . . Whitman has seldom struck a note of thought and speech so just and so profound as Blake has now and then touched upon; but his work is generally more frank and fresh, smelling of sweeter air, and readier to expound or expose a message, than this of the prophetic books."

To one who has studied the works of the two writers in question, the furtherance of the thought and, measurably, of the accent of the one by the other and any knowledge of his predecessor's works by whom is felt to be out of the question—will seem even understated in the above extract. I think it may be justly added that there is a theological defiance bristling on much of Blake's poetry which is significantly absent from that of the American, to whom regions also are "leaves of grass."

"All deities reside in the human breast." This should be taken as the keystone of Blake's splendid arch. It is necessary again and again to recur to this, for there are some writings of his, especially the later, where he seems to have fallen into the hands of the Nemesis that pursues mysticism, and surrendered himself to the dangerous idea that his thoughts were personal spirit. As Cicero feared that the populace might, in course of time, believe that the statues of the gods are the gods themselves, there is always a peril besetting the imagination when introduced into religious speculations that it will confound the planes of substance and form; of which Swedenborg is the saddest example, and Blake came too near being another. By bearing in mind, however, his declaration that all deities reside in the human breast, we may find coherence in his wildest prophecies, especially when aided by the clear and consistent analysis of Mr. Swinburne. Blake's inversion of the average Christian creed amounts almost to a method. With him things are not one way, not what they seem, but the exact reverse of what they seem. Popular virtues are for the most part vices, and so-called vices virtues. Humility is egotism, revenge is love.

“ Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.”

Jehovah is an envious Saturn, devouring his own children, and Jesus is the **real** Zeus—theologically, but little different from Satan—with whose effort to **dethrone** Jehovah he heartily joins. Of course, it is only with this use of **words** that any student of his works will quarrel. If Jehovah and Jesus be **reduced** to expressions for thoughts, Christian philosophy itself will agree that **the** latter dethroned the former, and superseded his laws. “The most wonderful part of his belief or theory,” says Mr. Swinburne, “is this: ‘That after Christ’s death he became Jehovah.’” But this would seem to be the logical necessity of his position, supposing that the place and not the nature of Jehovah is meant. The relation of all this, though wrought in many and inconsistent forms, to the general truth seems to be about this: a religion victorious in any country over the previous religion of that country, outlaws the divinities of the conquered rival religion, and gradually converts those divinities into devils. The serpent was worshipped as a god before it was cursed as a devil. The god Odin is now the diabolical wild huntsman of the Alps; and every *Bon Diable*, clad in fruitful green, may trace his lineage to Pan. Jehovah, whom so-called Christianity worships still even under the name of Christ, really crucified Christ, and Christ is leader of the outlawed gods—theologically, devils—of Nature. Pharisaism, now surviving as Morality, represents the dominion of Jehovah; that Jesus, the Forgiver, overthrows, thus restoring the passions and impulses to freedom and power. Blake ardently vindicates Christ from having been virtuous in the theological sense; he is a rebel, an outlaw, a defender of the unchaste, an agitator for the freedom of the instincts and of the mind, and his sure triumph is to be the downfall of Jehovah, and his law the victory of divine man. Then “Heaven, Earth, and Hell henceforth shall live in harmony.” Mr. Swinburne well describes his belief as “moral pantheism.”

“ The pride of the peacock is the glory of God;
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God;
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God;
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.”

It is impossible here to give any idea of the rare, flashing, fiery gems that Blake has strung on this thread; for this the reader must be referred to the works themselves—of which an edition may now be hoped for—and to the essay of Mr. Swinburne, who has polished those that were rough almost to transparency, and shown the grain and the lustre of all in their best lights. The patient labour which has been put into this essay could only have been wrought by love and reverence; and the personal portrait of Blake laid before us suggests that its author has in literature anticipated the period when the stereoscope shall add to its powers that of catching and retaining the colours and shades of nature. Indeed, if there were any censure of Mr. Swinburne’s work to be suggested, it must be that its pictorial affluence is excessive. The metaphors at times almost crowd one another. We are reminded, for instance, of the antagonism of the priestly and prophetic offices when the critic speaks of pulpit logic as “chopped or minced on the altar of this prophet’s vision.” In his hands words blossom again into the flowers from which they were once scattered as seed, and even letters hint the forms of which they were originally copies. The work is a very important contribution to both the poetical and

philosophical literature of our time; and it should be added that the publisher and the artist who has reproduced in it some of the most characteristic work of Blake's pencil, have spared no pains to present worthily things of which Blake, sitting in his comfortless room, said, "I wrote and painted them ages of eternity, before my mortal life." MONCURE D. CONWAY

THE IRISH IN AMERICA. By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. London: Longmans. 1868.

AT none of the many points of our policy, where we talk about supply and demand, is our complacent acquiescence in these "inexorable laws" so abashed as it will shortly prove to have been in the case of the exodus of Irish to the United States. There is a greater demand, we are told, for Irish peasants in America than there is in Ireland; consequently the supply inevitably flows to America. What can be more simple? The reasoning might be perfectly satisfactory and exhaustive if the emigrant were a machine or a commodity, landing in America without any conscious reminiscence, and susceptible of no moral or social impressions. Perhaps even in this case, and from a merely economical point of view, the "inexorable laws" would not be followed so satisfactorily as an English patriot might wish. Even thus the question might be worth discussing, whether the sluggish demand for Irish labour in Ireland might not be quickened into something nearer a just proportion to the supply. But the inexorable laws are still less satisfactory when we reflect that the Irishman, whom their operation transports to the other side, is immediately placed in the centre of influences which inevitably tend to make him the fervent and active enemy of the government under which he was born. Even if we had a right to be thankful at the departure of the Irishman from a country where there is no place for him, at all events it is extremely important to us to know what becomes of him after his arrival elsewhere. It is only the blindest self-conceit which prevents us from inquiring more specifically and more solicitously as to the present condition and probable prospects of the Irish race in the United States. Mr. Maguire's book—though not the best that could wish for—is still welcome as a contribution to this urgently important neglected subject. The author is not an extreme partisan; he is not by means violently hostile to England; and, in spite of some excusable partiality, he does not shut his eyes to his countrymen's weaknesses. On the whole, he might have reasonably been expected, he dwells more upon the good for which waits on the emigrant who hastens on to the Western States than on the too numerous hordes who never get beyond the first great city at which they arrive. We hear a great deal more of the successful Irishman in Canada or California, or Illinois, than of those tens of thousands of Irish men and women who reproduce the foulest life of a St. Giles's or Bethnal Green in the tenement houses of New York. And we do not hear anything of the kind of estimate of the Irish labourer of which Mr. Hewitt, a well-known American ironmaster, gave a specimen in his evidence before the Trade-Union Commission. For all this, Mr. Maguire cannot be blamed; his book reads as if it had been composed with a view rather to the ear of the Irish serf than to the eye of the statesman or the political student. And though the general impression from the book would probably be that the Irish in America

wonderfully thriving and prosperous population, still Mr. Maguire has not flinched from pointing out the ruin and degradation which belong to life in overcrowded cities. His warnings are ample and impressive enough. For his purpose it was obviously more desirable to dwell upon the Irishman at his best, than to reproduce that enormous phase of Irish life in America which makes Americans place the Irish difficulty somewhere midway between the Negro difficulty and the Indian difficulty. Englishmen, at any rate, have no right to point the moral of the corruption and inefficiency of democratic government by the outrageous scandals of the New York municipality. The Irish who in that city and elsewhere do their best to spoil the great republican experiment are the direct products not of the American republican, but of the English oligarchic, system. There is nothing more heroic about the Americans than the fortitude and resolution with which they encounter these annual floods of Irish whom we send over, as a rule, without a shilling in their pockets, or two civilised and orderly ideas in their heads.

It would have been very instructive if Mr. Maguire had instituted a full comparison between the Irish emigrants and those who flock over in pretty nearly the same numbers from Germany, as well as those from Sweden and Norway. While the former are generally found to be as thriftless and aimless and do-less in their new country as in the old, the latter are as constantly found to have a little stock of money, a decent kit, sober habits, a readiness to push on from the cities to the West, and a republicanism with which the only fault that the American can find is that it is a shade too Red. It is a very significant fact that in 1860, while the State of New York, with its gigantic city, was found to have absorbed rather less than one-third of the total number of Irish immigrants, it had only absorbed about one-sixth of the German immigrants. That is, about twice as many Germans as Irish had pushed on to the West. Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri—three great agricultural States—possessed in round numbers three hundred and forty thousand German immigrants, while they had only a hundred and eighty thousand Irish. This is only one of many proofs of the reluctance of the Irish to push energetically out to the newer country, compared with the vigour and enterprise of the Germans. Mr. Maguire gives a number of reasons which in his opinion account for the aversion of the Irishman to leave New York, or Philadelphia, or any other big city in which he finds himself. But nearly all these reasons ought to hold just as good in the case of the German, and yet the German pushes on notwithstanding. There is one powerful reason which Mr. Maguire does not mention, the aversion of the Irish Roman Catholic to being out of the reach of the priest. If we consider, first, the importance attached by the honest Catholic to the functions and powers of the priest, and, second, the fact that to go out into the Far West means, in most cases, to get further away from the priest than a man in need of extreme unction, for instance, would at all relish, the joy, of which Mr. Maguire gives so many graphic examples, expressed by the Irishman, who has had pluck enough to go into the wilds, when a priest comes into the district, may be taken for a measure of the horror with which an Irishman of less pluck regards the prospect of being in a district where there is no priest. In connection with this subject, we may notice another point in which the influence of the Catholic priests is, or at least has been, distinctly injurious. Mr. Maguire is very angry (c. xxvii.) with certain societies founded by Protestants for the

purpose of picking up the little waifs and strays of the streets of New York and sending them out to the west, where they grow up to be respectable young men and women. For example, in the year 1866-7, one of these societies in New York sent no less than sixteen hundred children—the outcasts of the streets—out to western farms. Instead of becoming beggars and criminals they will grow up decent men and women, with a career before them. Of the children thus sent out a good many are Catholics, or at least the progeny of Catholic parents. Naturally, therefore, the priests hotly opposed all these societies. One of the most ardent founders of one of them would have been killed by an Irish Catholic mob if he had not been a six-foot Kentuckian who combines piety with pluck and muscle. This is only by the way, for a Protestant mob is every bit as ready to commit murder, or any other atrocity, in the cause of its own creed. Still nobody who has gone closely into the operation of these societies can doubt that their design and working have been most admirable. If Mr. Maguire had visited them, instead of taking his notions from prejudiced informants, he would have admitted as much. If any proof were needed of the usefulness of the emigrations of the stray children, it would be found in the fact that the priests themselves are now, after long protest, building houses for the same purpose.

A similar kind of prejudice must be at the bottom of the extraordinary passage to the effect that the people called the Scotch-Irish are despised by every genuine American. They would not be so anxious to distinguish themselves by the peculiar name, as Mr. Maguire admits them to be, if there were a contempt of this kind. If Mr. Maguire will turn to a recent article in *Atlantic Monthly*, on Pittsburg, written by a man who is very genuinely American indeed, he will see that the Scotch-Irish are looked upon with feelings the reverse of contemptuous. In spite, however, of a few blots of this kind, Mr. Maguire's book is very interesting and very instructive. He conclusively establishes one thing—that there are Irishmen in America numerous enough, prosperous enough, and Fenian enough, to dissipate any impression on our part that we have only to deal with a handful of poverty-stricken rowdies.

EDITOR.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH IN INDIA. By MAJOR G. B. MALLESON, Bengal Staff Corps. Longman and Co., 1868.

SOME ten years ago, when the sepoy mutineers in India were still red-handed and our British troops were yet in the field against them, there appeared a little pamphlet, in small type, and with a red cover, entitled, "The Mutiny of Bengal Army; an Historical Narrative: By One who has served under Sir Napier." This brochure, which soon came to be known as the "Red Pamphlet," was followed by another of larger dimensions, which continued the narrative down to the period of the fall of Delhi. The freshness, at that time, of the story, the fulness of the details, the vigour of the style, and above all, perhaps, the audacity of the commentaries on the character and conduct of living men gave this work immediate popularity. That its publication must have caused considerable excitement in India, and brought the writer into that kind of trouble which is metaphorically known as "hot water," may be readily believed. Notwithstanding the "evil tongues" and "rash judgments" discernible in its pages, the book was conspicuous for its historical merit. More correct, perhaps, it should be said that the writer displayed in it a rare capacity.

historical composition. The errors, whether of fact or of opinion, were errors of haste. There was, doubtless, much to be corrected, and much to be softened down. But when the circumstances of its production are considered, the wonder is not that a narrative so produced contained some inaccuracies of detail, and represented in parts a certain crudeness of judgment, but that the inaccuracies were not far more numerous and the crudeness far greater. And nothing was plainer than that one, who had done so well in a hurry, might accomplish great things in history with time and patience in his favour.

It was no secret that the writer of the "Red Pamphlet" was Captain, now Major, Malleson, an officer of the Bengal army, whose conspicuous merits have since recommended him, in spite of this escapade, to his official superiors as one deserving of detached employment of the higher class. Thus officially employed, he has had the advantage (and to a man of literary tastes, bent on historical research, the advantage is immense) of a continued residence at the head-quarters of the Government. There he has turned both his abilities and his opportunities to excellent account. Availing himself of the *Calcutta Review*, through the pages of which Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Marshman, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Dr. Duff, Colonel Baird Smith, and other eminent Indian authorities, have addressed the public, Major Malleson has now for some years past been cultivating historical literature with conspicuous success; and he has published in that periodical not only a number of detached articles illustrative both of the earlier and the later history of the English in India, but a series of papers on the French in India, which, having been collected and in a great measure re-written, now appear in a substantial volume. The subject has been wisely chosen. It is one which English historians have much neglected, and French writers seem purposely to have eschewed. Major Malleson accounts for this disinclination on the part of French historians very shrewdly when he says:—

"We have sometimes wondered why a more modern history of this eventful episode has never been undertaken by the French. It cannot be because a brilliant career culminated in disaster. It was a disaster that, at all events, reflected no discredit upon the soldiers of France. What discredit there was is directly to be imputed to the effete administration of the most effete and degraded representative of a house which France herself has expelled. We believe that it is rather due to the fact that the mighty gulf of the French Revolution intervenes between the times of which we are writing and the present; that the military history of modern France begins with the wars of 1792; and that however much France may regret that the great Eastern prize did not fall into her hands, she cares little for the details of a struggle which occurred before the period at which she conquered the great nations of the Continent, and constituted herself, for a time, mistress and arbitress of the greater part of Europe."

It may be doubtful, however, whether the fact of the failure, although it was a brilliant failure, should not be taken into account as one of the indisposing causes; for histories of failures are seldom or never popular. They jar upon the national mind. And in this case, notwithstanding the brilliancy, thus readily admitted, there was some littleness at the bottom of it—the littleness of great men—not to be dwelt upon without a sentiment of shame.

For what was the history of the failure? Major Malleson has clearly told in these pages how it happened that the history of the French in India is but "a monument of an unaccomplished purpose." It is set forth, more than once, briefly and epigrammatically, that Dupleix made the French empire in India,

and that France lost it. The ingratitude of France to her Indian heroes stain upon her character, but it belongs to an epoch on which there are many stains. La-Bourdonnais spent three years in the Bastille, and crawled out to die. Dupleix, disgraced and persecuted, died in abject poverty. And La Mouton, more fortunate than either, simply perished upon the block. These things could not have happened, perhaps, at any other period of France's history. But it is not only to the perverse action of the French monarchy that the failure is ascribed. England systematically thwarted the builders of the Indian empire; but the empire rose in spite of orders, and Acts of Parliament, and ingratitude to her great men. And the French in India might have taken root in spite of such discouragements, if they had been true to themselves, being true to one another. But from the first the canker of personal jealousy ate into the flower of their success.

"It seldom," writes Major Malleon, "happened that a man high in office could endure that any great feat should be accomplished by another than himself. Rarely could he find in himself a sense of patriotism, a love of country, an anxiety to forward the common weal, reconcile a servant of the French Company to the success of a rival. We shall see, as we proceed, what golden opportunities were lost, what openings were deliberately sacrificed to the gratification of feelings as mean and paltry in themselves as they were base in action, even treasonable in men who had been sent to advance the fortunes of their country in a distant land."

It is the old, old story. *Dum singuli præliantur, universi vincuntur.*

But the story is one which, with all the stains upon it, should be told with tenderness and generosity, and in such a spirit, lovingly indeed, does Major Malleon tell it. The ripper fruit of historical research has ever in it a kernel of toleration. Horace Walpole said that in his youth he thought of writing a satire on mankind, but in his old age he thought of writing an apology for them. "Several worthy men," he added, "whom I know, fall into such unexpected situations, that to me, who know these situations, their conduct is a matter of compassion, not of blame;" and so it is with most men—and more so of all with historical writers, whose work it is to study well "the situation" and to take account of all the difficulties surrounding them—that as they grow older, they grow more compassionate and more generous. If we do learn from the study of history to make allowances, it has done very little for us. It is pleasant in this respect to contrast the work now before us with a writer's first bold plunge into historical composition, which splashed every way within his reach. He swims now with a steady stroke, and there is no fear of his sinking. The years which have passed—a decade now—since the instalment of the "Red Pamphlet" was published, have "brought the philosophical mind," without impairing the youthful vigour of the writer. With keener insight into human character and a larger understanding of the sources of human action, he combines all the power of animated recital which invigorated his early narratives with popularity. I regret that the space at my disposal is too limited to allow me to justify my commendation by sufficient extracts from the book.

Briefly, but emphatically, it may be said that what Major Malleon has done he has done right well. If we have any fault to find with his book, that it closes somewhat abruptly, and hardly tells out the story. His concluding chapter is entitled "The Last Struggle for Empire." But do the events therein recorded represent the last struggle? Was there not some-

afterwards? Was there not in the present century a final struggle in Hindostan—an unsuccessful, but not a feeble one—worthy of record in a history of the French in India? But Major Malleson may yet give us an historical chapter devoted to the deeds of De-Boigne and Perron. Of these soldiers of fortune he has given a slight account in an excellent sketch of the career of Lord Lake, which originally appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, and which now forms part of the collected volume of “Essays and Lectures;” but something more than this is required from him. They were adventurers, it is true; perhaps wholly unaccredited. France may have done nothing to promote their views; neither did England do anything for our Eastern conquerors except thwart them. But whatever these French Mahratta officers may have been, or whatever they may have designed, they very nearly, in perhaps the greatest crisis which India has ever seen, got hold of the Emperor of Delhi, the great Mogul, and turned him to their own uses. It is certain, at least, that Lord Wellesley’s Government, when Shah Allum fell into our hands, believed that the greatest danger which we had escaped was French supremacy in Upper India. He did not write of the personal enterprises of De-Boigne and Perron, but of the designs of the French Government. It was believed to be the policy of France at that time to obtain a secure position in India by hanging on to the skirts of some great native potentate; and having failed in Southern India by the collapse of “Citizen Tippoo” (of whose French connections Major Malleson should give us some account in the supplementary chapter which we have suggested), to make use of the rising power of the Mahrattas, and through them to obtain possession of the person, and to work in the name, of the Mogul. Whether these designs were or were not merely children of Lord Wellesley’s imagination, there is interesting matter still left for the investigation of Major Malleson, and we hope soon to learn that he has turned the suggestion to account. There is so much good workmanship in this volume that I am anxious to see more from the same hand.

J. W. KAYE.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. By MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. 1867.

THE giant in the old story, when he was shown the champion seven feet high, swaddled in baby clothes, went off in dismay at the assurance that a father of proportionate bigness was expected home presently. This is something like the effect that the present volumes, title and contents taken together, may produce upon many readers. They are full of condensed matter of so high a quality that the remark comes naturally, “If these are the chips, what must the block be?” The editing of the Rig-Veda has been Max Müller’s twenty-years’ labour, and an estimate of the difficulty and importance of this colossal task is perhaps not unfairly given by inspecting the incidental work which has grown up round it. The first publication in print of the Veda is an epoch in the modern philosophy of history, so few are the scholars who can ever hope to master a book in which an acquaintance with the form of Sanskrit it is composed in is only a beginning of the labour of arriving at its meaning. Still its influence is already becoming felt through these few specialists, and when Max Müller’s English translation is published, its use to ethnographers whose

knowledge of Sanskrit falls short of this point will be vastly greater. meanwhile, it was high time that these essays should be collected and printed. Treating of ancient religion, philosophy, mythology, and culture in general, their central point is still the Veda, and the records of the early race as connected with it. The course of this great people can now be traced onward to the highest civilisation of our own times, from that barbarism to which their language and literature bear such striking witness, a people the ancient Aryans, standing midway in material culture between savages and ourselves, were speaking the highly-organised tongue which has since branched out into the Indo-European languages, were developing the poetic perceptions of nature which have since branched out into the Indo-European mythology, were laying the foundations of the religions which still number a share of the population of the world, and were showing already, in the midst of their rude and simple life, those moral and mental qualities which have given them the leading place among the nations.

No doubt many who open these volumes will remember their first reading of the essay on Comparative Mythology when it appeared ten years and more ago in the "Oxford Essays," and gave them their first glimpse of the basis of the theory of mythologic development which the Sanskritists were then just beginning to establish in some settled form. The time which has elapsed since has been enough to bring into full currency in England the theory of the growth of myths from personified nature—Sky and Sun, Day and Night, Wind and Storm, and so on. But its study, if not yet vigorously enough prosecuted among us, has been far from being in an unhealthy state. The closely-connected Indo-European theory of language has carried conviction, almost without an exception, to all students who have approached it with the necessary preparation—a knowledge of the rudiments of Sanskrit. And when any philologist has denied the fact that English, Welsh, Greek, Russian, Armenian, and the rest, are really branches of one old language, wonderfully well represented by the languages of the Bible and the Zend-Avesta, the denial has almost always to be coupled with an admission that the denier has not found it convenient to master the evidence which the assertion is founded on. As might have been expected, the effect of a weak attack has been to strengthen the other side. But when we come to discuss Comparative Mythology, we find the argument in a very different state. It is true that no one, however prejudiced, could have read Max Müller's "Oxford Essay" without admitting that its views have an element of truth in them, but the question is not yet nearly settled how far the new ground is safe. English readers who compare, for instance, the books of Mr. C. G. Kelly and Mr. Kelly, will be apt to think that, while such disagreement even at points is possible, they had better not pin their faith to any exponent. If the subject is not doomed to perpetual war; for, as years go on, opinion on the origin of each classic myth are gradually settling themselves. It has even had the audacity to print a tiny "Manual of Mythology," in question and answer, for the use of boys and girls at school; and to explain—mostly according to Professor Müller's views—the real meaning of the gods and heroes of the Classical Dictionary. Undoubtedly sound in principle, we may expect that three-quarters or more of the details of this summary may stand the criticism of the next ten years; and the view it represents

especially one unassailable point, of which every schoolmaster ought to be able to avail himself in teaching. The modern theory of myths is only an extension of truths which have been obscured but never extirpated. It did not require a new philosophy to put into our minds that Uranos and Gæa are the Sky and the Earth. The mythologists of the last generation might mystify, but they could not do away with, the connexion of Eos or Aurora with the Dawn, as she opened the Eastern gates and drove before her Night and Sleep. Even in what seems to us now so ludicrous a statement as that Apollo "is often confounded with the sun," the real old myth was only partly hidden. What the new school of mythologists are doing, is to show that name after name that had fallen into obscurity, even to the Homeric Greeks, can be reinstated in place and meaning by the discoveries of Aryan philology. To show the underlying cosmic meaning in the "Odyssey" and the "Nibelungen Lied," to revive the long-forgotten knowledge that Prokris is the Dew slain by the unerring shafts of the Sun, to explain Deianeira, and Herakles struggling to tear off the splendid deadly garment of sunset cloud, perhaps even to explain by an etymology what seems so wild a fancy as the change of Daphne into a laurel, is to restore reality and life to what till lately seemed but vague and purposeless poetic fable. The new Comparative Mythology has its strength of basis, not in fanciful speculation, but in the revival of ancient knowledge.

But essays on language and mythology, however learned and thoughtful their matter may be, however the wonderful beauty of their style may turn to poetry the most crabbed facts of the lecture-room, cannot be expected to touch the public mind so nearly as the expositions of religion bound up with them. These are not for students in philology and mythology alone, but for all thinking men. There is in England at this moment an intellectual interest in religion, a craving for real theological knowledge, such as seldom has been known before, and never has had such opportunity of being satisfied. When an inquirer examines some doctrine with a new light, and declares it to look quite different from what it seemed before, the more educated part of the religious world are becoming less and less satisfied with the simple old plan of drawing their curtains and closing their shutters, and then declaring with an easy conscience that there is no light there. Far from acquiescing in the subjection of new knowledge to old opinion, the new movement is a revulsion from dead to living Protestantism, from the formulas of Christianity to the spirit of Christianity. Let any who do not believe this to be true, compare in this book the nobly Christian view of a philosopher describing the faiths of Brahmans, of Zoroastrians, and of Buddhists, with the abuse and ridicule which theologians and missionaries of the lower stamp are allowed, and even encouraged, to pour forth against heathenism. It is possible to read pamphlet after pamphlet about missions, and to look in vain for a glimpse of any thought that the long earnest seeking of millions of mankind after a religious faith and life has ever resulted in anything but hideous superstition. This unhappy state of things is in part due to misunderstanding and want of liberal judgment, and as far as this is its cause, the disease is curable by mere learning. Every missionary who reads these descriptions of the lower phases of religion will be more ready to see the inner meaning within the shell of myth or fantastic ceremony, more ready to accept good teaching from whatever source, and, above all, less prone to sneer

at what he cannot understand. But the evil in part lies deeper. It belongs to that frightful doctrine of the dark ages, that not to be a Christian—nay, not to be an orthodox Christian—is to be destined by the Almighty to eternal punishment. Though the words may in a great measure have lost their home reality of meaning, the Church of England still tolerates the reading of this so-called “Athanasian Creed” on its high festivals. With such an example before us, can we wonder that the unenlightened Christian’s view of religions in his own should be darkened by prejudice and indiscriminating contempt? It is in a far different spirit that the writer of these essays has set himself to describe, in its many phases, the Christianity before Christ and outside Christendom. He brings out from the ancient Veda the doctrines of the efficacy of prayer, of divine teaching and inspiration, of the consciousness of sin, of Divine forgiveness, and of faith. He protests against the religions of barbarians being looked on as their languages used to be by old travellers, who thought them inarticulate speech, but something like the twittering of birds. He urges the missionary to study the religion of the heathen with sympathy and insight, bringing out its real elements of wisdom, goodness, and spirituality, and trying to make these a germ of better knowledge. And, turning to another subject, he sets himself to show how the noblest edifices of religion have been crushed under dull philosophy, priestcraft, and superstition; how the religion of the modern Hindu has fallen away from the old simple faith of the Veda; how the modern Parsi the grand and beautiful doctrines of Zarathustra have become unmeaning formulas; how soon it was necessary for the Buddhist King Asoka to protest against the corruption of Buddhism, and to tell the priests that “what had been said by Buddha, that alone was well said;” and last, but not least, how different in principle and life is the Christianity of the nineteenth century from the Christianity of Christ. When we read of the inevitable decay of religions, and the consequent necessity of continual reformation, what better instance can we take than the very doctrine of the relation which Christians have believed their faith to bear to other faiths? The belief that the goodness of the Almighty was never narrowed to a race or a sect is asserting itself in our modern times; but it is a thought deadly to sectarianism, and till now sectarianism has always prevailed against it. The Quakers of the old days “saw” it (to use the striking expression of the ancient Brahmans), and when they “saw” they proclaimed; but the time was not yet ripe. It is wonderful to find that even Augustine, from whose writings it would be so easy to select passages of very different import, yet had at times a view of a doctrine which had it made way in men’s minds, would have altered for incalculable good the history of mediæval Christianity. “What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion which existed already, began to be called Christian.” In the eloquent preface with which Professor Müller introduces his more special essays, and shows what seems to him their bearing on modern religious thought, he may well quote these remarkable words.

E. B. TYLOR

REMINISCENCES OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN FROM 1802 TO 1815. By EMMA SOPHIA, Countess BROWNLOW. London: Murray.

THE high-bred, plain manner of the writing of this book makes it pleasurable to read. As a *mémoire pour servir* it is valueless, for it tells nothing that is new. But it revives impressions of famous times and persons, and it may serve for an English model of the class of book, whether containing original matter or not. "I am now an old woman," the writer says, "and having lived in stirring times from my youth, and most of my contemporaries having dropped around me, I am also an old chronicle, with the memories of bygone days still fresh in my mind." Her earliest recollection is of the period immediately following the great mutiny of the fleet in 1797, when, as a very young child, she observed a procession of boats round the ships in Plymouth Sound, and was told that mutineers were being thus impressively flogged. Hearing that the toast of the men under punishment had been, "A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket," she went to her bed for many a night in fear and trembling, as well she might. Art could not paint the contrast between those times and these more forcibly. She was too young, or too English, to do perfect justice to Madame Récamier's beauty, when she saw her, in 1802, walking in Kensington Gardens, dressed in the quasi-classical fashion which the republic had bequeathed to the ladies of the empire. Frenchwomen are never much to her taste. The exclamation, "What a strange people the French are!" is implied generally, and sometimes expressed, and is as good a reminiscence of our old insular habit of sitting in judgment upon foreigners as could be. Her interview with Alexander in Paris, when he posed *en conquérant militaire* before Lady Castlereagh, puts the pragmatical Czar in an extremely comical light. His pedantic distinction of "*le courage moral, et le courage physique*," on which he lays severe, though unctuous, emphasis, as if to show that he is in possession of both high qualities, coupled with the appearance given him by his padded uniform, "so tight round the waist and the arm-holes that he could not stand upright, and his arms did not touch his body," is an effective caricature. Nor does Napoleon escape; but this easy pen cannot relate things ridiculous seen of him. He is merely heard of as flying from an incensed people in the form of a courier, with the round livery-hat, &c. If the writer's eye had been on him when in that garb, he would have figured preposterously enough. Yet he found tolerable favour in her sight at a review of his troops in the Place du Carrousel, before the First Consul had become a fat emperor. "He was then thin, and his figure appeared to be *mesquin*; but how grand was his face, with its handsome features, its grave, stern, and somewhat melancholy expression! A face, once seen, never to be forgotten. It fascinated and acted on me like a rattlesnake," &c. The Tories had not then triumphed over him. Full sympathy is given to the unfortunate Duchess d'Angoulême. The French ladies, in common with their lords, presumed to be critical of the restored royal family, and remarked on the duchess, "*Elle est maussade, elle n'a pas de grâce, elle est mal mise*," the worst fault in a Frenchwoman's eyes, says the writer, adding that these heartless observations put her out of all patience. But to make a parade of affliction in the presence of such remorseless eyes, after royal personages had come to be tested by their merits in France, was certainly imprudent, and one of various proofs that the Bourbons could not learn. French ladies do not like sorrow to persevere and show itself; and if a

superior consents to appear “cross-grained, ungraceful, and badly dressed,” the plea of sorrowful antecedents, they will not excuse her for the sin against society. There are times, they think, for all things, and a time for wearing a livery of grief in public. Moreover, there were reasons why the horrors of the days in the Temple should not have been made visible in the aspect of the Duchess at that season. The quick-witted observers saw a want of common energy and common policy in the absence of a presentable mask. Unlike us, the French refuse to render hearty allegiance to illustrious personages who cannot control, or who weakly indulge, the exhibition of their emotions. They may be morally wrong, but they imagine themselves to be right, and they have a right to demand that their superiors shall make some effort to conform to their customs. Lady Castlereagh receives a ceremonial visit from the Duchesse de Courlande and her daughters, Madame de Lagan and Madame de Perigord, subsequently Duchesse de Dino, a very clever woman—Talleyrand’s right hand when in London, who saved him from more than one portentous blunder. Madame de Perigord is described as “dark, with magnificent eyes, highly rouged, and gaily dressed in a pink gown, and roses on her head.” Her mother imparted to her hostess that her daughter is very unhappy—“*elle vient de perdre son enfant*,” which is shocking to our native taste.

“Why she should have thought it necessary to bring her rouge, her pink dress, her roses, and her *tristesse*, to call on Lady Castlereagh, was not obvious; and I doubt whether Lady Castlereagh was properly grateful to these ladies for their visit, for when they were gone, she said, ‘Emma, I am afraid we live in very bad company.’ To be true! but we could not help ourselves.”

The complacency of the reflection is still characteristic of the English who enjoy and reprobate Paris. Madame de Perigord was simply fulfilling what she conceived to be a public duty. She had to pay a visit, and she did not choose—for it is not the habit of the country—to affect the eyes of others by presenting herself sombrely clad. Frenchwomen are, to say the least, as tender-hearted mothers as Englishwomen. She may have been *bien triste* for the loss of the child in spite of her rouge; nay, coming of a provident race, she may even on the occasion have thought it advisable to lay on an extra dab of her artificial bloom, not supposing that she violated any laws of decency, but supposing quite the reverse. Why should she wear a suffering heart on her sleeve? Frenchwomen hold our English obtrusion of heavy mourning into society to be an offence, selfish insistence on a private grief, evincing absolute want of consideration for others; in short, a piece of our national bad breeding. They enter society because society comforts them, as it will always comfort the most healthily impressionable natures. They are not of a temper to nurse their grief in secret, and it is a principle of taste with them to decline to attract attention as black dots, and be out of harmony with the scenes they visit.

La Maréchale Ney does hurt to our English sentiments likewise. A few mornings after the death of Josephine at Malmaison, “Lady Castlereagh and I called on Madame la Maréchale Ney, and, being admitted, were dismayed at finding her seated on a *canapé* in a recess at the end of the room, a table before her, on which was a *flacon* and a pocket-handkerchief, and she herself in floods of tears! We felt very awkward, and were inclined to beat a retreat, but Madame la Maréchale did not appear in the least annoyed, and informed us that her grief was caused by the loss of Josephine, who had brought her up

and to whom she was much attached. The grief was all very natural, but not so, to our English notions, was the somewhat theatrical display of sorrow before two persons almost strangers." Why not before strangers, when La Maréchale was not suffering from the instant shock, but after an interval of some days, was probably craving to talk of her lost friend, and hear kindly things spoken of Josephine? Which is the more amiable proceeding—to shut oneself up in gloom over a blow of this sort, or to open doors to the world, even unto strangers, assuming that they will bring phrases of sympathy wholesome for grief? It is appended charitably: "And yet I believe the poor woman was really unhappy,"—notwithstanding the arrangement of her *flacon* and pocket-handkerchief within reach to succour two of her more heavily-taxed senses! The Conservative sex in England preserves this habit of regarding Frenchwomen as a curious, too often as a degrading, variety of the sex. What, *en revanche*, do Frenchmen say of them? Things not to be summed in '*mal mise*,' '*maussade*,' *sans grâce*. Madame de Girardin struck out one character which they take for a type of the average English lady. The irony of a desperate attempt at charity is doubtless a severe weapon on our side; but Frenchwomen are mistresses of the irony of utter scorn. To deserve it would be sad. To provoke it is unwise.

In company with Lady Castlereagh, the Septuagenarian witnessed the first trial of Ney, by court-martial of his brother generals. Her description of him revives our faith in the portraits extant. "The president was Marshal Jourdan, whose *bâton* had been taken at the battle of Vittoria, and sent to England." He sat without his *bâton*, then.

"On his right sat Massena, a spare, dark, ill-looking man with only one eye, the other having been shot by Bonaparte in a chasse. Besides these were Marshals Augereau, Duc de Castiglione, and Mortier, Duc de Treviso; Generals Comte Villette, Claparede, and Maison, Governor of Paris. . . . With the exception of Mortier, they were certainly not a prepossessing set. When Ney, their former comrade, entered the court, and was placed before them, their countenances were pitiable to behold; they cast down their eyes, as if wanting the courage to look him in the face. Ney's manner was calm and simple, which gave him an unusual air of dignity. He was a strongly-built man, above the middle height, fair complexioned, with yellow hair and eyebrows, short nose, and long upper lip; nothing distinguished, or even French, about him. In fact, he had much the look of an English yeoman."

—with the dignity superadded. It was left to the peers of France to show the accord they were in with the feelings of the people by sending this man, the greatest hero of the empire, the most illustrious name in military chronicles for soldierly steadfastness, and chivalry, and valour, to execution—"to meet" (Countess Brownlow clearly expresses the opinion of high Toryism at that epoch, though it is not so sure that the Duke of Wellington more than submitted to the implacable verdict), "to meet, and justly too, a traitor's doom." The death of Ney was a blow to the Bourbons. So it may be deduced by admirers of them that their keen sense of justice was a ground of their destruction. They perished of their virtues.

With the exception of Talleyrand, the chief diplomatists are mentioned with approbation; Pozzo di Borgo being the favourite. He was Russian ambassador at the time when the allies were in occupation of Paris. He was therefore on equal terms with the British minister. Is there any truth in a story that Pozzo di Borgo was discovered by Lord Ponsonby in Constantinople, and sent over to

our Foreign Office, strongly recommended to the attention of as a young man certain to achieve eminent distinction in service, because of his possession of a peculiar genius in diplomacy. The young Corsican presented his letters, and was allowed an audience with the minister, and that he some time after received an appointment to a clerk's post, valued at £200 per annum ; which act of expedition precipitated Pozzo di Borgo out of this country more speedily than a lordship's toe had dislodged him, after one brief national ejection. The story is told, though whether it has been seen in print ; and if the story is true, we know who was the British minister, and with what sort of grace he acted in Paris and in London. With something, one can fancy, of the interchange of Frederic the Great and the general he had in the Austrian service to cause him big perplexities, when they met in the in which they grew old.

GEORGE

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XV. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1868.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 31ST JANUARY, 1868.

THERE are some who suppose that the battle on behalf of Educational Reform is, by this time, half over. On the contrary, it has scarcely begun. Latin and Greek still continue to be the all but exclusive staple of our education. There are thousands of schoolmasters who have not even taken that first step in improvement which consists in the conviction that improvement is necessary, and who regard every change we are trying to inaugurate as practically mischievous and theoretically false. Now, let me say most distinctly that I am no enemy to a classical education conducted on a wise and fruitful method. On this subject I have been so injuriously misrepresented that I am driven to mention, in sheer self-defence, that I have devoted many years both to its theory and to its practice; that I have long been using my best endeavours to show how it may be made easy and more interesting—to combine it, on the one hand, with continual illustrations from our own language and literature, and on the other, with some appreciation of the laws and results of the science of language. On these grounds I may fairly refuse to be represented as the indiscriminate enemy of classical culture. But at the same time I do think that these attempted services entitle me to a fair hearing, when I declare my emphatic conviction that, while Greek and Latin enshrine a literature of imperishable interest and imperishable importance; while it is always most desirable that a knowledge of them should form part of the culture of the most highly-educated minds; while for theologians and men of erudition an acquaintance with them will be all but indispensable; yet that, on the other hand, the educational value of them has been extravagantly overrated; that the evils of them (and their moral evils alone are very serious) are to this day resolutely ignored; that their yoke has been made

needlessly heavy and needlessly humiliating ; that taken alone it is doubtful whether they furnish the best mental discipline for any, but most absolutely certain that they do not furnish even a good discipline for all ; and, finally, that they remain to this day intrenched behind mountain-heap of fallacies, of which no small number ought to have been banished ignominiously to the region of the most exploded errors.

But what has been constantly overlooked is this—that if all the arguments in favour of a classical education were as tenable as believe half of them to be fantastic, they are entirely beside the mark. For whatever may be said for classical education in theory, the fact with which alone we are concerned, is this—that our system of it in practice is by common experience and by clear proof what I must again call—not rashly, not rhetorically, but in sad and sober seriousness—a complete and disastrous failure. It is not only I who say this, though I may have had exceptional opportunities for seeing that it is so ; it has been said far more emphatically by voices ten times more important than my own. Still, it is a very strong thing to say—and I should regard it not only as a very strong, but also as a very wrong thing to say—a thing which I for one should be utterly ashamed of saying, if I did not think that it ought to be said, because the fact has been established by indisputable evidence. And if that evidence be sufficient ; if, both by common admission and by clear demonstration, our results are most unsatisfactory ; if, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, “Boys learn but little here below and learn that little ill ;” if Mr. Mill be justified in the stinging terms with which he publicly branded our great schools with “shameful inefficiency ;” if, as Dr. Balston admits, the results are not commensurate with the labour bestowed upon them ; if, in the clear and pithy summary of Professor Jowett, “the schools might teach more and better ;” then I say that it is our clear duty, as Englishmen, as patriots, nay, even as mere honest men, not to content ourselves with any idle fingering at this social knot, but, in the teeth of opposing interests and delicate susceptibilities, to set ourselves with resolute determination to make our system more worthy of its own immense importance, and of our own national prestige.

Now, I will say nothing of the very few who become scholars though I have the amplest evidence, both public and private, to show that many of the most enlightened of them feel, as I do, that to our grand classical education we owe a humiliating ignorance of very much that we might have known ; but I will rather dwell on the case of the great multitude of boys, because it is their case which seems to me at once to want the most consideration, and to be most systematically overlooked. We point to a flame of genius here and there, and ignore the fact that under those heaps of grey and treacherous ashes in which they shine a thousand minor sparks have

been stifled into darkness. The fundamental fallacy—the *πρώτον ψεύδος* of the Classicists—is that of supposing that one in a thousand attain to the grand results which they describe. People read fine estimates of Greek and Roman literature,—glowing eulogies of the synthetic beauty and finish of those languages, and the wealth and splendour of poetry, thought, and eloquence which they enshrine; and, taking this for a defence of classical education, they rest content with the time devoted—to what? To the non-attainment of such magnificent results! Now, there must be parents of public-school boys in this room; and I have not the slightest doubt that the experience of many of them has been much as follows. Their sons come back to them, from some expensive classical school, fine, manly English lads, full of natural tact and shrewdness. A beneficent nature has endowed them with the same “adaptive mimicry” which enables so many living creatures to avoid the scrutiny of their enemies, and by its aid they conceal their ignorance with astonishing ingenuity. Still, the most superficial test is sufficient to show that, in numberless cases, the boys on whose teaching hundreds of pounds have been spent know far less, and have far less, of real culture than their sisters who have only enjoyed the modest aid of a single governess; that they know neither French, nor German, nor Italian,—neither History, nor Geography, nor Chronology; that they have a traditional contempt for Mathematics, and a midnight ignorance of the commonest facts of Experimental Physics; independently of the very practical result that, if they want to pass in a competitive examination, they must be hastily sent to some professional tutor to have their minds crammed for the purpose, like a hurriedly-packed portmanteau. The parent, however, comforts himself with the thought that the boy has not had one of your vulgar, utilitarian educations, such as may do for your ordinary Philistine, but that he has been undergoing a careful literary training. Oddly enough, indeed, this training—so sublimely and exclusively literary—has left him very shaky in spelling, and has spoiled his handwriting with punishments; and it is one of its singular results that the average boy, while barely aware of the names of the greatest English poets, alive or dead, finds his favourite and satisfying literature in such books as the “Dog Fiend,” the “Black Angel,” the “Yellow Frigate,” “Mr. Jorrocks’s Hunt,” and “Mr. Facey Rumford’s Hounds”! The puzzled parents then take refuge in the belief that this is but the relaxation of a brain overtaxed by severe philological studies, and that, if the boy knows nothing else, at least he has been learning Latin and Greek; and into those “antres vast and deserts idle” they do not follow him. Alas! if they did, they would find only a thick darkness or a deceptive mirage. The perfect mastery of a language consists in knowing three things—the vocabulary, the grammar, and the litera-

ture. Of the first, and most valueless, the boy knows a little ; of second, still less ; and of the third, just nothing. He has indeed been parsed and otherwise tortured through some dreary fragments of a few easy miscellaneous authors, but he has never regarded them as anything but ingenious mills for grinding gerunds. To suppose that the average boy, who cannot be got to trouble himself with serious or noble literature in his own language,—who finds Sir Scott rather heavy, and has to be bribed into reading Shakspeare will yet solace his elegant leisure with Homer or Cicero, is a delusion too utterly grotesque to satisfy even the mind of a partisan. The certainty is that, as long as he lives, he will never read a Greek or Latin book again. All that he will carry away from years spent over those languages, to the almost complete exclusion of everything else, will be a few scraps of vocabulary and a few patches of grammar, wholly unphilosophical, and half understood ; for which uses and miserable elements he has all but sacrificed the happy seed-time during which so much might have been accomplished. Now, if I dispute that this is so, I can only say that we are at issue upon facts, and in support of those facts I will not refer to my own personal experience—I will not shelter myself behind the splendid authorities of our greatest writers, nor will I take refuge in the dense array of our leading publicists, who, from mere ordinary observation of results are daily repeating the same thing—but I will let scholars decide for scholars, by simply pointing to page after page of impartial, unanimous, and deplorable evidence in the Commission Reports, not only of our Public Schools, but also of both our Universities ; evidence of which much was furnished this very year, which is above suspicion and of which no refutation has ever been attempted. Interested as I am in the sacred cause of education, those Reports have made on my own mind a deep and very painful impression. There the evidence stands—undisputed, indisputable. It shows that for many a boy ten years of school are wasted. The value of those years, the value of that boy's mind, might have been inestimably precious. Yet it is as though he stood in the midst of a boundless plain, waving on every side with golden corn, in the midst of which—trained to despise the sickle as vulgar, and the harvest as utilitarian—he had been assiduously taught for years to occupy his time in plucking a few petals of the scarlet poppies, which are crumpled as he gathers them and which grow rank and flaccid even during the few moments that he holds them in his hand !

The question, then, is not,—and this I regard as a point of capital importance in the whole discussion,—the question is not, as you state it commonly put, whether these boys (*i.e.* the large majority) are to have a scientific or a literary education, but whether their education is to be scientific or *nil*. As far as regards existing facts, the strug—

is **not** between science and literature, but between something and **nothing**, between science and nescience, between intellectual culture and its almost total absence. Dr. Evans, the head-master of Birmingham, speaking a few years ago of a school so celebrated as Rugby, wrote, and afterwards distinctly re-affirmed, that a large number of boys left it **every** year in the lower forms "with little Latin and less Greek, with stagnant, ill-informed minds, if not with a great disrelish for study and application of all kinds." Now if that be true of Rugby, it is **certainly** true of all our schools; and, if it be true, is it anything **short** of an increasing and national misfortune? Allowing that some boys are so hopelessly dull or so viciously idle that they could under no system become well-educated men, I say that to assert such boys to be numerous is an unsupported calumny on our national intelligence. The fact is, that the marble which is brought to us is white and precious, and it is the fault of our method and of our system if the statue which we hew out of it is so often, not a Zeus or a Hermes, but an Adonis or an athlete. It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact, that we struggle almost in vain against the two potent enemies of intellectual progress, viz., extravagant athleticism on the one hand, and promiscuous sensation-reading on the other, of which the one poisons and effeminates the mind, the other often strains and overtasks the body; the one absorbs that strenuous ambition which might be devoted to nobler objects, the other wastes that inestimable leisure which might else have been so rich in mental and moral benefits, not for our sons only, but for our country, and for all mankind. The question was once asked whether boys of a certain class would look down upon a companion who was really diligent. The answer was, "If he can row, or play cricket, or any other athletic game, *I do not think that he is thought the worse of for reading.*" Now to what time and place did this astounding answer apply? Was it to that age of gentlemanly ignorance when a nobleman had to apologise for the disgraceful amount of erudition involved in the knowledge of how to write his name? or was it to a school of Roman gladiators? or of Patagonian athletes? Far from it; the place where it was *thought* that if he rowed or played cricket, a boy would not be *despised* for cultivating the talents which God had given him, was a leading English public school, and this remarkable opinion was uttered by a gentleman connected with it in the year of our Lord 1862. Well, if this is all right,—if the system which bears such fruits is sacred, and not to be criticised,—then by all means let us fold our hands at once, or employ ourselves in building an altar to Ignorance, and writing, in faultless elegiacs, an encomium of Folly. But if not, I desire to occupy a position—I care not how humble or how much assailed—as a fellow-labourer with those who think it possible to infuse fresh life, fresh vigour, and fresh reality into a system

which has long been decadent, and is now confessedly inadequate to the requirements of the age.

Obviously, then, we come to the important question, "What is to be done?" to which question many—and many well entitled to an opinion, and among them an increasing number of scholars—would answer at once, "Substitute for your simulacrum of Greek and Latin an education which, if less pretentious, shall at least be real and sound in modern languages, in literature, and, above all, in science." Most persons would briefly say that it is a struggle between science and language. Now that is a view of the case in which I cannot at all agree. I ask with Mr. Mill, "Why not both?" I agree with him that the question as to which of the two we are to teach is as absurd as the question "whether a tailor ought to make coats or trousers." For in any education which has the least pretension to be perfect, Literature and Science are alike indispensable, and a familiarity with the noblest thoughts of men is no less necessary than a knowledge of the laws and phenomena of nature. An illiterate man of science, though a less common being, is as one-sided and imperfect as an unscientific man of letters. Are we then to start with the deliberate intention of leaving half of the faculties entirely uncultivated? It is indeed an absurdity to say that a literary education necessarily means an education in Latin and Greek; but if this be assumed, and if, further, it be asserted that we cannot teach Science as well as Greek and Latin, I should (on that supposition) say, let us familiarise ourselves as speedily as possible with the notion of giving up Latin and Greek altogether. I should say deliberately, and with the most entire conviction, that if there were at this moment any school in England where, other advantages being equal, Science in its richest and broadest sense was intelligently and systematically taught as the principal study, and where a thoughtful training in English Literature and in Modern Languages was substituted for Greek and Latin, I should not indeed hold that such a school had elaborated a perfect theory, but I should hold that for all except a very few it would be furnishing a better, a more fruitful, and a more successful education than any at present attainable at our public schools.

For in those barren years now absorbed by Greek and Latin how much might be done! Six months, it has been said, over the language of Goethe and Schiller may open to a boy a nobler and more attractive range of literature than six years over Greek and Latin. An hour a day for a single year, given heartily to French, would independently of all practical usefulness, furnish a boy with the key to a literature which for grace, finish, thoughtfulness, transparent beauty, and intelligent power, far surpasses all that he is ever likely to look at in the ancient authors. Or even if you confine him to his own language, what a field is there! Not only is it interpenetrated

with all that is best and grandest in the wisdom of antiquity, without those "putrid stains" which soak through so many of those ancient pages,—not only does it contain magnificent reproductions alike of the spirit and the form of ancient masterpieces,—but also it is rich in the works of men who, for profundity, for eloquence, for pathos, for purity, for elevation of sentiment, for melody and splendour of words, if equalled by the ancients, cannot assuredly be surpassed. Why, when Christianity has been in the world for nigh two thousand eventful years,—while all that time philosophy has been waving her torch in the dimmest caverns of human speculation,—while the thoughts and actions of men are hourly thrilling from continent to continent on the wings of electric fire,—while navigation has been girdling the earth with a hundred bands, and has flung open to us for three centuries the golden doors of the Western continent,—while Science has gone so far on her triumphal march with an unimaginable growth of strength and stature at every stride, it would be strange indeed, it would indeed be a deplorable stigma on the feebleness and imperfection of humanity, if the modern literature of a scientific and Christian world did not contain "streams from that unemptiable fountain of wisdom" far wider and far deeper than any which flowed in the two languages of a long-vanished Paganism, of which even the younger has ceased to be spoken for thirteen hundred years. But our present system, unhappily, leaves most boys ignorant alike of ancient and of modern wisdom. Ask your sons: if they are clever and far advanced they may perhaps have toiled laboriously through a book or two of Thucydides, but how many of them have thrilled with delight and wonder over Carlyle's "French Revolution?" Strange that hundreds have been drilled for years into a power to struggle through a play of Euripides who never read a line of Keats or of Browning, and that for five hundred who have got up scraps of Demosthenes and Cicero, there are not five who know anything of the prose of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor. And yet, if it were to be a choice between Demosthenes and Cicero, or Milton and Jeremy Taylor, I for one should not long be hesitating. Of those volcanic outbursts of incomparable eloquence, of that "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies," which give fire and music to the pages of the one, I will not speak; but of the other I will only say, with Coleridge, that his very sands are of pearl,—that he never speaks of a bird, of a woman, or of a flower, without embalming them in a tenderness which seems like the fragment of a lyric song,—"the most eloquent of divines, I had almost said of men, and if I had, Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes nod assent."

Then again I say, that if we must choose, such an education would be more useful than Latin and Greek. And no sooner have I uttered

the word "useful" than I imagine the hideous noise which will environ me, and amid the hubbub I faintly distinguish the words vulgar, utilitarian, mechanical, while some scholar finally crushes me with the word *βάραντος*. Well, before this storm of customary and traditional clamour I bow my head, and when it is over, I meekly repeat that it would be *more useful*,—more rich in practical advantages, more directly available for health, for happiness, for success in the great battle of life. I for one am tired of this "worship of inutility." One would really think that it was a crime to aim at the material happiness of the human race. I look for fruit. I am well aware that the demand for things, not words, has been loftily treated as a fallacy, because it has been said that it is mainly by means of words that one learns things. Be it so, if it be so; but to say that some sort of linguistic training is necessary is one thing, and to say that we must therefore spend long years in not learning Latin and Greek is quite another. It is possible to be as polyglot as a continental waiter, and yet to be wholly uneducated. It is possible to know as many dialects as Mezzofanti, and yet to add nothing whatever to the stock of human knowledge. We reverence the ancients with extravagant honour: why do we not follow their example and advice? Those Greeks, who were such masters of style, of knowledge, of insight, how often are we to be reminded that they never dreamt of learning any language but their own, and were absolutely unacquainted even with the terms and principles of their own grammar? Yet were they illiterate? They knew little of words, but they made up for it by thought,—by that power of deep reflection which makes facts luminous with meaning,—by that earnest concentration of resolute attention on which have dawned some of the most splendid daybreaks of human discovery. And what they did they recommended. They pointed to that external world which is the living garment of Deity. They believed in the human soul; and we, for whom it is the central doctrine of our religion, that, without any intervention of priest, or system, or philosophy, or synod, each human soul may stand face to face with the Divine,—shall we of all men believe that without the help of an imperfect Paganism we cannot learn truth on the one hand, or be educated into an appreciation of it on the other? Really when one reads the common complaint that we can never equal the ancients, because we have to spend so many years in learning their languages, one is filled with silent amazement and despair. Are we then, for the sake of these Greek and Roman authors, to go to our graves, and let the great volume of the universe drop out of our hands unread? Are paper and ink the only sacred springs at which to quench the thirst of young souls from generation to generation? No, I say again that I believe in the human soul. I believe that the world is God's

mankind, which still for the most part remains unread, and written neither in Latin nor in Greek. And I believe, that if a Sophocles or a Lucretius could come among us,—I lead them into the glorious regions of Christian literature and Christian song,—if we could display to them the great triumphs of human heroism and Christian civilisation,—if, from the dim abysses below, we could show them their lordliest sculpture and architecture infinitely surpassed by the delicate iridescence and exquisite beauty of some siliceous diatom dredged up from the Atlantic depths, or the dim immensities above could show them in the telescope the crescent of Venus, and the snowy poles of Mars, and the white with the glory of innumerable suns,—if we could show how, by patient study of the phenomena of the universe, we had increased human comfort, extended human happiness, economised human labour, and extinguished human pain,—that we had given eyes to the blind and language to the dumb, that we had saved life, that we had minimised danger, that we had pacified the angry, that we had triumphed over disease,—and yet that all this we had done what seemed to us a *far less* thing than the widening of the bounds of human knowledge, and deepening the Divine mystery and meaning to an extent into which even an apostle would have been glad to gaze,—they would have been amazed to learn that the training which had led to such magnificent results was held, by “the proprieties of a dim-eyed pedagogue,” to be vulgar and irreligious; and yet more amazed to find that, centuries after their great Pan was dead, a power which could command and emend their own choruses and hexameters was still devoted to the highest and rarely-attained achievement of an English school in the nineteenth century of the Christian era; and yet more amazed to hear that leaders of education had considered scientific teaching to be barren and useless, and that the boys of the best school were left so ignorant of facts like these, that they could not hear the lecture of an eminent discoverer in science without the chief main purpose of “making a row!”

Let me only add one more reason why, if we must choose, I would choose to return to Latin and Greek; and that is because I consider it more natural, a better, and a happier training—better, because it trains some of the same faculties as language, and many which have been hitherto neglected; and happier, because the subjects which it deals are more attractive and more fruitful for the cultivation of minds. Which was the happier, Linnæus falling on his knees to thank God for the golden splendour of a field of furze, or a man travelling all day long by the Lake of Geneva, and in the evening where it was? And which is likely to be the more profitable to the youth who goes to bed with his thoughts reeking with

Juvenal and Aristophanes, or he who in the sweet air and blessed sunshine has been taught to regard the world around him as a Sibylline leaf inscribed by God's own finger with revelations of his laws. People who fancy themselves to be eminent if they can write Latin elegiacs seem to suppose that a training in science consists mainly in classifying specimens, drawing complicated diagrams, and using long compound names which it requires a knowledge of Greek to understand. Talk to them of botany, for instance, and they think you mean a box of dried specimens which they regard as so much hay, or a description of some half-invisible lichen as having "its apothecia tuberculiform, its asci oblongo-saccate, and its spores reticulato-multilocular." They know nothing of the loving devotion which chains a Schleiden for long years to his microscope, which sent a Hooker from the Antarctic to the Himalayas, which rewards the infinite care with which a Darwin studies the structure of orchids or the irritability of climbing plants, and which made Conrad Sprengel lie for long hours together silent and happy in the sunlight to see if the aid of an insect was necessary for the fertilisation of some opening flower. But even scholars are now beginning to suspect that it is something more than classification or polysyllables which fired the dithyrambic outbursts of a Kepler, which made Vanini declare that a straw upon his dungeon floor was sufficient to prove the omnipotence of Deity, and which breathes in the spirit of Bacon's apostrophe, "If we labour in Thy works with the sweat of our brow, Thou wilt make us partakers of Thy vision and Thy Sabbath."

Familiar as such thoughts should be, yet they will not be wasted if they tend to show that, sooner or later, Science and other modern studies must occupy a place in our curriculum not subordinate, but equal; that they must knock at the gates of our Public Schools, not as timid suppliants for admission, but as the equal plenipotentiaries of a royal power. Two or three truths ought now, I think, to be regarded as axiomatic:—Firstly, that science is as important a means of training as literature; secondly, that every education is one-sided and most imperfect which does not add science to literature; thirdly, that our present system is neither literary nor scientific; and fourthly, that it is perfectly possible for it to be both. That it cannot be both is indeed the loud assertion of many, and I fully allow that it cannot with our present programmes and our present methods. Some would add with our present teachers. Professor Sir J. Simpson, in a brilliant and witty lecture some weeks back at Glasgow, said that it had been suggested to him, as the only solution of the difficulty, to poison off the entire race of present schoolmasters. Well, if that be considered necessary, I will cheerfully offer myself as the first victim of the "happy despatch." But, although I may not be considered a perfectly impartial judge, I honestly think that this is not absolutely necessary, and that it might even lead to practical difficulties. The thing that was

reasoning is the system, not the men ; the pernicious contentment with adequate methods, not the teachers who do their best to carry them out. And my notion of a system which should be satisfactory in its intellectual results would be nothing short of this : that every boy of average ability leaving school at eighteen or nineteen should be able to read at sight any easy author in Greek and Latin ; that he should be well grounded in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry ; that he should understand French and German, and if possible speak one of the two ; that he should be able to read his own language well, to write it intelligently, and to show some familiarity with its greatest literature ; that he should have a sound knowledge of history and geography ; and lastly, that he should be acquainted with the nature and greatest results of the sciences in general, and have a more minute, practical, and experimental acquaintance with one of them at least. For a clever and diligent boy I should add much more ; and while any one who pleases may laugh at my scheme as Utopian, I maintain that such a result, or one closely analogous to it, has constantly been attained in past times, is at the present moment frequently attained in other countries, and might at any moment be attained by right methods in our own.

For in the many golden years before us a scheme such as the following is demonstrably practicable. Till the age of six I would lay a foundation of moral habits, of loving, unquestioning obedience, and of quick, intelligent observation ; but I would look for no attainment beyond the ability to read. From six till nine a boy might well learn writing, arithmetic, something about his own language, the elements of geography and history, the elements of botany, and the power of reading an easy book in French or German. At nine he might begin Latin, and at twelve Greek ; and if the study of these two languages were, on any natural and intelligent system, made the main serious study of the seven years between nine and sixteen, I maintain that, even while he was also learning something about other matters, a boy ought to have acquired a knowledge more correct and more ample for the purposes of mental culture than any which is now gained by all but a few boys in almost double the time. From sixteen till the period when he leaves school or the university, he ought to be in a condition to devote his mind, step by step, to mathematics, to modern languages, to special and general science, to ancient and modern literature, to such an extent as should make him a more able, a more many-sided, a more useful, and a happier man than it has ever lain within the opportunities of one Englishman in five hundred to become. And if some such scheme were vigorously carried out we should hear no more of the effeminate modern delusion, confuted by so many scientific names, that it is impossible for us to teach both science and the classics. The thing is demonstrably been done, and that over and over again. Galileo

at eighteen was a musician, a painter, and a man of letters. L great though he was in science, could at the age of sixteen three hundred Latin hexameters a day. Pascal was great as a no less than as a mathematician and experimentalist. Ampère to amuse himself with Latin verse—not, be it observed, as a pursuit, but as a mere schoolboy amusement—long after invented the electro-dynamic theory. Carnot, at sixteen, su a philosophic thesis in Latin with brilliant success. Greek an authors formed the favourite reading of the youthful Arago; fourteen our own Dr. Young (as we can prove by incontestabl ments) had learnt not only Greek and Latin and botany, bu considerable amount of French, Italian, Hebrew, Persian, and If this was possible for boys of genius then, why is it not for boys of genius now? In former days, even without ge would have been held disgraceful for any one pretending to th of a student not to speak and write Latin by the age of sixteen great Condé finished his studies at seventeen, won the vic Rocroi at twenty-two, and yet after seven years of labor victories still knew Latin enough to hold his own against the of the Sorbonne. Sixteen years after, Gustavus Adolphu had been a king and general since the age of twenty, knew when in the city of Munich, to seek out the rector of the College and hold with him in Latin a theological discussion, i he was valiantly seconded by a young French officer, Jean de afterwards a Mareschal of France, though neither of them kno of Latin than they had learnt at school. Such knowledge w regarded as a mere schoolboy excellence. Now I will not a many of our officers in the army, but I will ask how many choice University scholars and distinguished head-masters be able without embarrassment to do the same, or to talk l fluently as a German boy is obliged to do when he passes t turienten examination before leaving school? And what is th ence? It is this very startling one,—that whereas it is the every great nation to raise its educational system, and to hand if not improved, at least unimpaired, to the generation next we by some means or other have not only not accomplish but have retained a narrow and imperfect system, and, if we it, shall be handing it down to posterity in a condition p inferior to that in which we received it from our fathers. If of classical education can produce nothing better than such at and deciduous leaves as this, I for one shall not be sorry w axe is in the hands of the woodman, and the forest ringing sturdy strokes.

Yet it will be seen, from what I have said, that I woul Latin, and even Greek, though I would not retain them in the

which they are at present taught. I would certainly not let them occupy the enormous and barren period they now usurp. For what are Greek and Latin? They are just two ordinary human languages, by no means the most exceptionally difficult of those used by articulately-speaking men. They were spoken not only, as people seem to think, by long-robed philosophers and gorgeous tragedians, but, for the most part, by tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, and so on, down to a good large number of thieves. If other languages, by hearing them spoken, can be picked up in a few months, and, when not spoken, can be attained in a year or two of vigorous study, I can see no conceivable reason why Latin and Greek, for all purposes that have any value except for divines and scholars, and for purposes infinitely more valuable than any that are at present attained, might not be learnt in the same time. It cannot be right, it cannot be necessary, to consume a dozen futile years in failing to be able to read their easiest authors. A Russian grows up speaking with fluency five or six languages. It is said that any respectable parents in Hamburg would be ashamed if, at the age of twelve, their children did not speak French, German, and English. To talk of special linguistic aptitudes is a mere pillow to prop up the head of our failures. For observe, all that we are proposing to aim at is a mere power to read Latin and Greek so as to understand them. Well, if Jacotot, not knowing a word of Dutch, could in six weeks teach his Dutch pupils, who did not know a word of French, to speak and write that language with ease, with no more wonderful instrument in his hand than a double translation of "Télémaque," it is preposterous to argue that a system can be right which, after ten or a dozen years of it, leaves a boy unable to construe Cæsar or Xenophon without the awkward crutch of a lexicon, or the *facilis descensus* of a crib. But we have taught classics empirically and badly; and to succeed, we must in these days, when economy of time is necessary, adopt that natural method which is used in other countries, and which has been so often and so well described. We must smooth difficulties, we must minimise grammar, we must abandon superfine niceties and details, we must make boys know the languages by talking them to him, and by daily and pleasantly familiarising him, not with little scraps, but with large portions of them during the years which we devote to their study. The scholarship we have aimed at imparting is for most boys mere dull and useless pedantry. Scholarship, in its common and technical sense, is a narrow speciality of very subordinate value, rarely attained, and that not always by the greatest minds,—a narrow speciality which, when exclusively followed, has a most enfeebling influence, which was unknown to the ancients themselves, which is something wholly different from a wide and fruitful appreciation of their literature, and which would never have been suffered to weaken our entire conception of a liberal educa-

tion if it were not, on the one hand, convenient for examining purposes, and if, on the other, so vast a majority had not wasted so many precious years in not attaining it, that we have begun to reverence it with an honour closely akin to fetichism. And to this we owe that miserable manner of teaching which ought now to be finally exploded. To set a boy to learn a score of lines of a Greek or Latin author, "with a dictionary and a grammar unequally yoked together like ox and ass," to let him or his class construe or flounder through them, and then, without any attempt to teach what they are about, to point out their wisdom, beauty, or eloquence, to illustrate their relation to the great whole of which they form a part, or the insight they may give into social, moral, or literary questions,—instead of this, merely day after day to torture a short passage to death by parsing all the words in it,—parsing them as a mere exercise of memory or empiricism, without a single philological principle to guide either boy or master,—and to frown at or to punish boy if their attention fails them in this excruciating process;—I say that this way of teaching,—this "drilled, dull lesson forced down word by word,"—common, nay, all but universal as it is, and continued as it is from form to form, and from weary year to weary year, and as easy as it is for the most incompetent person who ever sat in a teacher's seat, is about as infructuous, about as irritating, and about as unreasonable a method of training the mind by sickening the memory as was ever elaborated by the perverted ingenuity of man. It is utterly degrading to all but the most mechanical masters, and utterly wearisome to all but the most sluggish-minded boys. No wonder does it in the least surprise me that many who have been trained in it show such mere vacuity of intellect, disgust for study, and incapacity for all mental enjoyment, and that so many of them are ready to stake a fortune or to encumber a life if one horse gets in its nose two inches before another in a yearly national race.

But to conclude: teachers cannot and do not attempt to deny the amazing ignorance of Greek, Latin, and all other things under the sun in which their teaching ends; but then they say, Look at the training value of our work! Look at the mental power which it bestows! Look how it enables boys to grapple with, and to master, all the difficulties of life! Now, independently of the mere *petitio principii* involved in assuming that nothing else would train the mind, and that these results have ensued because of our training rather than in spite of it, where, I ask, is this wonderful reservoir of power? Is it in our individual life? is it in our political government? is it in our social institutions? Never at any time was there so intense and unanimous a gloom as that which marked, in all our journals, the annual review of our last year's history. The *Times* desperat

informed us that we were surrounded by serious social problems, with which we had neither the knowledge, the energy, nor the unanimity to cope. One great writer tells us that we are shooting Niagara; another, that England is the stronghold of unenlightened Philistinism; another, that whole classes among us spend their lives, morning and night, and from year's end to year's end, in a succession and satiety of amusement. Such testimonies might be multiplied by the dozen; but let us see the immediate outcome of our work by comparing the authorised accounts which we have this year received of the German and of the English Universities,—institutes which Dr. Döllinger tells us have nothing in common but the names. Of the German we are told that they create astonishment and admiration for the zeal and ability of their teachers, for their continual advance, their profound learning, their intellectual activity, and their ardent devotion to literature and science. On the other hand, some of the most eminent Oxford men have this year been complaining to us that their University "runs too much upon velvet;" that "the men want fibre;" that many of them show "an inextricable confusion of thought and an ignorance of the easiest principles and rudiments of language;" that "they are not only indisposed for, but incapable of, study;" and that "seventy per cent. not only furnish from among them all the idleness and extravagance which is become a byword through the country, but cannot even be considered to be pursuing any course of University education at all." Now, who is it that says these things? Not I;—but fellows of Oxford colleges, public examiners, and heads of houses. I do but take the facts as I find them. I never read a more humiliating book than that just published by the Rector of Lincoln College. That terrible, oft-repeated ratio of seventy per cent., who, he says, are "languid, uninterested, blunted by school-grind, and overborne by a gladiatorial appetite for feats of the cricket-field," may well make him exclaim that "nothing but tradition and habit could ever have reconciled us to such a degradation of our laurels." Yet England was once called "a land of heroes and philosophers," and was transcendent in learning before the name of Germany was known. Can we make nothing better of our youths than this? Never, surely, was there an epoch in our history when we more sorely needed the presence in our midst of men who will face social problems with inflexible honesty and indomitable will; of men who, in the cause of truth, will shock any number of Pharisaic self-complacencies, and lay down their own interests as lightly as a pin. In the seventeenth century such a student left the ancient halls of Cambridge. Young, and beautiful, and strong, and skilled in all manly exercises, he would yet have unutterably scorned the notion of degenerating into a modern athlete. With a passion for noble music and Gothic architecture, he was yet neither a *dilettante* nor a ritualist. He united all that was serious in

the heart of Puritanism with all that was noble in the worship of Rome; he blended a maiden's purity with a soldier's courage and an enthusiast's fire. Living one of the noblest of recorded lives, he defied the world's haughtiest tyrannies, and ran the gauntlet of its deadliest hates, to leave behind him such a heritage of burning eloquence and lofty thought as might have made us for all time the wiser and the better. And how was he educated? His education had been by no means exceptional. He had been a boy at an ordinary London school; nor is there anything to show that he either was, or thought himself, more specially instructed than many of his compeers. Nay, there were many whom he considered more timely-happy than himself. Yet not only was he one of the best Greek and Latin scholars of his age, but also he was widely acquainted with the history and literature of modern nations. He was a proficient in Hebrew and Biblical theology; he was well acquainted with all the science, the logic, and the philosophy of his day; he was admirable as a musician; and could speak and write well in French, and perfectly in Italian. His name was John Milton; and for no mean portion of his life he, too, was a schoolmaster, and he proposed a scheme which is the favourite laughing-stock of the little geniuses of modern days. And shall the University which trained him, and which cannot now produce a Latin scholar worthy to be mentioned as his peer, or as the peer of many of his contemporaries, shall it content to confine its principal rewards to that which, in comparison with his oceanic learning, is but a miserable pin's point of linguistic knowledge? Shall it, in these disturbed and uncertain times of change and revolution, send out as teachers men who are content to go on teaching Greek and Latin, with verse and all the rest of only a little worse than their fathers taught it, or men whose names and attainments shall be a guarantee that they themselves possess wide and generous appreciation of every form of human knowledge and who will mould their pupils, not merely into elegant scholars but also into iron-hearted and liberal-minded men? I am convinced that we ought to be profoundly dissatisfied—nay, even thoroughly ashamed—of a system which fails so utterly with seventy per cent of those who carry it farthest; a system which has been shown not to be literary, and which does not even pretend to be scientific. I am convinced that we ought not to rest content until we do far more than we are doing now to send forth our boys with well-educated senses and active minds; with a real training both in language and in literature; with some sound knowledge of the great phenomena of the universe in which they live; with a conviction that thought and labour are among the most elementary duties of mankind; above all, with hearts which burn with such ardour and faith and devotion in the cause of truth, that they will pursue it with a dauntless and un-

werving spirit, without shirking the penalty or claiming the reward. This, I am convinced, does not lie beyond the power of our resolute efforts; but to achieve it demands a frank and ungrudging revision of our present programmes, our present methods—even, perhaps, of our present conceptions of what a liberal education should be held to be. We may not live to see this brought about. We may injure ourselves in the attempt to hasten it. A whole generation of teachers may shrink from the labour and the self-sacrifice which such a reform demands; but thus, and thus only, as it seems to me, shall we restore a weakened England to her old heroic and commanding position in the world of statesmanship and the world of thought; thus, and thus only, shall we realise that grand picture of “a noble and puissant Nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: . . . as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about her, amazed at what she means.”

F. W. FARRAR.

JUNIUS, FRANCIS, AND LORD MANSFIELD IN DECEMBER, 1770.

IN completing to the best of my ability the "Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis" which had been commenced by Mr. Parkes, and editing selections from Sir Philip's correspondence and other remains, I avoided entering argumentatively, as far as I could help it, into the controversy respecting the authorship of "Junius." I did so for reasons specified by myself in the preface and other parts of the work, into which I need not here enter. Nor is it my intention to trouble the reader on the present occasion, except with considerations suggested by one little chapter in that controversy.

Mr. Hayward's recent pamphlet, "More about Junius: or, the Franciscan Theory Unsound," of which I fully recognise the genuinity, while I cannot adopt the conclusion, has directed attention more closely to the subject of that chapter than it has been drawn in the course of my previous investigations. I am forced by him to confess to a certain amount of inadvertence respecting the line of investigation which I might have followed out more closely.

The subject in question is treated of in the last few pages of Mr. Hayward's essay. It relates to that curious letter of Francis addressed, under his own name, to Calcraft, which is printed in the Appendix to vol. i. of the Memoirs, at p. 394. Mr. Hayward appears to consider the evidence afforded by that letter, compared with other contemporary matter, as going far to nullify the claim of its author to be Junius. I regarded it as strongly corroborative of that claim. But for the general reasons above given, I did not enter on any specific argument in that behalf. I will now crave the reader's attention to the strangely complicated knot presented by this portion of the Junian correspondence, asking also his patience while I endeavour to untie it.

On Nov. 14, 1770, Junius addressed his celebrated letter, No. 10 of the series, to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; one of the most powerful examples of his sarcastic eloquence. It contains a fiercest hostile review of many passages in the Lord Chief Justice's public life; but the immediate occasion, as is well known, was afforded by his lordship's conduct on the trial of the prosecutions against Almon and against Woodfall for publishing Junius's Address to the King.

On Dec. 1, 1770 (not Dec. 10, as stated in the Memoirs by the printer), Francis (in his own name) wrote to Calcraft the letter of which I have above spoken. The object (ostensibly) was

dissuade Calcraft from an intended motion¹ in the Commons against Lord Mansfield, on account of the same proceedings to which the letter of Junius adverts. But it is conceived in a tone of the bitterest hostility to Lord Mansfield himself. I have suggested (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 247) that the writer probably meant it to be shown to Lord Chatham. Mr. Hayward thinks this letter a mere "loose and wandering attack on Lord Mansfield." Let us look a little closer at it, and compare passages from it, column against column, with the corresponding letter of Junius.

Junius to Lord Mansfield, Nov. 14.

"You knew and felt that your conduct would not bear a *parliamentary inquiry*, and you hoped to escape it by the meanest, the basest sacrifice of consistency that ever was made by a great magistrate. Where was your firmness? where was that vindictive spirit of which we have seen so many examples, when, &c. . . . Yet I own, my lord, that yours is no uncommon character. Women, and *men like women*, are timid, vindictive, and irresolute. Their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible. . . .

"You secretly engross the power, while you decline the title of minister: and, though you dare not be chancellor, you know how to secure the emoluments of the office. I beg pardon, my lord: your fears have interposed at last, and forced you to resign: the odium of continuing Speaker of the House of Lords upon such terms was too formidable to be resisted. . . . But though you have relinquished the salary, you still assume the rights of a minister."

Francis to Calcraft, Dec. 1.

"Your only rational view, as I conceive, must be, to intimidate the capital offender by the terror of a *parliamentary inquiry*. . . . I am convinced that he is now under the influence of terror, and, while that lasts, he will act with circumspection and reserve. Let the cloud hang over his head, but not burst, until it has collected weight to crush him. When I speak of his fears, I do not refer to any real danger he would be in from a present parliamentary inquiry. I argue from the character of the man, his general dread of public odium, and the *quickness of his sensations*, which anticipate danger, and even now make him look forward to a distant day of punishment. . . .

"You cannot, in my opinion, wish for firmer or safer ground than his keeping the seals so long in commission. . . . Both the spirit of the laws and the king's gracious intentions are equally counteracted. We see the income, which belongs to the Great Seal, divided (and not for a short period) between four of the twelve judges. . . . Lord Mansfield's meanness in *threatening one day to resign*, and yet continuing still upon the wool-pack, may be the subject of much good discourse. . . ."

The discrepancy between the two compositions, in these extracts, is as notable as their similarity. Junius, on Nov. 14, believed, or professed to believe, that Lord Mansfield had resigned. Francis, on Dec. 1, knew better, but accuses him of "threatening" to do so. In point of fact, Lord Mansfield held the seals until Jan. 23, 1771.

(1) The subject was taken up by Sergeant Elynn, in his "Motion for a Committee to inquire into the administration of Criminal Justice," on Dec. 6.

I think I may fairly ask whether one of two things must not reasonably inferred—either that Francis was Junius, and repeat himself; or that Francis, wanting to advise so knowing a man Calcraft, could think of nothing more original than borrowing the exact sentiments of a letter of Junius a fortnight old. I said in the *Memoirs* that the two writers seem, on this occasion, to have studied to avoid “identity of expression;” and so they have; but this is all. In all but the very words they are identical, or so near so that (to look at the problem from another side), it is not easy to understand how Francis, if he was Junius, ventured to run so near the wind, unless, indeed, he felt sure of Calcraft as a confederate.

But this is only the outset of a puzzling inquiry. We must take a step further into the labyrinth.

I must acknowledge, and I do so most readily, that Mr. Hayward’s acuteness has detected a point, in relation to this letter of Francis which had escaped mine. I fancied—although I did not feel sure of it—that Francis was thinking of *this* letter when he wrote the following passage in his “*Fragment of Autobiography*” (probably 1775):—

“I caught a hint of this irregularity” (Lord Mansfield “travelling out of the record,” in reporting to the court summing-up in *R. v. Woodfall*) “from Bearcroft, one night, at a tavern, and immediately drew up an argument on it in proper form and sent it to Calcraft, desiring him to transmit it to his friend. Within three days after, I heard the great Earl of Chatham repeat my letter *verbatim* in the House of Lords; not only following the argument exactly, but dressing it in the same expressions that I had done.” (*Memoirs*, i. 364.)

It is true that the “irregularity” in question is not adverted to in the letter of December 1; but I fancied that Francis, five or six years afterwards, might have forgotten all but the general purport of that letter, and thus misquoted it. “Apparently,” I said, “this is the letter he means.”

But Mr. Hayward has found, as he says (I believe with perfect truth), the key to this enigma. In the “*Chatham Correspondence*” vol. iv. p. 48, will be found the “extract” of a letter headed “Anonymous to John Calcraft, Esq.,” dated December 9, 1771, beginning, “Should anything more be said in Parliament,” and expounding clearly the particular irregularity of which Lord Mansfield had been guilty. “This extract” was forwarded by Calcraft to Chatham, and was used by his lordship in Parliament. And so the editors of the “*Correspondence*” say as follows:—“The writer is understood to be Mr. Calcraft’s friend and correspondent, Sir Philip Francis. See vol. iii. p. 444.”

The case, therefore, is to all appearance as clear as daylight.

Francis, in his "Fragment," refers to his *anonymous* letter of December 9, not (as I had at first supposed) to his *signed* letter of December 1. And we have thus an unintentional but distinct confession by Francis that he *did* write the anonymous letter of December 9, which, as has been seen, the editors of the "Chatham Correspondence" had already, by comparison with other acknowledged letters of his in the same correspondence, ascribed to him.

Now the editor of the "Grenville Correspondence" (Mr. William James Smith) deals with this same anonymous letter in his "Introductory Notes relating to the Authorship of Junius." He believes the anonymous correspondent to be *Junius* (vol. iii. p. lxvi); and therefore, according to his theory, to be Lord Temple. It is therefore part of his case to show that the editors of the "Chatham Correspondence" were wrong in attributing it to Francis. "The handwriting," he says, speaking of the original, which he had seen, "is certainly not that of Francis. It is without disguise, a common business-like sort of hand,—no resemblance to that of Junius,—and has the appearance of having been freely and rapidly written, *as if transcribed from the author's copy*. It is neither dated nor addressed." And so Mr. Hayward, following Mr. Smith, declares that the paper is "not in the handwriting of Francis." It would be singular if it were. The paper is obviously not the original letter to Calcraft at all, but an extract from that letter, "without date or address," transcribed either by Mr. Calcraft or (more likely) by some confidential person for him. The handwriting, whatever it may be, is entirely immaterial. The important point is that this document—already attributed by the editors of the "Chatham Correspondence" to Francis, by the editor of the "Grenville Correspondence" to Junius—is now, in this passage of his "Autobiographical Fragment," *claimed by Francis as his own*—claimed, as I have said, apparently in a fit of inadvertence, which renders the evidence thus unconsciously afforded even more irresistible. Mr. Hayward is himself so struck with the cogency of this avowal, that he endeavours to account for it on a peculiar supposition. "Francis," thinks Mr. Hayward, "evidently heard from Calcraft how Lord Chatham got the argument; and subsequently, probably after Calcraft's death, *assumed* the credit of it" (p. 22). Assumed it in a private record, "which" (in Mr. Hayward's opinion) "he probably never intended to see the light!" (p. 35). I must leave the reader to judge of the probability of this conjecture.

But it remains to show the close bearing of this anonymous letter, thus avowed by Francis, on the authorship of Junius. On December 10 (Monday) Lord Chatham used the "anonymous" letter in the House. On December 17 appeared in the *Public Advertiser* yet another attack on Lord Mansfield. It is signed "Phalaris." It is No. 82 of the "miscellaneous letters ascribed to Junius" of Wood-

fall's edition (Bohn, vol. ii. p. 320). Part of its purpose expose the very same alleged legal error which is commented the said anonymous letter. Now Phalaris and the Anon coincide, not only in sense, but in the very language. Part former is, in fact, a mere transcript of the latter, with the very disguise of some changes in the collocation of words. This putable identity is pointed out in the "Grenville Correspondence" (iii. cxvii). But it may be more convenient to the reader to ve for himself by means of extracts, given, as in the former ins column against column.

Anonymous to Calcraft, Dec. 9.

"In the cause of the King v. Woodfall, the verdict was 'guilty of printing and publishing only.' A motion was made in arrest of judgment by the defendant's counsel upon this ground, that the verdict was so ambiguous, that judgment could not be entered up on it. On the other hand, it was moved that the verdict might be entered up according to the legal import of the words of the verdict. . . . The court could not (as is universally known in Westminster Hall) 'travel out of the record.' But Lord Mansfield . . . went regularly through the evidence which was given at the trial, and very particularly rehearsed the charge which he had given to the jury. Now all this is flatly *irregular, extrajudicial, and unprecedented*. His reason for this proceeding was, that he might have an opportunity of saying what he had no right to say on that occasion, *that the three other judges concurred with him in the doctrine laid down in the charge to the jury.*"

Phalaris: Public Advertiser, D

"The verdict given at Nisi in the King v. Woodfall was, 'of printing and publishing only' motion in arrest of judgment made by the defendant's counsel grounded upon the ambiguity of the verdict. At the same time a motion was made by the counsel for the King to show cause why the verdict should not be entered up according to the legal import of the words. . . . Lord Mansfield, when he delivered his opinion of the court upon the verdict, went regularly through the whole of the proceedings at Nisi Prius; and the evidence which had been given at the trial, and gave his own charge to the jury. . . . He made use of the legal phrase that the court cannot 'travel out of the record.' Lord Mansfield did not travel out of the record. I affirm, that Lord Mansfield, like Lord Chatham, that his conduct was *irregular, extrajudicial, and unprecedented*. . . . His real motive was, that he might have an opportunity of telling the public extrajudicially, *that the other three judges agreed with him in the doctrine laid down in his charge to the jury.*"

It must now be added, to complete the history of this document, that Lord Chatham having, as above said, employed in the House of Lords the argument furnished by the anonymous letter, a report of his speech appeared in the London *Evening Post* of Tuesday, December 11. It is brief, but accurate enough to show us, who are in the secret, from what source he derived his materials. ("Grenville correspondence," iii. cxvii.) But this newspaper report *omits* the last paragraph. (In that paragraph Lord Mansfield is accused of a trick v

Lord Chatham is not at all likely to have charged him with in parliamentary debate.) Consequently Phalaris could not have copied the newspaper report, but *must* have copied the anonymous letter. And the fair inference is, that Francis kept a copy of his own anonymous letter, and used it a few days later under the name of "Phalaris."¹

Now let us pause for one moment to consider the effect of this mass of evidence. We have here four conspirators against Lord Mansfield discharging their engines in the course of one month—Junius; Francis, under his own name; the Anonymous, now shown (by Mr. Hayward) to be Francis on his own confession; and Phalaris, commonly believed to be an *alias* for Junius. The two first correspond, not in exact words, but very closely in thought, and that thought by no means of a commonplace description. The two last correspond word for word. Is it not the plain, natural, probable supposition that Francis was concerned in all the four? Some may think (as far as this piece of evidence goes) that he was concerned along with some others unknown. Those who have studied the rest of the evidence—those, above all, who have studied the mind of Francis, and can appreciate his inveteracy, his industry, and his tortuousness—will probably incline to the conviction that "alone he did it."

I will conclude with one or two other observations suggested by the same portion of the case.

1. Mr. Hayward points out (p. 22) that Junius (Preface to collected edition, 1772) describes with legal accuracy the legal error alleged to have been committed by Lord Mansfield in the trial of *R. v. Woodfall*; but that Francis (in his "Autobiographical Fragment"), professing to refer to the same error, entirely mistakes and mis-states the point. The remark is perfectly just as far as I can see; and *valeat quantum*. But I suspect the following to be the solution. Junius (as has been often proved) was no lawyer. But, while engaged in writing, he "crammed" for his legal arguments with great assiduity. But Francis, writing five or six years afterwards from memory, and with a head full of other matters, retained only an indistinct idea of the legal lore which he had acquired—for the nonce only—by the cramming process above described.

2. This is perhaps illustrated by another odd instance of apparent forgetfulness in the "Fragment" so often alluded to.

"Woodfall, the printer," Francis says in it, "had been tried before Lord Mansfield for printing a libel. *I think* it was Junius's letter to the king."

(1) One more version of the speech (exactly following the Anonymous and Phalaris) is given by Junius in a note to the preface to his collected edition. See the "Grenville Correspondence." It is reproduced in the Parliamentary History. Probably it is the contribution of Francis himself.

"So," exclaims Mr. Hayward sarcastically, "Junius was in doubt whether Woodfall was, or was not, tried for printing Junius's letter to the king!" (p. 21.)

But Mr. Hayward himself had shown, four pages before, that Francis knew the fact perfectly well. He writes to Macrabiæ (June 12, 1770), "Almon has been found guilty of republishing the letter to the king, and Woodfall, who was the original publisher, is to be tried to-morrow."

We have therefore to compare Francis, not with Junius, but with Francis himself; and to make out why, what he perfectly well knew in 1770, he only "thought" in 1775. I cannot explain the contradiction, any more than sundry others of the sayings and doings of that enigmatical man. But the reason *may* be found in the suggestion which I have already made, that when he wrote in India, five or six years after the time, his memory of details was confused. Or the words "I think" were only a *blind*, which was Mr. Parkes's opinion,¹ and which Mr. Hayward himself (immediately afterwards) seems inclined to admit. "Granting," he says, "that Francis *affected* not to know whether the point arose at Woodfall's trial for publishing the letter to the king." But then, what becomes of his sarcasm?

These are a few remarks suggested only by the phenomena of a single month in the period of the Junian publications. Nor do they by any means exhaust what might be said on this fraction of the subject alone. Who is there with leisure sufficient, and energy sufficient, to take up the question where Mr. Parkes left it, and work the mine fairly out? And if any one were to devote himself to the task, would the public reward him by sufficient encouragement? I can not tell. For myself, the task is too arduous; but few literary announcements would give me greater pleasure than one informing me that it was undertaken in earnest, with the aid of those ample materials which the industry of Mr. Parkes had either collected or indicated—

HERMAN MERIVALE.

(1) "You think, do you?" was Mr. Parkes's energetic pencil-mark on the margin of this passage in the MS.

ON THE THEORY OF CLERICAL OBLIGATION.

This was treason and revolution yesterday ; it is orthodoxy and conservatism to-day.

By the long-protracted deathbed of the most gifted Academician it was ever my fortune to know, I put some question to him as to the misunderstandings which arise when religious teachers find their convictions, or those of their age, drifting out of agreement with what their congregations expect. He answered prettily, "*Deus his hæc otia fecit* ; my disablement has spared me that and some other embarrassments of the kind." The question is a complex one, but interesting enough to have found a place among those which my rough years of almost disembodied weakness employed the ideal intellect of Leslie Ellis.

Our first impulse, which after all qualifications it will be the subject of this paper rather to confirm than weaken, is that contracts and understandings, involving the primary duty of good faith to man, must not become less sacred because they concern our relations to God. This is the element which gives to popular feeling its special intensity upon the question for our discussion. Men could understand differences of literary or scientific opinion, and of speculation about the modes of the Divine action ; but they cannot tolerate in the midst of their own devotions the consciousness or appearance of disloyalty to the Supreme Ruler, who is the object of their address. The ineradicable instinct of mankind pronounces—

"The priest who has forsworn the God he serves,
Is but profaner for his sacred name."

are secondary obligations which are more properly the subject of human cognizance, such as those arising out of our relation to civil or congregational institutions ; but without the least diminution to their binding force, which may be affected, but cannot be destroyed, by tacit conventions, it still seems that the element which introduces a righteous jealousy into discussions affecting the duties of priests, turns fundamentally upon the requirement of fidelity to God. Instead of seeking to diminish this feeling, our duty would be to extend it ; we should remind men that prayers offered in their name, and sanctioned by their presence, are offered for themselves ; without exempting any single clergyman from his duty towards Heaven, we should ask that it may be enforced with him by the ecclesiastical authorities which impose, and the lay expressions of opinion which secure the continuance

of whatever may be the prescribed form. On this principle, while we regard the Church of England as having escaped a great calamity in not having excluded by law the many clergymen who agree with Mr. Gorham in denying baptismal regeneration, we may consider it still more calamitous for public morality, and for the principle of *directness* in religion, that no alternation of forms has been devised, which (leaving patristic phrase for those who prefer it) might excuse a large body of public teachers from the necessity of affirming in their most solemn addresses to the Deity a mental change in infants, which, whenever they touch the subject in their sermons, they will with equal solemnity deny. This censure is now pointed at the Evangelical clergy, who have declared their opinion manfully. Our spiritual rulers were upon all principles of ethics, heathen or Christian, bound, as soon as the denial of a doctrine became legally authorised, to provide means, as at least an alternative, of abstaining from its affirmation in the Liturgy. Our theory must be that clergymen believe prayers which they pray and sermons which they preach.

In addition to the above primary obligation, we contract, by receiving Orders, a duty to the institution whose chief officers ordain us upon an understanding, and to the people for whose benefit, if not by their direct payment, we are to exist. The first of these bonds must be measured by conscience taking pains to inform itself; the second has the Articles and Liturgy for its measure; the third has an approximate expression in our sermons. It seems agreed (without prejudice to the doctrine of Divine grace) that the primary seat of religious activity is in the emotional side of our nature. This does not prevent our intellectual faculties from claiming their share in a process which is, by hypothesis, of the highest importance; and the result of their action, in combination with the facts or spiritual data of the case, constitutes theological doctrine. Theology is, in effect, the rational element in religion. Let it be left here undecided under which of the three heads of clerical obligation it should ideally be classed. No large institution, hardly often a congregation, can be expected to wish its teacher without some theory, *i.e.* without a theology.

We will now consider qualifications, which the above statements require. The first, which is common to the Church with all societies, needs little stress. We must make some allowance for our neighbours as all who have acted at any board, vestry, or meetings, especially of the more public kind, are aware by experience. A clergyman may think it more important, on his own premisses, that our children should be dedicated to heaven, reminded afterwards of their duties, and that our marriage should be blessed, our burial hallowed with holy words, than that the expressions in each office should have the happiest

most logical turn. He need not conceal, on proper occasions, his own feeling that it would be well if patristic language did not convey in the first office to most men's ears a meaning which half our Church disavows; if the second did not direct an earlier age for confirmation than our bishops would either encourage or accept; if the third contained no words to deepen painfully the blush of bridal modesty; if the fourth did not require much explanation to free it from the charge of irreverent presumption. Such things may be borne in charity for the sake of a preponderant good. A prescribed form is interpreted less strictly than our own words would be. The benefit of this apology should in equity be extended to the authorities who impose the formularies, if they were not generally too ready to claim it and to exaggerate the need for it. Many improvements are prevented only by skilful playing upon the jealousy of ecclesiastical parties. This would be better met by an optional alternation of forms than by combinations which seem contrived to keep up the balance of mortifications.

A second, an essentially inherent, qualification arises from the nature of religious language, which of necessity applies to spiritual and metaphysical objects language full of sensuous imagery. We should greatly lessen the power of religion to touch our own and other men's feelings if we struck out of it all the physical images; it is not the less an abuse to convert those images, especially when steeped in passion and tinged with awe, into absolute foundations for logically-framed systems. The child thinks of God as of one sceptred and crowned; the average divine still urges the idea of a throne; the philosopher refuses to press ratiocinatively a term which he still cannot spare from his language. All this is not new. The intellects of Augustine and Anselm moved instinctively in that lofty region of thought, the habitual ideas of which, if transplanted suddenly into our converse, would seem to some cold abstractions, and be denounced by others as sophistical evasions. The only suggestion having an air of novelty which need be offered is, that whatever figurativeness applies to our descriptions of Deity in general must equally apply to the scriptural or Christian conception of Deity, and to all its accompaniments and consequences in respect of forms of revelation. The philosopher has no right to grudge to the terms of the divine the license which he claims for his own. We can neither exclude the Trinity from the circle of doctrines incumbent on a clergyman to believe, nor debar him from aiding his belief by the reasonings of the writers who moulded the doctrine into form.

A third qualification need barely be mentioned, as turning upon questions so constantly recurrent as to seem insoluble. Whether the punitive elements in nature are largely permissive, and because it could not be otherwise, or are divinely designed; whether the links of

causation imply predestination ; or, with more reference to our time, how far inspiration leaves free the shaping imagination (so that the pictorial agency of the prophet closely resembles that of the poet), questions on which an inclination of opinion may be felt, but which we do not find in our formularies such cogent consistency as to supply fetters for any side.

A fourth qualification arises from natural *flux* of language, through sophistry, but through softening of ideas. Nothing can be less like the doctrine which Calvin deduced from the Epistle to the Romans than that which the Lutheran Neander is now thought to have established by the same passages. Those who wish formularies at least justified during the period of their existence may extract much out of this flux of terms ; those who feel repugnance to it should observe that it is a natural effect of time. When our Articles declare certain teachers are “to be had accursed,” we mean that their doctrine is to be mildly deprecated ; if this seem too conscious an explanation of an old form of anathema, the responsibility for it lies at Lambeth ; we should not be better clergymen if we interpreted the phrase harshly. In other cases, where no question of formularies occurs, the differences between “the Old Creed and the New” are not necessarily much more than a softening of terms, or rendering into spirit the shape an idea which had a ruder form. Such things depend partly on the teacher. The interpretations of Jerome, in the fourth century, are more rational than Dr. Pusey’s in the nineteenth. The doctrinal views of Anselm are often larger than those of our time. But modifications through time will take place most happily when formularies are adapted to them. Otherwise, they will wrest whatever is rigid and stereotyped :—

“Thou, Mind, ne’er wearest chain.”

A fifth qualification, which may seem the most important, arises from the circumstance that we teach our religion in connection with those exemplifications of its power which are recorded in the ancient volume of Scripture. Here seems a fixed and, according to most, unerring code of stability, while all thought and fashion change. We seem bound to hold that the result to which Scripture, in combination with other providential instruments, leads, is a true religious result. It ought not to be required that changes of manners and idiom, or modern accessions of knowledge, should be rejected, or that the narrower horizon and ruder standards reflected in a literature which professes stages of development should be authoritatively stamped equal to its maturer growth, or to the subsequent enlargement of the heritage. We may at least claim that undeniable accessions in the physical or scientific domain—such as the discovery of America, the enlargements of epoch in space and time produced by astrono-

geology, and pre-historic archæology — shall be acknowledged on all sides, and that minds called to such employment shall be left free to draw, with unobtrusive pertinence to the matter in hand, the logical consequences as regards Mosaic omniscience. There will remain abundant truths of a permanent kind, which Scripture will enable us to illustrate by sacred precedents and time-honoured instances.

So far as we read the volume in the congregation, no difficulty arises for the clergyman, though there may be room for more discrimination on the part of those who impose particular chapters. The true meaning of the Bible is the Bible. If things seem to one man poetry which to another seem prose, an entire sincerity is all that is requisite to make this divergence innocent in the sight of heaven; and consideration of other persons' feelings will (if no extraneous influences are brought to bear) generally prevent misunderstandings in the congregation. It is conceivable that researches undertaken from a sense of duty may result in discoveries inopportune, and awakening controversy; but these results will not sin against the primary theory of clerical obligation, which was rather their originating cause. We might even hope, as the Bishop of Natal appears in his simplicity to have hoped, that in virtue of such a cause the authoritative imposers of ecclesiastical arrangements would join in investigating the alleged discoveries; and, in the event of their truth, take steps to bring about a reconciliation, in case any were needful. It seems assumed, rather than proved, that the results of critical research would have any consequences directly affecting the faith of Christ or the discipline of the Church of England. Suppose, as an eventuality, that the composition of the Psalms, the origin of the Pentateuch, the age and authorship of some other books—*e.g.* Daniel—and the traces of oral elements in the Gospels, were to be settled in accordance with critical tendency, instead of popular impression, the direct result need not be great. A little hellebore might be useful in high quarters, and unfair pressure on candidates for ordination, or on their teachers, would have to be withdrawn: it would be soon shown, by a succession of Bampton lecturers, how providentially the New Testament defines faith with no reference to these questions; how our baptismal vow is silent, and our Articles not stringent upon them; in short, how wonderful it was that the only Christian view had not been long ago discovered—as indeed, they would add, it had never been quite unknown.

Inexpugnable as is on the side of sharers of their own ecclesiastical responsibilities the logical position of those who do not so much advocate an opinion as express a desire that the spirit of fairness may find a place in religion, it may be asked if they feel equally secure on the side of advanced liberalism, or if they hear without emotion

the contemptuous challenge from its camp to face the consequences of their own principles, and to look where they are rowing. Let us consider this question.

The only assumption in this paper is the conceded necessity of worship. The devotional sympathies which render this necessary point to a Divine reality as their object, as certainly as any instinct in nature prophesies fulfilment. We may base the knowledge of God upon inferences from our own mental structure, which are as instinctive as to appear intuitions; upon deductions from the constitution of the world, which are so natural as to appear necessary; upon testimonies from men who have gone through kindred processes before us, the embodiment of whose experience in records becomes written or traditional revelation; and upon personal observation and experience of providential or spiritual guidance. No solvent can reach this idea of God, which does not equally reach the entire world beyond our physical sensations. If the element of relation enters into all human apprehension, we may not be able to exclude it from our apprehension of this idea amongst others; but such limitation of our knowledge is only the more reason for embracing practically the best we can have. Nothing in the principle of faith requires omniscience to be one of its elements. To profess more than "prophesying in part" would be vain. Yet faith has some advantage over reason over a philosophy which can give no account of the stability of combinations of the world we live in, and does not know whether the sun will rise to-morrow. Denial and destruction may be epochs of righteous necessity; but to affirm and construct is happier, let us trust the more permanent, destiny of man.

If any worthy idea of God implies that we should offer him the best of our thoughts as of our deeds, we cannot neglect religious history, which has no richer treasury than our own Bible. If people imagine they could compile a better, let them try. It suffers from estimation from being so often misapplied to the purpose of restricting knowledge, for which it was not intended. But all theories and books are to be tested by the book. We should feel its measure more if, instead of excluding its humanity by calling it a voice dictated from heaven, we treated it as an echo from mankind's consciousness of Divine influences. We should then submit its history to historical tests, but verify the spiritual experiences of its writers by finding them homogeneous with the best of our own, or with those of better men. It will not be denied that the Bible in so many ways leads us to Christ, and Christ to God. The place of Christ in our own system is justified by the consonance of his life and character with our highest ideal (whether that were wholly formed by him, or in part otherwise), and also by the proneness of men to forsake his faith to fall below that ideal in thought or practice.

is not a mere exemplar, but a source of spiritual strength. Again, if men are to act together, they must have a common code; and in result, if not by express command, the Bible seems providentially a fit instrument for combined instruction, though social agreement on this head need not have its force exaggerated, as if it were a Divine veto upon the freedom of human activities. Our Prayer-Book was hardly professed by its framers to be perfect, still less infallible; and there need be no inherent difficulty in diversifying and enriching its forms, as well as otherwise improving it; but it must be allowed, after three centuries of all sorts of experiences, to be a fair approximate application of scriptural data to ecclesiastical practice. If it contains a few things which hardly fulfil the Anglican condition of being provable by Scripture, we may treat those few as having a disciplinary value, and only so far binding on the conscience. Hooker won for us the great principle of Christian freedom, that everything need not be Judaically written. Our Creeds remind us of our history, or of the theories early connected with it. Our Articles have their place in guiding the preliminary studies of the clergyman, and in enabling him to test his own orthodoxy, or frame his teachings, and his congregation to decide whether his sermons are practically in harmony with his prayers. That the aspect of the Liturgy is devotional and that of the Articles polemical, is explicable by historical causes, the influence of which on large societies cannot philosophically be overlooked. All conceivable drawbacks are counterbalanced by the courageous boundlessness of faith with which our Church puts the Scripture into every man's hand, reads through even its most questionable parts, bids criticism and science do their best, and combines with the assumption that her system is essentially true, a tacit pledge that if anything in it is found untrue it will be open to amendment. This spirit of regulated freedom is inherent in her system, though it may be obscured by the fault of her administrators; while it lives, the Church lives; when it dies, may the Church die also. If there is an appearance of inconsistency in granting the same persons larger freedom as critics than they possess as clergymen, it is compensated by the security hence derived for both stability and progress, or for the combined interests of truth, knowledge, and order. Yet we may usefully remind our countrymen that in the communion of Rome, and in the Austria of Metternich, Dr. Jahn was permitted to discuss critical difficulties with a learned candour which in Protestant England would be supposed to sin against written standards, while it really corrected current errors. Dr. Döllinger now furnishes an analogy to the more liberal stamp of Anglicans.

Clerical obligation being here considered as a matter of conscience, we are little concerned with courts of law. However justly liturgical

obedience may be exacted, there could hardly be a greater calamity for a Church like our own than for a habit to arise of dragging literary or scientific questions before inappropriate tribunals. While a bishop and a clergyman, if equally conscientious, can derive no satisfaction from either obscuring a truth or neglecting a duty, an unseemly contest between the two creates an impression that either one or the other must have such a desire; hence it may do great personal injustice, while in the public mind it throws a sense of uncertainty around the fundamental questions, and tends above all things to aggravate partisanship in religion. The pernicious habit too widely prevails of estimating Truth by the shouts around her banner; while Englishmen enjoy a fight about church-rates or chapel-trusts, they cannot enter into a solitary clergyman's anxiety that a literary problem should be accurately stated; if in their loftiest moments they conceive the possibility of his having got hold of a truth, they can never understand his claim to be orthodox, perhaps more so than his assailants.

Our question is as to a clergyman's satisfying the principle of duty. Questions of greater width, as the distribution of the franchise or University extension, and of greater charity, as the reunion of Christendom or better social administration, require greater scope or power: ours is more primarily essential, as paying debts should go before giving alms. Loyalty to one's Church has like patriotism, a place among real, though secondary, duties. A political innovation is only permitted to citizens within the range of national rights, so improvements sought by clergymen ought to respect the primary principles of their Church, and her relation to competing denominations. It is consistent with a moderate estimate of the importance of denominational distinctions for one still to regret that Mr. Mill has lent his high authority to the principle of innovation from within, as most likely to be successful, without inquiring with what limitations it be also right. The truer theory seems to be that our secondary relations to man are here interbrought with our primary relation to God; and that whoever would make our Church Romish, or Unitarian, or other than National, should do his work outside, and has no ground of complaint if he be turned out. Yet the principle of fairness to opponents should be extended even to religious bodies farthest removed from our symbols. Hence hermeneutical and literary problems must be solved impartially, even if the solution tell against our side. There may still be statesmen among us who would not falsify a fact to gain a division. We owe loyalty, not misrepresentation. Even if results of magnitude arise, they involve, if undesired, no blame in us; and if in the wide designs of Providence they become desirable, we shall not render them less so because our contribution to them has been withheld.

unstained innocence. The signs of the times and the modes of English thought render it, unhappily, more likely for the path of development to lie through political change than through theological candour. This likelihood does not alter the ideal duty of a Churchman, or clerical obligation as resting upon conscience. Improvements, when spontaneous, may be fruitful and many-sided; when carried out under pressure, they can at best be negative and may violate religious principles. Happily, more truth for ourselves involves greater charity to others. Views on this subject appear sometimes obscured by conceptions of the State as a body external and opposite to the Church; whereas we may consider it, for our present purpose, as merely the body of the congregation, organised with a view to the management of particular affairs. Parliament is the great vestry of the Church.

If neither sects nor legislature existed, it would be a clergyman's duty to study his Bible. He will find more difficulty in popular exaggerations than in the standards of religion to which he is pledged, which rather tend to protect him. Many awkward questions may be resolved under the head of "interpretation," which law and opinion leave free. And although questions of origin and inherent authority cannot be ignored, the clergy are, by their own intelligence and that of their congregations, as favourably circumstanced for meeting them as other men. It has been remarked (and in the recent life of a Dr. J. Campbell it is boasted) that a learned teacher among the Independents fared worse than he would have done as a Churchman. Our doctrines, apart from sectional exaggerations, present so little difficulty, that most of the Articles appear to an ordinary mind self-evident propositions. The remainder find a tolerably justifying explanation in their history. By convention they all depend upon Scripture: more logically, their inherent reasonableness adds to Scripture an important confirmation. As God is Spirit, his evidences are spiritual.

The fresh research which brings a sword may also take the sword away. Prophecy, once a stumbling-block on the threshold, is found to be the great moral instrument for bringing the Old and New Testaments, through freedom, into harmony. Lord Amberley has alluded, in this Review, to the vast preponderance of the moral element over the predictive, as if its acknowledgment were an eccentricity. Fuller study of the subject would have shown him that it is on its way to recognition by all schools of Christians as an elementary truth. Again, those who admired in M. Guizot's earlier "History of Civilisation" (Paris, 1840) his vindication of the paramount interest of religious ideas, must regret to see him in his latest

work injure the cause he has at heart by making untenable¹ interpretations its preliminary.

How is a clergyman's duty affected by questions of the authenticity of historical narratives far removed in space and time from means of verification? Either such things are facts, men say, or they are not; and either the sun stood still in Joshua's time, or it did not. What is the code, they ask, of clerical belief on such subjects? The answer can only be answered, that so far as reverence or volition determine belief, a clergyman can bring them; but so far as belief requires evidence, he is only on a par with his congregation. Nothing in his ordination enables, and nothing in his position as teacher requires, him to exaggerate the evidence, or evade the force of the state of opinion among scholars on such subjects. It would be as much a misfortune for the people as for himself, that their teachers should be degraded below the level of contemporary research by liberal ingenuousness for the sake of evasion or concealment. In fact, the people so little wish it that they generally desire information, provided it is not made a substitute for something which the church they want more. No instance is known to me in our time of a congregation being alienated by fair and reverential statements. Thus a clergyman's obligation in this particular respect of historical or literary investigation is only special, in so far as he is a member of a body; and if the body releases him, he is not bound. Yet such a question could only arise in a time of unsettlement. The transition from a less critical to a more critical age creates openings for misunderstandings, which on nearer acquaintance generally pass away. We may allow in this case, as in that of denominational relations, some place for the feeling of loyalty, but subordinate it to the greater duty of ingenuousness. We are not supposing subjective caprice, but objective actuality. Our desire should be to aim at an understanding, that as the belief of the body of which we are members is relative, so our own must be relative to the evidence. Hence we are led up to the primary duty of truth before God.

Miracles only concern this essay either as cogent preliminaries to religion, or as scriptural narratives which derive authority from their embodiment in the Liturgy. From the day it became known that critical historians outside our pale do not regard Biblical narratives on independent ground, as it is natural for us with our associations to regard them, the whole science of "evidences" changed its face. We might still associate miracles with our faith, but could no longer make them its preliminaries. Hence they lost their importance.

(1) With the utmost personal respect for Mr. Maurice, we must hope that his interpretation of judicial dearth in Hosea [or Amos?], as a reproof of "indifference to care of the land"(!), will not, by his example, be rendered fashionable. ("The Commandments," London, 1866, p. 102.) Surely this is making Scripture void.

foundations, though not as events, our estimate of which must affect the credibility of Scripture. It was only accordant with analogy that when reverence, love, gratitude, affiance, had been left out of the circle of religious persuasives, the logical residuum should become not only hard and dry, but less cogent. The rejection of his treatise on "Evidences," by which Archbishop Whately's colleagues in education so deeply mortified him, need not have been a partisan step; it might have sprung from a true feeling of what religion is. Our own Prayer-Book had never laid its foundations in the manner of Paley.¹ Both the sacramental and evangelical doctrines of regeneration were opposed to the rationalistic basis of logic founded on miracle. Neither the Church of Rome ever, nor Evangelicalism in its first love, approved cordially the substitution of a method of proof for that of reverential emotion. We may rejoice that if either critical discrimination of evidence, or finer literary sense of the graduated growth of ideas, or scientific grasp of the unity of cosmic forces, with all their logically-balanced evolution of consequence, should be awakening in us a feeling of the unsatisfactoriness of Paley's argument, we are but thereby led back to try again the old way of the Gospels and the Collects, the early Apologists and the Reformers, the way of all the more spiritual thinkers, and of Christ rebuking Nicodemus.

Though stripped of their character of cogent preliminaries, the palmary miracles of Scripture remain things which to Christians it is more natural to believe than to reject or explain away. The occasion seems to us adequate, the power sufficient, the testimony fair; though to minds of temperament, training, and associations unlike our own, it is not overwhelming. How strongly the tide runs the other way appears if only from the facility with which negation of miracle is imputed to writers who disclaim such a tenet,² and whose reasonings proceed on the assumption, if of anything, of the opposite

(1) The reasons why Paley's argument is not, as it has been called, "worth cartloads of 'Ecce Homos,'" are, first, that it gives religion a rationalistic basis, instead of, as our Church, one of spiritual persuasion; second, that it raises too nakedly an issue of remote facts, which apart from moral accompaniments is not, by historians whose presumptions lie against it, decided in our favour. Again, the defects of "Ecce Homo" are, on the side of criticism, that it makes no attempt to analyse or sift the evidence; and on the side of orthodoxy, that it drops the heavenly (if the word were not abused I would say the *supernatural*) out of the religion, by leaving the "Lamb of God" no sacrificial idea, the "kingdom of heaven" no immortality, the Church, the embodiment of Christ, no higher ideal than that of a "club." The book is humane, but where is the element which was to elevate humanity?

(2) The reception of remonstrances on "rejecting St. John's Gospel" may be my apology for saying that I have often and always maintained its genuineness, justified in doing so by the authority of Ewald, Bunsen, Tischendorf; nor, after reading Mr. Taylor's recent work, do I think the Paschal difficulty—naturally alleged by him—of weight to counterbalance the strong internal evidence of genuineness, supported by tolerably early testimony.

or affirmative side. The moral from such a state of opinion is, that we should not lay exceptional stress on the *power* of miracle, as if we thought that men whom the sunshine leaves atheists would be converted to God by an eclipse; but fasten on the moral element, as *e.g.* on the goodness in the works of Christ, the great Healer of men's bodies and souls. We may use as illustrations the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, the sacrifice consumed by fire of Elijah, the opening of the sepulchre by Christ; but our teaching should revolve cardinally around the weighty matters of the law, the still small voice of the prophet, the eternal life of the Gospel. Thus our theology should enter more the kingdom of the Paraclete. So far as difficulties in particular cases may strike some minds, the best solution available has been offered under the head of Biblical narratives. If the doubt is temporary or capricious, it may be removed, or may become a moral disqualification; but if it rests upon well-ascertained discovery, such as spiritual rulers, if of studious life and conscientious thought, must be aware of, and such as congregations, in proportion as they are educated, would wish made known, and not concealed, the case becomes a question of mutual understanding, on which frankness must be combined with discretion. The essential point is, that the belief of the Church, like personal belief, is, as regards historical events, relative to the evidence; and we have as little right to exaggerate in her cause as in our own. We may regret that the American bishops, by urging other men to "hold fast" a creed which they have themselves discarded, have exhibited to Christendom an example which must tend to lower the value of official affirmations. We shall begin to know how true Christianity is when its documents are treated with good faith.

That which may seem to the few an epoch of transition must be for Christendom at large an epoch of inquiry. All churches in the world may vie and sympathise with each other in the encouragement of such an ingenuousness as need not violate loyalty to minor organisms. Thus we may advance as an army, of which each regiment has its banners. What we have to learn, no less than what we have learnt, in common, is more important than the accidents which divide. If subjects, even vitally connected with religion, find their ultimate evidence in "the substantiation of things unseen," we may speak of them in terms of faith and hope, aided by testimony, not of geometrical, which would be pretended, demonstration. Historical questions will clear themselves up. On minor points it suffices for a clergyman's witness to be forthcoming when required. He may think it inhuman to grudge speaking in the ears of mourners, at the entrance of his churchyard, words which minister to the great hope of mankind, yet need not deny, in proper place, that our application of the words of Job has introduced a meaning which

patriarch hardly intended. Whether he shares or makes candid allowance for difficulties about particular texts or testimonies, he will feel that, though history retains for him its proper value, his faith lies beyond such things ; he will neither consent, nor can with justice be supposed, to violate his own and other men's religious instincts by setting bounds to the love and omnipotence of God. A feeling that he has been jealous for the free Christ and the open Scripture, may rather increase his aversion to speculative possibilities borrowed from the schools of despair.

It has not been suggested that the Anglican system contains nothing which could be improved, but that, if administered with fairness, the system contains its own means of improvement. Institutions are made or marred by men. It would be a calamity if, in an age of movement, the clergy alone stood still, neither sharing a discovery, nor enlarging a sympathy, nor able to face a novel danger, nor desiring to heal the wounds of old conflict. It would be more fatally disastrous if they were persuaded to think discrepancy between their prayers and their doctrines a thing of little moment ; or if they were prevailed upon to acquiesce in any remedies at variance with their primary allegiance to Heaven, or with secondary attachments of moral obligation. Whatever margin may be inevitable between scholastic and hortatory treatment, they should rather lessen it by the fairest explanations the case may permit, than build up an odious esotericism, which, instead of dutiful yet frank allegiance, substitutes a craving for legal or popular "ripeness." They may have the satisfaction of feeling that with the inspiration of the Old Testament stands the principle of national religion, for which they are jealous ; while the New encourages that blending of personal freedom with ideal aspiration after unity, which they are unwilling to surrender. The fullest recognition of social equity does not bind them to prefer other systems to their own. The withdrawal of Voluntaryism in failure from the field of primary education may point to the verdict of reason in the cognate case of religion, when disturbances of view, from old narrowness or from political and irrelevant grievances, shall have passed away.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

Postscriptum.—If ever the principle of articles of teaching were surrendered, it would become necessary to increase largely the power of either bishops or congregations. The first course would entail consequences fatal to much that Englishmen in their highest and best moods hold dearest ; the second may be looming in the distance, but is not here recommended.

LEONORA CASALONI.

BOOK I.—A JOURNEY TO ROME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER I.

TALAMONE.

It was a lovely evening about the middle of April; just the time of which the Italian poet sings, in words which may often be heard warbled from the mouth of *contadina* maiden, or making night musical in the stronger tenor of some youngster strolling homeward from the theatre through the moonlight streets,

“ Come è gentile la notte a mezzo d'Aprile ! ”

How beautiful, in truth, is a mid-April night in the land of beauty of every kind; beautiful even in the morne Maremma, where two or three months more will make the beauty of the night full of danger to any who may be rash enough to wander beneath the stars for the enjoying of it!

But in April the beauty of that wild Maremma land may be enjoyed without danger, and even the nights are not yet poisonous. It is a strange country, that Maremma; outlawed, it might seem, by both man and nature! Or at least it was so at the period of the events I am about to narrate—some forty years ago or so, that is. Since that time much has been done for the sanitary improvement of the district, and more towards the redemption of it from its old and well-known character of lawlessness and savagery. Outlawed by nature, however, the Maremma could only be called in the sense of its unfitness for human habitation. For it was, and is still, a district of exceeding beauty,—a beauty ministered to by the very elements and conditions which render its atmosphere pestilential in the summer and autumn months.

Maremma is but short for *Marittima*, and designates the land by the sea—the *maritime* district which stretches along the coast all the way from Leghorn southwards towards and beyond *Civita Vecchia*. It was not a shunned and banned region once. It is studded with the mighty ruins of Etruscan cities, whose colossal walls still serve to testify that an abundant and flourishing population once inhabited these now desolate hills and valleys. Hills and valleys is a phrase correctly describing the entire region. Englishmen, when they hear of a district infested by malaria, are apt to

re to themselves the wide flats of a fenny country, like those
ons of our own island which are, in a modified degree, subject
he same misfortune. But nothing can be more unlike the
an and Roman Maremma. The northern portion of the tract
untry so called is known as the Tuscan, and the more southern
on as the Roman Maremma. The characteristics of the scenery
oth parts are much the same;—a world of rolling hills—green
e spring with a thousand varieties of shrub: laurel, laurestinus,
, citysus, box, arbutus in great quantity, dwarfed oak, and
ed ilex, with many another; gorgeous in the early summer
a wealth of colouring, among which the wonderful abundance
e scarlet arbutus-berries is the most prominent feature; and
ily brown in autumn—is intersected by a labyrinth of small
generally exquisitely picturesque valleys, in the narrow depths
hich, especially where they near the sea, the Malaria witch
s the poison which every landward breeze carries over the hills
throughout the entire region. But whether in spring, in
ner, or in autumn, an inexpressible air of morne desolation is
it all! The human habitations, as may be imagined, are few
far between; and the scanty inhabitants, who brave the perils
e region, have impressed on them, only too legibly, in face and
, mien and bearing, the mark of the curse to which they are
ed. It is not that the land is unfertile; rich and heavy crops
it be raised in those valleys reeking with fever and ague; and in
cases rich crops are so raised; but the cultivation is carried on at
risk of life, and with the certainty of destroyed health; and for
most part the men and women who sow and reap these lands
from them to some healthier place of refuge as soon as ever the
sary labour has been done. But the inhabitants of the Maremma
or it may be more correct to say, were, some forty or fifty years
recruited by a contingent of a different class. It was, as has
said, a lawless district. Things were done in the Maremma, of
ch the law took little heed, which would have made other districts
hot for the doers of them. It was for the most part, too, a safe
um for those who had done that which had made other parts of
country too hot for them. For the murderer or the hunted
ber—in some cases for the political proscrip— the tangled
kets of almost impenetrable thorn-bushes, or the covert afforded
the Titanic ruins of Etruscan walls, situated in some cases in the
pths of pathless forests, afforded a safe place of refuge, and an
molested home.

If it be asked how it has come to pass that this ill-starred region,
hich was once—from a thousand to two thousand years ago, per-
ps—the thickly inhabited territory of many large and prosperous
ties, has now come to be a type of desolation, shunned by man, and

cursed by Nature, it must be answered that the change has been produced by long absence of all that care of man's hand which is needed to make earth fit for his habitation. The earth was given to man for his abode on the condition of subduing it, and holding it in subjection by the sweat of his brow and the skill of his brain. Left to itself, earth hastens back to its unredeemed state of unbenificent wilderness: and in this Maremma region special causes have been at work to make neglect especially fatal. Many small streams, all but dry in summer, swollen torrents in winter and spring, find their way to the neighbouring sea among these hills. But these torrents come down from a part of the Apennine, the easily disintegrated and friable soil of which is carried away in large quantities by the waters when swollen by heavy rain. The earth thus torn from the mountains is carried by the streams as long as their course is of a sufficiently torrent-like kind to give a great impetus to the waters. But as soon as they reach the more level portion of their course, in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, they slacken their speed, and throw down their burden to the bottom of their channels. Thus their free exit to the sea is impeded. Pools and stagnant lakes are formed, in which the mingled fresh waters and sea waters are exposed to the action of a terribly powerful sun; and it would seem that mingled fresh and sea water thus acted on, have the unfortunate property of producing a malaria far more poisonous than would result from even stagnant masses of either element unmingled with the other. Thus it is that Nature revenges man's neglect.

In the southern part of the Tuscan Maremma, on the coast, at the extremity of a promontory facing southwards, in such sort as to form a deep bay, of which the general coast-line furnishes the other enclosing side, there is the town and port of Talamone. The port of Talamone! What memories and long-forgotten sweet classic rhythms are awakened in the mind by the word! Now the port looks as if the galley that carried Æneas might well have been the last that ever entered it! The port is scarcely so to be called now; and the town as little deserves the name which courtesy, shown to the memory of what once was, assigns to it. Among all the desolation of the Maremma, there is scarcely to be found a more desolate-looking spot. Decayed, squalid, dilapidated human dwellings have a physiognomy which speaks an abomination of desolation, more abhorrent to the heart of man than any mere absence of all signs of man and his works can do.

A few poverty-stricken fishers still own some half-a-dozen half-rotten boats, which seem to spend a much larger portion of their time rotting on the sandy beach in the sunshine, which blisters and bleaches them, than in the water. And these, such as they are, lie

not in what was once the port, now utterly choked up by sand and mud, the accumulation of many a century, but on the beach at some little distance from it. Yet the material aspect of the scene is one of very great beauty; and there is, especially at eventide, a melancholy character about it, which seems to harmonise singularly with the moral and social aspect of all around.

The coast-line, after jutting out to the southwards, and sharply retiring to the north again, so as to form the promontory that has been spoken of, at the extremity of which Talamone is situated, resumes its southward course with a curve, and trends away in a long concave line of low sandy beach towards the foot of the Monte Argentario, some ten miles to the southward. Having reached the foot of that lofty mass, which, standing out very boldly from the general coast-line, forms almost an island, the coast becomes high, cliff-like, and bold. The long low curving line of coast, which thus extends from Talamone to the port of Monte Argentario, may be said, for the greater and southern part of the distance, to be not the real coast, inasmuch as it is merely a low line of sand-hills, behind which is a large extent of shallow salt water, made into a lake by another similar accumulation of sand to the southward of the mountain, which but for these two connecting sand-lines would be entirely an island. The wide shallow lake is thus shut in between what may be termed the real coast, the mass of Monte Argentario, and these two natural dykes of sand, one to the south of it, and the other to the north. They are very low; but yet that which forms the visible coast-line to the south of Talamone, is sufficiently high to prevent the ugly lake from being visible from that distance.

In the midst of this so-formed lake stands the little town of Orbetello, communicating with the main-land by a spit of natural soil, at the extreme point of which it is built, and with the Monte Argentario by an artificial causeway. Strange as it may seem, this little town so situated in the midst of its salt lake, is, though not by any means free from malaria, yet much less scourged by it than many other localities of the neighbourhood.

The Monte Argentario thus immediately faces Talamone; and a very magnificent object it is, rising to the height of a very considerable mountain, whose craggy, and for the most part wooded sides, are bathed by the bluest of bright blue Mediterranean waters. Far to the west of it rises from out these gently sleeping waters the Island of the Lily,—the *Isola del Giglio*,—too far from the Talamone shore for the eye to distinguish the mingled woodland and crag-land nature of its steep sides, but near enough to contribute largely to the beauty of the scene by the shifting and rapidly varied effects of colour, light, and shade produced as the sun gloriously sets behind it.

It was the hour at which Italians, whether on the door-steps of

narrow city alleys, or by wood-side, or field-side, or sea-side, so dearly love to come forth from the covering of roofs, and enjoy the sweet influences of their delicious air and of the evening hour,—the hour of the Ave Maria,—the dear “ventiquattro,” at which all toil ceases, and all the world may lawfully give itself to enjoyment. It seemed an hour which the still and melancholy Maremma might in a special manner claim as its own. The silent shores, the silent hills, the silent woods, gathered a special and expressive beauty from the lights peculiar to the dying hour of the day. Even the squalor of the miserable little town, burrowing in the sand, seemed glorified into a semblance of beauty, or at least of harmony, with the other elements of the scene. But the outlook from the coast seaward was gorgeously and magnificently beautiful. The sun was falling into the western blue in unmitigated splendour; and the golden pathway through the darkening blue of the waters came up from the far west like an angel’s path, straight to the spot on the shore on which two women were sitting. A little behind, and to the right hand of them, was what is called the town, and every pane of glass remaining in the western windows of it seemed a strongly burning fire, under the painting of the level rays. The entire outline of the western Island of the Lily was traced in burnished gold against a purple sky. And all the woods and crags of the nearer Monte Argentario were bathed in light of every hue, from delicate bloom like the pink of a rose, to deepest indigo, warning that the glory was quickly passing away.

CHAPTER II.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

THE two women, of whom I have spoken, sat on a huge stone imbedded in the sand of the beach. It was not a natural rock;—there are none such on that part of the coast;—but a stone that had been shaped by the hand of a builder, for what purpose or how long ago who shall say? It was, perhaps, the sole remaining fragment of some pier, which the Trojan exiles may have sighted from their galleys as they followed their exploring way along the coast, but when the neighbouring walls of Etruscan Ansedonia enclosed a living city instead of the wild boar’s covert as now they do! Or it may have been a portion of some coast fortification of the Spaniards, of date some two thousand years later! There it is, built into the sand with the remains of a huge rusty iron staple bedded into one corner of it. The people of Talamone assuredly never ask themselves how or why or when it came there. It is natural to them to live among nameless and voiceless fragments of dead and gone civilisation.

Huge cyclopic walls,—vast foundations laid deeper far than any modern spade has cared to follow them, and now meaningless,—half-ruined towers standing solitary and purposeless in the midst of wide uncultivated fields or thick woods,—these are to the denizens of the Maremma manifestations of the general course of this world's affairs, as normal as the setting of the sun, or the falling of the leaf, or the autumnal visitation of fever.

The two women sat on the ancient stone side by side, and gazed out seaward. They were not looking for any coming, or for any sea-borne thing living or dead. They were simply gazing at the scene before their eyes; not consciously rendering to their own minds any account of its rare beauty; and still less remarking on any feature of it in spoken words. But none the less were they under the influence of it, and vaguely conscious of the enjoyment arising from the contemplation of it, and from the combinations of impression and sensation which resulted from the specialities of the place and the hour.

“The holy Virgin knows what will come of it!” said the younger of the two women with a sigh; “I went round by the *Madonna delle Grazie*, as I came in, and put up a couple of candles, and said the whole rosary twice through! God grant that it turn to good!”

“I don't know whether I would go with him if I was in your place, and you not a month out of bed since your child was born,” said her older companion.

“I am well enough able to go. There will be no great hardship in the journey, for that matter. We shall travel with old Santi the *procaccia* as far as Civita Vecchia; and from there to Rome Sandro will find some of the *vetturini* that have brought down *forestieri* to Civita going back home. There are plenty of them, and Sandro knows a many of them,” replied the first speaker.

“Oh yes! I don't doubt me you'll travel comfortable enough for that matter,” returned the elder woman; “that's easy enough, I reckon, when there's money in the pocket. But I wonder you can bear to leave your own child, Lucia;—you who have lost one—two—three children,” she added, holding up one finger after another,—“and that too to go and bring home a stranger to take its place!”

“No, not that! *Dio ne guardi!* God forbid! And you are not to think, Giuditta, but what I would give one of my fingers off my hand, that there was no question of going to Rome, or that this business had never been heard of! Santa Madonna! that I would!—any finger but that,” she added, singling, as her hand lay in her lap, the finger which bore her marriage-ring; “but Sandro says it must be so, and—and—you don't know, Giuditta,—but God and the Virgin know, that there is nothing—nothing I would not do, if it were only to get a smile from him!”

"And where did he first hear anything about it?" asked the woman she called Giuditta.

"How should I know? I don't know whose child it is—how should I? I don't know whether Sandro knows himself! He says that there is money to be got by it; and that I don't know how hard money is to come by, and—and—that it must be done!"

"Pretty money! that's to be the price of sacrificing your own child. Bless the pretty dear little face of it!" said Giuditta.

"I wish it had been a boy!" said the mother, musingly, and gazing out into far distance along the path of gold, which the rays of the setting sun were making across the blue waters,—gazing with those eyes that seem to be looking into the far future rather than at any materially visible object in space. "I wish it had been a boy, for Sandro would have liked it better, and perhaps——"

Two large silent tears welled out from the large, liquid, mournful eyes that had once contributed powerfully to make the speaker's face a very lovely one, and might have made it seem so still to eyes which could appreciate form and expression more than the freshness of merely animal beauty. Two tears rolled slowly down the pale sunken cheeks of delicate clearness and purity of complexion, apparently unnoticed by her in the abstraction of her mind, busy with the far-off "what might have been!"

"Nonsense! Have liked it better! What would he have better than a blessed infant that promises to grow into beauty with every day it lives? You mark me, Lucia, if that child don't live to be a beauty one of these days! And suppose you can't suckle 'em both?" asked Giuditta suddenly, after a pause.

"Then we shall send the strange child to the Innocenti at Florence!" said the mother with prompt energy. "Oh! that is quite settled. Sandro says that if I find, when the child is here, that I cannot manage with both, he will send the other child away. He has promised me that. But I dare say I shall be able to keep 'em both, without one doing a bit of harm to the other."

"But why shouldn't you take the little one with you on your journey?" inquired Giuditta.

"I wish I might, with all my heart. Santa Madonna! I wish I might! But Sandro will not let me. He says I shall be back the second day; and that, properly cared for, the child can take no harm in that time. You will take care of her, Giuditta! I know you will care for her!" said the poor mother.

"Never you fear for that, Lucia, *mia poveretta*! I'll care for the child as if she were twice over my own. How came you to call her Stella, instead of your own name, Lucia?" asked Giuditta.

"Stella was my mother's name; and two of the children I

baptized Lucia. I would not try the name again!" said the
er, with a long quivering sigh.

Well, Stella is a good name. I like Stella—Stella! Look at
big shining one that has just come out over the mountain there,
le to this side. Little Stella will grow to be as lovely and as
ht as that is!"

Then you will come up to our house early to-morrow morning;—
hall be starting early;—or better still, if you could come back
me to-night. You could have half my bed, you know. Sandro
't be at home till to-morrow morning, a little before it is time to
," said Lucia, again sighing deeply.

Who has got the child now?" said Giuditta.

Old Marta Fosti. She looked in coming back from the town, and
gged her to take the little one a bit, while I came down to speak
ou. She'll want to be going home, old Marta; and I must be
ig too, for I have kept her long enough."

Well, I will go with you to-night, *Lucia mia*! It will be better
coming to take the child all in a hurry to-morrow morning.
I will have time to tell me anything about the little one. And
you'll be having a bit of something when you get home; and,
all the truth, I haven't so much as a crust in the house, or a
trino in my pocket!"

Come along, then. Yes, there is bread and a bit of *salame*, and
ask of wine, in the house; and you are more than welcome, *mia*
na Giuditta. Let's go, and lock your own door, and be going up
hill."

And the two women rose from their seat accordingly.

It was visible as she rose, that the younger woman, whom her
nd had called Lucia, must have possessed also, besides great
ty of face, a tall, finely formed, and even elegant figure. But
e was now an air of suffering and a faded appearance, which
e at present more markedly characteristic of her person. It was
that there was any symptom of hard poverty about her appearance.
dress was of a superior kind to that of her friend Giuditta.
I there was no appearance, notwithstanding what Giuditta had
of the state of her finances, and of the emptiness of the cupboard
ome, that she either was suffering from any very severe degree
overty. She was a bony, square-built woman, rather under the
dle height, the robust strength of whose constitution seemed to
e given her an immunity from the normal attacks of fever and
e, which had left their marks on nearly every man and woman of
population. She was decently and comfortably dressed in a
rt petticoat of blue serge, with a gay-coloured little shawl, folded
erwise, over her back and shoulders, so worn as to let her arms,
d in clean but coarse white cloth spun from hempen yarn, come

freely out from beneath it. On her head she wore nothing but her own abundant black hair, now streaked with grey. Giuditta Ferri was the widow of a man who had kept a small attempt at a men's shop in the town of Talamone, and she now maintained herself best she might by acting as a tailoress for male or female customers indiscriminately; often, in the case of her country patrons, going to their house and staying there to do what had to be done in the way of mending up the habiliments of the family, and remaining there till the job was done. She thus managed to "*buscare la rita*," as an Italian would say, without suffering from any of the severer ills of poverty, though it often occurred to her to be sore in need of a little assistance, which it had often been in the power of L. Vallardi—that was her friend's name—to give.

Lucia was the wife of Alessandro, or Sandro Vallardi, and lived in a lone house amid the woods, on the high ground of the promontory at the point of which Talamone is situated. With Sandro Vallardi was it would not be easy to state so simply and straightforwardly as has been done with reference to Signora Giuseppina Fermi and her late husband. To tell what he had been would involve a longer story than can conveniently be told here on the threshold of another story, with which his antecedents had but small and indirect connection. He was a man evidently of superior education—to use the ordinary phrase—to that of the peasants and fishermen who lived around him. But it might be gathered, even from so much of his life as was patent to the observation of the very small world in which his home-life was passed, that whatever that education had been, the moral results of it could not be said to make him the superior of the more ignorant boors who almost exclusively composed that world.

In a word, it was tolerably well known in that little remote and isolated world that the occupations of Sandro Vallardi were such as put him at odds with the laws of the other big world which lay away under happier skies than theirs, in Florence, in Leghorn, in Sienna. And it was still more clear, though the house in which he lived occasionally, and his wife Lucia constantly, lived, was his only connection with the three or four acres of almost uncultivated ground around it, yet that no miracle of highest agricultural care and skill could extract thence the means of subsistence, and of that degree of comparative ease of circumstances which characterised the Vallardi household, as contrasted with that of the other inhabitants. Nobody cared to make any inquiries, or even conjectures, on the subject. It was one of those many matters which an Italian of that nature and breeding and traditional habits teach him are better left unknown or inquired into. What was the good of knowing? Persecution or inquiry or spying might lead to knowledge which might at some

or other turn out to be very inconvenient. Who could say? Suppose those troublers of life, the lawyers, should one day or other come asking questions, how much better and pleasanter to be able to say at once, with a safe conscience, that they knew nothing!—the answer which every Italian would always fain give to any legal, magisterial, or police inquiry.

Nor did the vague general notion of the nature of the affairs in which Signor Sandro Vallardi might be supposed to occupy himself during his long and frequent absences from home, at all tend to produce any feeling of dislike or reprobation in the minds of the people around him. Who would not pitch lawyers, and tribunals, and courts, with all their rules, and exactions, and botherations, and taxes, to the devil, if they could and dared? Surely he who waged war against all this must be regarded as an exceptionally fine fellow, as long as he did so successfully, and must be entitled to commiseration and compassion if it should come to pass that in the long run the unequal struggle should go against him.

And then Vallardi looked like a fine fellow, a great point with all people, and especially so with the southern nature of the Italians. He was a man of some forty years of age, tall and muscular, with a handsome face, abundant black beard, moustaches, and whiskers, a large dark eye deep sunken under a somewhat forbidding, but still handsome brow, a straight nose, white teeth, and a complexion of cheeks, throat, and neck as deep-red as brown as quickly circulating blood, and plenty of it, and habitual exposure to sun and every sort of weather, could make it. How could such a man—especially when clothed in a laced black velvet *carniera*, or large jacket, a high black felt hat, leather breeches, and gaiters showing a well-made leg—be otherwise than a fine fellow, and clearly in the right in any differences he might have with odious law and lawyers?

Lucia had deemed him a fine fellow,—the finest she had ever known, at the time when she first saw him,—and had accordingly given him, as his by right divine, all she had to give, her heart and herself. There is nothing unusual or surprising in that. But it may appear so to those who knew something of their reciprocal relations since, and nothing of a woman's heart, that her opinion on the subject still remained well-nigh unchanged. She had discovered, indeed, with infinite heartbreak and unending self-reproach, that she was not, as she had once hoped she might have been, a due and fitting mate for one so highly gifted;—that her poverty of nature and unworthiness had failed to retain his love. But her own love and admiration for the man, who had been, and was still for her, the embodiment of her conception of the heroic, was unchanged and unchangeable. He was still her beau-ideal, her master, her lord, her god! His smallest meed of approbation was the highest bliss to

which she aspired ;—his most transient smile her happiness for day !

It was an unquestioning, unchangeable, animal-like devotion ; a devotion of that kind which most men think one of the most beautiful spectacles the world can offer ; and which most women therefore profess to think beautiful also. Certainly poor Lucia, in the blindness of her fetichism, the rich overflowing of her love, the fulness of her loving heart, commends herself to our pitying love. But I cannot think her error beautiful, though it is tragic. I do not like to admire real tragedies. I think that if the Fates had willed to pass our poor Lucia in her youth through a course of Euclid and geometry sections, she would have been less likely to make a fatal mistake and wreck herself upon it.

Is it a latent consciousness of this truth that makes most of the master-sex so averse to “ unfeminising ” the female mind by any such discipline ?

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE THE WEST FRONT OF THE LATERAN.

THERE is perhaps no spot in all Rome which appeals more forcibly to the imagination by its associations, or to the eye by its splendour and beauty, than the open space at the west front of the Lateran. It can hardly be that any visitor to the Eternal City can have forgotten it. Behind him who stands on the broad platform bounded by three or four large shallow stone steps, which raise it above the level of the surrounding turf, is the mother church of Christendom. St. Peter's, with all its magnificence, is but (historically and morally considered) the rank fungus growth of a period when the cancer which had begun to sap the strength of the Church, and which is now working, and will work its ruin, were already in existence ;—a period, too, when the golden age of architecture had already passed away. The purely ecclesiastical associations connected with this gorgeous fabric are all disastrous, and belong to a period of decline and debasement. The very style of its architecture speaks of church degeneration. Not so is it with the venerable structure of the Lateran. And surely if there be any building in the world, the history of which must make it venerable in the eyes of Christians of every mode of faith, it must be this ! Every stone of the ancient pile is instinct with memories of the times when Mother Church was still a civiliser and beneficent agent, and had not yet become the bane and enemy of humanity. Every form and detail of ornamentation carries the mind back to the best ages of architectural art.

Standing thus before those venerable portals, the eye sweeps with its gaze the whole of the hill ranges which shut in the Campagna to the south. And surely for mere material beauty there is not such another range of hills on earth ! Across the melancholy Campagna, dumb with the terrible oppression of its countless memories pressed down into its silent bosom by the weight of layer over layer of successive civilisations vanished, stretches still with giant strides the mighty line of arches which were raised by the people who dwelt on the soil and possessed it before Christ was born ! On the right hand of one standing as I have supposed, there is close under the city wall one of the prettiest graveyards in the world,—the Protestant burying-place, with the great pyramid tomb of one who was neither Catholic nor Protestant towering above the modern tombles lying at its feet. Close in front of the gazer is the old Porta di San Giovanni, through which some picturesque sample of the picturesque Roman life is sure to be passing ; one of those quaint wine-carts, with its little triangular perch of skins and boughs arranged to protect the driver from the sunshine ; or a flock of goats, with their four or five buskined goatherds, hardly less shaggy and wild-looking than the animals they are driving.

In short, it would be difficult to name a spot where all the specialities which go to make Rome unique among the cities of the world, are combined with so happy and perfect an effect as that wild-looking bit of open ground before the west front of the Lateran Basilica.

It is again eventide on the third day after that on which Lucia Vallardi and Giuditta Fermi conversed on the shore near Talamone. It is again the hour of the Ave Maria ; and the sun is gilding the mountains to the south of the Campagna with hues as gorgeous as those he lent on that evening to the Isola del Giglio and the Monte Argentario. Close at the foot of the old wall which encloses a portion of the collegiate buildings of the Lateran, and forms a right angle with the west front of the church to the right hand of it, a group of three figures is sitting on the turf, listlessly, to all appearance, enjoying the pleasantness of the evening hour. They sit by preference in the small space of shade cast by the wall ; for, though it is still April, the sun has begun to have considerable power, and his level rays darted full against the front of the church, are more scorching than an Italian, always cautious of exposing himself to the heat of a spring sun, would needlessly affront. The group of persons in question are nearly the only living beings visible in the wide space between the church and the city gate, which equally take their name from St. John. Nearly so ; not quite. There is a small country cart, drawn by a pair of dove-coloured oxen—huge, gaunt, wild-looking beasts, with thin flanks and huge ribs, very visible

under the loose hide, and colossal horns—and its driver in slouch hat and shaggy sheepskin coat, slowly approaching the city gate, on its homeward way to some farm in the Campagna. And there are three or four lazy officials of the gate lounging their seedy lives away under the shadow of its roof. But this is at a considerable distance from the church, and from the spot where the above-mentioned group is sitting, and, prowling as they are under the deep shadow of the gateway, they are hardly visible. There is a solitary goat browsing under the wall which stretches from the gate in the direction of the Protestant Cemetery; and there is an old sacristan, but half alive apparently, standing at the western door of the southern aisle of the church, to which he has crawled from some inner recesses of the huge pile, to enjoy—he, too—for a few minutes the evening air, and to look once again on the glorious prospect of mountain, plain, ruined tower and crumbling arch, which he had looked on daily for more than half a century, while still they changed not, save with the changing light of the changing seasons.

No other life was breathing in all that wide extent. And very soon there was no longer even that. The “sweet hour of gloaming” is nowhere sweeter than in Italy; but it is very short. If it is brighter than under more northern skies, its flitting must be, as the song says, “still the fleetest!” No sooner has the last limb of the sun disappeared behind the rim of the horizon in these southern latitudes than it is night. And your Roman, even in April, loves the dews of the hour which follows the sunset. The old sacristan has retired from his brief airing, and has closed the heavy door behind him with a hollow sound, re-echoed from the lofty wall under which the group of three were sitting, which seemed the knell of another day gathered to the tomb of its predecessors. The peasant and his oxen have passed out of the gate; and the denizens of the old walls; a little urchin has emerged from some hole in ruined wall or tower, and has led away homewards his friend and companion the solitary goat; and it is night, and all is silent as the grave.

Still the three persons sitting at the foot of the wall do not move from their position. Apparently they are heedless of the Roman dews; but it is hardly likely that they are continuing to sit there for the sake of enjoyment. They are, to all appearance, waiting; and the time or the person for whom they are waiting has not yet come. Twice the deep-toned bell of the church has tolled out the quarter of an hour, and the little knot of three—two men and a woman—has remained impassably sitting in the same position at the foot of the wall.

At last a figure emerges from the darkness round the south-west corner of the church, and advances into the open flagged space

front of the building. It is comparatively light there; for the flag-stones are white, and there is no building to intercept the little light that still comes out of the western sky. The figure—a long, slender, dark figure, with a singularly unbroken column-like outline—comes slowly towards the middle of the church front, and pauses there to look peeringly around him. At the same time the three sitters rise from the ground, and move, not towards the new comer still standing in the midst of the open flagged space, but a little way along the foot of the wall. Their movement has attracted, as they had intended, the attention of the figure in front of the church, and he comes towards them, slowly, and with apparent caution.

It is a tall young man, evidently, from his dress, a seminarist, or some such aspirant to the ecclesiastical career, on whom Rome sets her mark from the very early years of childhood. The young man in question, however, must have been nearly, if not quite, of years to receive his first orders; and he may perhaps have been a sub-deacon. Doubtless any one properly instructed in such matters would have known at once, from some speciality of his costume, whether such was the case or not. To the uninitiated, the question was doubtful. He was clothed in a long, black, close-fitting, and perfectly straight-cut garment of the cassock kind, which reached from his neck to his heels, and gave him, as he stepped slowly across the open space, the appearance of a black moving column. His arms were held up in front of his breast, and, as he neared those he was apparently seeking, it could be seen that he carried something in them; but the burden, like all else about him, was black, and the nature of it therefore undistinguishable.

When he had come near enough to the wall under which the two men and the woman had been sitting to be within the shadow which still made it a little darker there than in the open part of the ground, the three who had been waiting advanced to meet him. And one of the men, a fine, stalwart figure, above the ordinary height—Sandro Vallardi, as the reader has already doubtless divined—stepped out a pace in advance of the others, and said to the young ecclesiastic:—

“Are you seeking one from the Tuscan Maremma, signore?”

“Si, signore,” returned the young man; “I am sent here to seek a man and a woman, who come from that part of the country.”

“We come thence, signore,” returned Vallardi.

“But you are three. My instructions were that I was to meet one man and one woman,” rejoined the young figure, who still held his burden, covered with a black shawl, close to his person.

“I am the man, and this is the woman!” said Vallardi, indicating his wife with his hand. “This young man,” he continued, pointing to the third of the party, who hung a little behind his companions, “is merely a servant of mine, whom I have brought with me in case

my wife might need any more attendance on the journey than I can give her. What you have in charge to bring me—under that black shawl there—is something to be entrusted to a woman rather than to a man, is it not? That may satisfy you that you are speaking to the right person.”

“Oh! it is no doubt all right. Besides, my orders are not to ask questions, but to deliver this child to those whom I should find awaiting it. You are prepared to receive a child, signore, are you not?” said the young man.

“I should like, however, to make sure that there is no mistake, by hearing from you the name of the person who sends the child. If it is that of my friend and correspondent, then I shall be sure that it is all right. It will be more satisfactory,” said Vallardi.

“My instructions were, as I have said, signore, to ask no questions, and they were also to answer none,” said the young ecclesiastic patiently. “I was told, indeed, that none would be asked me,” he added.

“Very well. So be it. Caution is good in these things, doubtless; and doubtless, too, it is all right. My wife is ready to receive the child,” said Vallardi.

Lucia advanced a step as her husband spoke; and the young seminarist, or deacon—whichever he may have been—removed the black shawl which covered the child he had been holding in his arms, and placed it, fast asleep, in a large and warm wrapper which Lucia had brought with her for the purpose of receiving it. She received the child in silence, wrapped it carefully, and held it to her bosom.

“I have to tell you, further,” said the young ecclesiastic, “that the child is a female, that it has been baptized; you may name her however, as you will. I have no further orders.” And so saying he turned on his heel, and recrossed the open flagged space in front of the church, towards the south-western corner, round which he had come, without once looking behind him.

If he had done so, he would have seen the third member of the little party from the Maremma stealthily following him; or rather, probably, even if he had turned to look, he would have become aware of nothing of the sort. For “Il Gufone,”—the big owl,—which was the *soubriquet* by which Signor Vallardi’s follower was known among his friends, was a masterly hand at the execution of such a commission as that wherewith he was now entrusted; and for the performance of which he had been expressly brought from Talamone. He would have found no difficulty in tracking a more experienced and difficult quarry than the young ecclesiastic from one end of Rome to the other. When Vallardi had asked for the name of the sender of the child, he had not expected that his question would be answered. It cost nothing to try; and it was possible that some

of information might have been gleaned from the reply. But he had brought Il Gufone with him to Rome, for the express purpose of dogging the steps of the person who should bring the infant, and thus discovering who the parties were who consigned the child he had undertaken to receive to his keeping.

Vallardi stood still and silent for a minute or two, watching the stealthy progress of Il Gufone across the pavement, and till he vanished round the south-western corner of the church, with a smile. Then turning quickly to his wife, who was trying to see by the faint light of the stars, now peeping forth, what the child she had received was like, he said, as he, too, turned to quit the open space—

“Come; come along! put up the brat. You will have time enough to look at it; more than enough. Come along, or Gamba will think we are not coming to-night.”

“How far have we to walk?” asked Lucia.

“How far? To the gate, of course; the gate for Civita. One would think the woman was a fool! Don’t you know that Gamba has to go to Civita to-night, and is waiting for us outside the gate?” said Vallardi, as he walked on with a quick stride.

“I did not know it, Sandro,” replied his wife meekly; “you never told me.”

“I suppose you thought that you were going to stay at Rome for the rest of your days. But that would not quite suit.”

“I am quite contented to go back to Talamone, Sandro. I am sure I had rather be where you are, than anywhere else in the world—let it be Rome, or anywhere else,” said the poor wife.

“But I am not at Talamone very often, or am like to be much. But come, let’s get on. You’ll go better if you save your breath, and don’t chatter.”

The husband and wife left the open space, passing round the same corner of the church by which the young ecclesiastic, with Il Gufone at his heels, had preceded them. But they neither of them perceived that they also were followed in their turn.

Near to the west door of the northern aisle of the great church there is a large buttress jutting out some four or five feet, in such a manner as to throw the corner behind it into very deep shadow. From this dark nook a slight figure darted forth, just at the same moment as Sandro and Lucia Vallardi passed round the opposite corner of the church. It was the figure of a young lad, of some fifteen years old or thereabouts, dressed like the son of a well-to-do farmer; a light, lithe, active figure, barefooted, though no other part of his costume seemed to indicate poverty.

He flitted across the wide front of the church with the agility and noiselessness of a squirrel, and succeeded with little difficulty in tracking Vallardi and his wife through the streets of Rome till they

came to the gate leading towards Civita Vecchia. There he up with them, and passed the gate at the same time, remarking Vallardi in passing that he was all behind hand, and must make the best of his way to his father's farm, three miles from the gate. saying, he set off running along the road, while Gamba, the *vettaio* was taking the corn-bags from his horse's mouth, and Sandro and Lucia were taking their places in the carriage. But as soon as he had reached a spot in the road out of sight from the gate, he stopped and hid himself behind a hedge, and when the *vettaio* passed, jumped behind it, and there remained till it neared the station for its stop and the baiting of the horses. Then skulking by in the darkness he repeated the same process when the carriage again overtook and arrived at Civita Vecchia at the same time with his unconquered fellow-travellers. And he started with them again, or rather a little behind them, when they left Civita Vecchia at a little after noon on the following day. The pace at which the *procaccia* travelled on the hilly Maremma road, along the coast between Civita Vecchia and Orbetello, the place to which he was bound, was not such as to try the powers of a less active courier than he who was tracking the course of Signor Sandro, severely. There were frequent halts for refreshment of man and beast, and for the execution of commissions along the line of road. The active barefoot little peasant of the Campagna kept up with his quarry with very little difficulty, and never lost sight of them till he had fairly seen them housed in Sandro Vallardi's house on the wild hill-side on the wooded promontory above Talamone.

He then quietly, and with cautious care not to be seen till he was close to the more inhabited part of the country, struck across the vineyards and fields in the direction of Orbetello, there, apparently being sufficiently supplied with money, obtained refreshment and rest, and on the following day made the best of his way back to Rome.

What he did as soon as he arrived there, will be seen in due time.

CHAPTER IV.

GUFONE'S REPORT.

SANDRO VALLARDI remained at home after his return from Florence for a longer time than he had ever done for very many months before. Nor was he during this time specially surly or brutal to his wife. And poor Lucia almost began to dare hope that better days than the past might yet be in store for her. Something of the old light came back into her eye; and at times, when a gleam of

that Sandro still loved her, crossed her mind, a delicate shade of rose-colour would slightly flush her clear and transparent cheek, and show her, to any eyes that could appreciate beauty of a pale and delicate cast, to be still a very handsome woman.

It very soon began, however, to be evident that Lucia would not be able to give nourishment to both her own little Stella and to Leonora at the same time. She confessed this inability to her husband with fear and trembling, dreading that it would be the occasion of an outburst of anger and violence. But he bore the disappointment, if such it were, with moderation, and told her if she would try it a little longer, only till Il Gufone should return from Rome, the necessary step for relieving her should be taken.

Il Gufone had been longer absent than Vallardi had expected. Nevertheless he waited patiently at home, rarely leaving the house, except to stroll up the hill with a gun over his shoulder, till the second night after their return from Rome. And on that evening, while Sandro was smoking his cigar after supper, and Lucia was dividing her cares as best she might between the two claimants on them, the door of the house was opened, and Il Gufone made his appearance.

As seen in the darkness of the evening, under the shade of the Lateran, there was little to remark about him beyond the general appearance of lightness and agility, joined to a slender and somewhat under-sized figure. As he entered the light of the large room,—hall, kitchen, and eating-room, all in one,—in which Vallardi and his wife were sitting, the peculiarities of Il Gufone's appearance might have attracted more observation. The wide and lofty room which occupied the greater part of the ground-floor of the house, and was, indeed, the only portion of that floor used for purposes of living in, was lighted, not only nor chiefly by the one tall brass oil lamp, which was burning on the table, but by a blazing fire of huge long faggots burning in an enormous hearth. For it was in the Maremma. And though at Rome it might be desirable to seek shelter from the rays of the April setting sun, on the hill above Talamone it was both more comfortable, and wiser in a sanitary point of view, to cheer the April night with a good roaring fire, the materials for which were to be had in any plenty for the cutting, within ten paces of the door.

As Il Gufone, entering with the manner of one who was no stranger, either to the place or the people in it, came forward into the light of the blazing fire, I have said the appearance of him was a somewhat peculiar one. He had an immense head, made to look still bigger by the dishevelled condition of his elf-like shock bush of hair,—hair of a very different sort from such as we are wont, erroneously, to consider as the invariable product of Italian blood. Nanni,

or Giovanni, Scocco,—for such were the baptismal and ancestral names which Il Gufone kept for use on high and solemn occasions, was undeniably Italian in every sense of the word. And Titian, though he was not wont to select exactly such types as Il Gufone: the subjects of his brush, has left to us abundant proofs that he exactly of the tint of his was in that day not unfrequently to be seen on the heads of high-born Italian beauties. It is not, perhaps, common among either the men or women belonging to the lower grades in the social scale. But as for the inheritance of blood, we know, for that matter, by what paths, or through what channels it passes? Assuredly Nanni Scocco himself could have thrown but little light on the genealogical question as to the parentage from which his profusion of auburn red hair of the true Titian tint had descended to him. The features, above which it tossed and tumbled about in a huge tangled bush, could not certainly be said to be of the type usually intended to be designated by the term, aristocratic. The tint of them, however, was not of the ordinary Italian plebeian swarthy-ness. His face was white, but it was not the whiteness, also common in Italy, that often goes with dark hair,—the whiteness which the French call *mate*;—but a sickly, unwholesome-looking hue, better described by the unpleasant epithet, cadaverous. He had large wide-opened, blue eyes,—very beautiful eyes in any other head, but hideous in that of poor Nanni, for one of them was placed very perceptibly higher in his face than the other, and they were bordered with inflamed, red lids, that had not the effect of showing them to advantage. Beneath them was a broad, flat nose, and a monstrously huge mouth with thick, out-turned lips, and a mighty range of large, powerful and brilliantly white teeth. His huge head was placed, without any intervening neck, on a pair of very broad, muscular shoulders. As for the arms that came from those shoulders were out of all proportion long; and the great, bony hands at the end of them, out of all proportion, large. But all the rest of his body seemed to taper away into flimsiness. The legs were long for the trunk, but small, and no means straight.

Yet, with all this, there was an air of great agility, and even power and activity, about the figure. The queer, ill-shaped legs might have been all sinew and bone; for they assuredly served their master better than many a handsome leg is capable of serving its owner.

Where and how he and Vallardi first came into contact and relationship with each other, neither Lucia nor anybody else at Talamone knew. One day, some four or five years before the time here spoken of, Vallardi had brought him home with him, after one of his frequent absences, and he had ever since been a sort of hanger-on about the place in some altogether indefinite capacity. Vallardi, when speaking to the stranger in Rome, had called him his “servant.”

but this was only "per far figura," as an Italian so often says ;—a little bit of swagger, merely adopted for the moment, as suited to the occasion. Certainly no relationship of master and servant existed between Vallardi and Nanni Scocco, if the payment and receipt of wages be deemed an essential part of such a connection. Mostly, Vallardi, when going on those expeditions which took him so frequently from home for weeks or more at a time, used to take Il Gufone with him. Sometimes he was left at Talamone ; and whether Vallardi were at home or not, Nanni always had shelter, and as much as he chose to consume of whatever food was going.

As soon as Vallardi saw the grotesque figure of his henchman coming from the darkness around the door into the fire-light, he snatched a plate from the supper table at his elbow, and flung it with all his force at the big red head which gleamed in the light. Il Gufone dodged his head aside with a perfectly self-possessed mastery of the situation. The plate was shivered into pieces against the further wall of the big room ; and Nanni in the same instant sprung with one bound to the corner of the long table nearest to him, and seized by the neck one of the large Tuscan wine flasks, which hold three ordinary-sized bottles, with the very evident intention of hurling it at his patron's head, in return for the salutation with which he had been welcomed. But he was not so prompt in his anger as his elder and superior ; and having grasped his weapon, hesitated.

"Ay, do, do ! you mis-shapen spawn of the devil ! I think I see you at it ! Ay ! a worm will turn, they say ; but I never saw one that could bite. Bah ! *imbecille* ! Don't you see ; there's wine in the flask ? You'd better drink it, with an *accidente* to you ; for if you throw it away, devil a drop more will you get to-night ! "

Lucia, meantime, at the first semblance of the outbreak of a row, had gathered up her two babies, and scuttled away to the foot of the stairs, which opened on a far part of the room, and escaped to an upper chamber.

Il Gufone, thinking discretion the better part of valour, and struck by the practical value of his patron's concluding suggestion, took the hint, and quietly poured himself out a large tumblerful of the red wine,—black wine, as the Italians more generally call it,—and drank it off.

"There ! Now perhaps you will tell me why you have kept me waiting here two whole days for you, you idle vagabond ! Unless another drink would make your ugly shock head any the clearer ! Where the devil have you been, you blinking *guf* ? "

Again Il Gufone judged it desirable to accept the suggestion thrown out to him, and re-filled and re-emptied his tumbler before attempting any reply.

"There!" said Vallardi again, as the young man set down his glass, "now you can speak, I suppose, now that you have soaked the lump of ashes you call your body enough to make it hold together a little longer! Where have you been?"

"Lump of ashes yourself!" retorted Nanni; "I'll hold together when you're gone to dust, never fear! Lump of ashes! There's very few specimens of the best flesh and blood, see you, that would carry themselves from Rome here in the time I've taken to do it!"

"What have you been about, then, I should like to know?" grumbled Vallardi, glaring at him.

"Why what I generally am about—doing what you bade me, worse luck to me! What the devil else had I to do, or where else had I to go to? Do you think I should come back here, if I had?"

"I think you had better not have done anything else, if you care about holding together a little longer, as you say. But now for your report. Have you found out what I want to know?"

"Yes, I have! And if you know of anybody who could have done it quicker, I wish you'd send them upon your errands another time! I do, you tyrannical, insolent, ignorant, malicious, stupid old scoundrel!" said Nanni, grinning at him and screaming a crescendo of emphasis upon each succeeding epithet.

"There, you'll feel better now!" said Vallardi quietly and cheerfully, as if the storm had served to clear his mental horizon also. "now let's hear, without more ado, what you have to tell me."

"Well!" said Nanni more quietly, as if he did feel all the more able to tell his story for having thus relieved his mind, "I followed the young fellow, priest or whatever he was,—*che so io!*—to a far part of the city on the other side of the Tiber. That was difficult; for he went along without ever looking back, as if he had the devil behind him."

"Natural enough," said Vallardi.

Il Gufone acknowledged the complimentary insinuation only by a grin, and went on with his report.

"But he went to a house that did not seem likely to be such an one as I was in search of;—a poor tumble-down old place, inhabited by a lot of poor devils;—not the sort of folks who want to get rid of their children, or any way who can pay people well for ridding them of them. I found out easily enough that it was the home of the young fellow's mother. So there was no more to be done that night. He did not come out again."

"You did not show yourself in making inquiry, I suppose? Because, *amico mio*, somehow or other people when they have seen you once, are apt to know you again," sneered Vallardi.

"I swear by all the Saints," replied Nanni, "that one would think you imagined me to have no more brains in my head than you have!"

No! nobody in the house saw me! I found out all I wanted to know from a boy in the street, not much handsomer, and not much stupider than myself. Ah! I know the look of the heads that have got brains in them. They don't look like yours, Signor Sandro!"

"Very good! If you belong to the brain family, I must be of a different blood. All right. Go on with your story, Gufone," said Vallardi quietly.

"Well, the next morning I was watching, and the young fellow came out early, about seven o'clock, dressed just the same as the night before, and away he goes, douce and quiet, with his eyes on the pavement all the way, till he came to a big palace out by the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and in he goes, and walks straight up the stairs without speaking a word to the porter, though there was a porter, as big as—pretty nearly as big as you, Signor Sandro, and I should think near about as clever by the look of him—standing there at the door of his den under the archway. The young 'un was at home there, and no mistake. That looked more like it. Well, it was easy enough to find out that that was the Palazzo Casaloni."

"Casaloni!" interrupted Vallardi, "why the great villa near San Salvatore, away there under Montamiata, belongs to the Casaloni!"

"And why shouldn't it? What in the name of all the Saints has that got to do with it? Well, you may have a fine black beard, Signor Sandro, but for anything behind it—if ever there was a *succone* for a head-piece!" sneered the Gufone with an expression of unmitigated contempt.

"All right! *amico mio!*" rejoined Vallardi with unruffled good humour. "If you had failed to find out what I told you to find out, I would have broken every bone in your ugly carcass. As you have found out, you shall have the reward of being as saucy as you like;—and I know that's what you like best in all the world, you crooked cantankerous cur! Go on!"

"Well, I say it was easy enough to find out that the *palazzo*, where the young priest marched up the great stairs in that way, was the Palazzo Casaloni. And then, as it happened, it was not much more difficult to discover who lived in it. For there is no part of it let to *forestieri*, or to anybody. Nobody lives there except—"

"Except the Marchese of course. Did you think that the Marchese Adriano Casaloni was likely to let his *palazzo* to the *forestieri*?" interrupted Vallardi.

Il Gufone nodded his great head three or four times at his patron before he answered him. "Yes! that is the sort of way you would pick up information, if you were to try to do it for yourself! Well, I do believe that I am not a beauty; but sooner than be such a handsome booby,—such a mere outside and case of a man,—as a body

may say!—Well!—No! the Marchese Casaloni don't live there. Not a bit of it. He lives away at the villa under Montamiata, and never comes to Rome at all."

"Who the devil does live there then?" said Vallardi, with more show of impatience than he had exhibited during the foregoing part of the Gufone's narrative.

"Why, his brother, a bishop, I believe, or something of that sort. Any way, a 'Monsignore;' and he is a much greater man than the Marchese, his brother. And it took some little time to find out all about him, as you might understand, Signor Sandro, and some little brains, too. But that you can't understand. However, I did find out that he is a very great man at Court, and likely to be made a Cardinal; and I'll tell you what, Signor Sandro, is the long and the short of it: as sure as I have brains in my head and you have none in yours, the child that the Signora Lucia carried up-stairs in a fright just now—when you tried to cut my head open by way of getting the quickest way at what was inside it—is the child of Monsignore Casaloni; and the reason why the child is sent away is that he is terribly afraid that if any talk about it should get abroad, and be heard at the Court, it might be the means of spoiling his hope of being made Cardinal. All that I found out! Catch you finding it out for yourself!"

"I prefer making you do it for me, thank you, Gufone. You have done it so well that, besides being as impertinent as you like, you shall have some supper," said Vallardi.

"I should think I should too! Do you think there would remain much to eat in the house if I was told to go to bed supperless?" returned Nanni, who was, however, no longer really in an ill-humour.

"Perhaps not, if I were to suffer you to remain in the house; but once outside you might howl round the door like a wolf, only that a wolf could not look half so ugly. I suppose you were not able to hear anything about the mother of the brat?" he added, while Nanni prepared to avail himself of the permission that had been so graciously afforded him.

"Humph! I had no orders to do that," said the Gufone, with his big mouth full of bread and *salame*, or uncooked but well-smoked sausage, highly flavoured with garlic.

"No; that is true. All I want of anybody is to obey orders," replied his patron.

"Ah, yes! You'll do all the brain-work yourself, won't you? Just like all the other great captains, eh? That's just what they all say. But I'm thinking that few of 'em would be great captains if those they give their orders to didn't many times think for 'em," rejoined Nanni, who, having despatched his bread and *salame*, was

usily preparing a mess of cold haricot beans with vinegar and discretion—a luxury which to a Tuscan peasant is equivalent to beer *à discretion* to Englishmen.

umph!” he grunted again, as he with gloating eye copiously eyed the plate before him piled with the soft flowery beans; “I wonder whether you would pitch another plate at my head if I was to learn that I *did* find out something about the mother of the Monseigneur’s child?”

Perhaps I might; I won’t answer for myself,” replied Vallardi coolly.

Get it away then and smash the crockery: it is not mine! Only wait for what may come back again!” snarled Nanni. “Well, —yes, I did find out something about the mother, for I thought it might, may be, turn up useful,” he added, after a pause, during which the greater part of the well-oiled beans had been shovelled into his large mouth, accompanied by great wads of bread saturated in the rich sauce which flooded the plate.

Tell, that depends—depends on many things,” replied Vallardi thoughtfully; “depends in the first place on *what* it was that you found out.”

Tell; I found out her name. She is the Contessa Elena Terrarossa.

She is a great lady, too; and it has always been kept very secret that there ever was anything between her and the Monsignore. But what I found out!” returned the Gufone, not without a manifestation of justifiable pride.

Oh! that’s what you found out! Well, that may turn out to be so. But, I say, *Gufone mio*, how about it’s having been kept so secret, if you were able to come at the knowledge of it in a few days?” said Vallardi, looking at his follower with one eye.

Secret!” echoed the Gufo; “what’s ever kept secret from such a man as I? Secret!—It’s secret enough from the Pope, and the Cardinals, and the Bishops, and the Monsignori, and the Princes, and the Signoroni;—*accidente* to them all for a pack of humbugs and fools! But do you think the sharp boy that does the porter’s work for him, and minds the gate, and gives him a shilling when he is gone to the caffè round the corner, and gets a hand-kerchief full of broken victuals for his pains,—do you think he don’t know all about it? Of course he does, being a sharp boy, with a sharp head and a wide mouth, may be, and not a fine black beard and a handsome-shaped empty skull behind it! Ah! there’s plenty of people in Rome that know all the secrets that would make a pretty good story up if the grand folks, that think they know everything, were to tell them!”

The Contessa Elena Terrarossa!” said Vallardi to himself.

thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what, Gufone," he added, after a considerable pause, "you have done your commission so well that shall have still another reward, you shall have another commission always on the same understanding, that I will break your bones you if you fail to do it satisfactorily : you shall go back to Rome."

"*Accidente* to me if I go back to Rome before I have had a four-and-twenty hours to rest—that is, unless I have money to for carriage hire," said Gufo, not altogether unreasonably.

"Come ; you shall have both—rest and money to pay the *procac*. You shall have to-night to sleep, and you shall go with the *proca* from Orbetello to-morrow. Of course you can't go riding into Rome as if you were a monsignore. You must find your own way through the gate. And what I want you to do is this :—Find out whether this child was sent away with the consent of its mother, the Contessa Elena, or whether it was done against her wish ; whether she would have wished to keep the child—the mothers of 'em mostly do, though it seems strange they should ; and see if you can learn at all what sort of a woman she is, this Contessa Elena Terrarossa ; whether she is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, young or old ;—you understand."

"If I didn't understand what you mean and what you want better than you do yourself, Signor Sandro, it would be a pity. I'll find out for you, you give me money enough to eat, and, may be, to treat another boy, while I am at it."

"All right, Gufo ! And now you may stow away that hidden carcass of yours among the straw, and snore away till you wake in the morning."

The poor Gufo was ready enough to do so, now that he had satisfied the more pressing need of supper, for he had travelled far that day and fast—farther and faster, as he would have been ready to bet than many a man who looked able to beat him out of the field would have done.

Vallardi remained awhile in meditation over the embers of abundant fire, made a note or two in a note-book he carried about him, and then followed his trusty henchman to rest.

T. A. TROLLOPE.

HISTORICAL PREDICTION.

A GREAT and increasing interest has been awakened by writers who, protesting against the passion for mere novelty and sensation, have set themselves to the task of reviewing old books and re-enunciating old problems. One may be tempted to follow the example in respect of sociology; and to endeavour not so much to answer as to state precisely, and, as far as may be, to clear of popular misapprehension, the great question to which sociologists address themselves, Do social phenomena admit of scientific treatment? Is historical prediction possible, or ever likely to become so?¹

Or, to turn from the merely negative side of the question, are there any disturbing causes actually at work which impede and obstruct this power of foresight; such causes, for example, as great men and great battles? In specifying these two agencies as possible obstructions, we are of course not treating them as wholly distinct from each other. The issue of great battles mostly depends on a certain class of great men; but on great battles a special emphasis is laid, as in no other sphere is the action of an individual, an action often either preventing or falsifying all conjectures as to the future, so distinctly brought home to us. In no other case, not even in that of great statesmen or philosophers, is the effect so immediate and palpable; these may work with a stronger lever, but it is a hidden one, and, like most strong levers, it acts slowly. Further, discoveries in science and metaphysics, when the age is ripe for them, grow almost of themselves; one philosopher repairs the shortcomings of his predecessors, soon doing what they have left undone; but the omissions of generals are more serious; a lost army, what future skill can restore? These considerations may partly explain the opinion that is commonly held as to the grave issues that depend on battles. Nor is that opinion, if exaggerated, likely to be corrected by historians. In writing history, one of the chief difficulties is occasioned by the necessity, in spite of the tedious lists of numbers and proper names, of the wearying references to the inevitable atlas, and often of repulsive details, that the narratives of wars and sieges should be made readable. And this difficulty, always felt, has of late

(1) We are following the common usage in treating these two questions as identical. "Savoir c'est prévoir," says M. Littré, "le critérium de toute véritable science est la prévision." Such a statement, however, must not be taken too literally. We cannot accurately predict the nature, and still less the thickness, of the strata that will next be formed on the surface of our globe; yet it would be rash to infer either that geology is not a science, or that no one knows anything concerning it. In strictness, therefore, the question at issue is, not whether history is a science, but whether it is an exact science; and, therefore, all those who answer the question in the negative, cannot on that account be justly charged with a "metaphysical" or unscientific point of view.

men want, or are expected, to have read, some one must if some method must be discovered for giving the re interest in the battles, what readier means can be dev marking the dependence of his fate on theirs? More sh be expected that the annalist of campaigns should eitl or understate their effects?

If we merely desired to show how much weight em have attached to wars and treaties, we should natur Professor Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Wor for the *locus classicus* on the side of the influence of g should certainly select Carlyle's celebrated "Lectures But we think it better, on the ground of impartiality few illustrations from historians of various subjects a opinion, and not indeed from historians only.¹ At these illustrations we will refer to a passage, which ma place, as it tends, not to enlarge, but to narrow, the bo great men might accomplish; but we call attention because of the answers to which it has given rise, a because it is in fact the parent of all similar speculation to the curiously modern digression in which Livy inq Alexander the Great, had he turned his arms to the have overcome the Romans, and in which he answers tl the negative. As contrasted with this, and as showing the discrepancy between historians on matters of this l cite the words of Mr. Grote, who agrees "with Plu sidering it as one of the boons of fortune to the Alexander did not live long enough to attack them."

strongly: he, moreover, characterised the actual conquests of Macedon as destined "to exist actually for nearly 1,000 years, and" (in allusion, as he explains in a note, to the field that they opened for the spread of Christianity) "in their effects to endure for ever." Before quitting Arnold, we feel bound not to omit his well-known speculation as to what might have followed had the Athenians taken Syracuse,—in other words, had Lamachus commanded against the city, had Gylippas *not* commanded in the city, and probably even had the latter's arrival been delayed by a few hours. Had Nicias succeeded, "Greece, and not Rome, might have conquered Carthage; Greek, instead of Latin, might have been at this day the principal element of the languages of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens rather than of Rome might be the foundation of the law of the civilised world." But we must come back to Rome. If from the Macedonians came her really greatest danger, from the Carthaginians there came at any rate a far nearer one. It is indeed now generally admitted that Hannibal would have gained nothing, and might have lost much, by marching on the capital after Cannæ; but Mommsen seems to consider that at the beginning of the first Punic war, the two republics were not unevenly matched. His recent exposition of the resources and of the social and political condition of Carthage has given rise to some curious speculations. Had she triumphed, might we not have had, for good or for evil, throughout Europe, commercial republics in the place of feudal monarchies, and negro slavery (with the attendant drawbacks of a piebald population and its mongrel progeny) in the place of medieval serfdom? We now pass on to another Roman historian, though in relation to a history which can only by courtesy be called Roman. Gibbon has fully appreciated the peril that Mahometan invaders cast on Christian Europe. In the same chapter in which he indicates the momentous results that followed the sudden and wholly accidental discovery of the Greek fire, he goes on to the battle of Tours, and delivers himself of one of his most famous sentences. Had Charles Martel (whom he calls "the Saviour of Christendom") been beaten, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet." We will next take a few illustrations from the writings of Mr. Mill, and we will do so somewhat more fully, not merely because of his great and well-merited eminence, but also because he cannot be suspected of any bias that may be incident to historians, and because he certainly has no bias against the philosophy of Comte. Speaking of the rotten condition of the Roman Empire towards its close, he adds:—"The fresh impulse given by Christianity came but just in time to save arts and letters from perishing, and the human race from sinking

back into a perhaps endless night." It may, indeed, be objected to us that this quotation is irrelevant, as the "impulse" referred to was neither accidental nor trivial; but in fact we are merely desirous to point out that this impulse is represented by Mr. Mill, not as having grown out of the necessities of the falling empire, nor as having been one on which or the like of which a falling empire or falling world could again count for its restoration, but as having operated as one of those causes which (whether regarded as fortuitous or providential) no human eye could have foreseen. To pass from Christianity to its most enlightened form: he writes that in Spain, Italy, Flanders, the Austrian Empire, Protestantism was rooted out, "and most likely would have been so in England had Queen Mary lived or Queen Elizabeth died." A few pages further on, three periods are specified "of a generally high scale of mental activity," an activity which would clearly manifest itself by giving birth to great individual thinkers,—the period of the Reformation, that of the French philosophy, and that of Goethe and Fichte in Germany. "The impulse given at these three periods has made Europe what it now is. Every single improvement which has taken place, either in the human mind or in institutions, may be traced distinctly to one or other of them." In another work, Mr. Mill has made mention of "the happy accidents which have so often decided at a critical moment, whether some leading portion of humanity should make a sudden start or sink back towards barbarism; chances like the existence of Themistocles at the time of the Persian invasion, or of the first or third William of Orange." But, respecting the Persian invasion, two other of Mr. Mill's works contain passages which we could ill afford to omit. He says in his "Logic:"—"It is as certain as any contingent judgment respecting historical events can be, that if there had been no Themistocles there would have been no victory of Salamis, and, if there had not, where would have been all our civilisation?" And even more strongly he writes in his "Essay on Early Greek History and Legend:"—"The battle of Marathon, even as an event in English history, is more important than the battle of Hastings. If the issue of that day had been different, the Britons and the Saxons might have been still wandering in the woods."¹ Our next quotation shall be extracted from a history of a later epoch, and it shall be illustrative, not of the genius of a great man, but of the obstinate and capricious perverseness of a great woman. Mr. Froude, in his last volume, has inquired what might have resulted, had

(1) It is but fair to add that the philosopher, who founded (or who at any rate named) the science of sociology, has expressed himself on this subject scarcely less strongly ("Philosophie Positive," vol. v., p. 251). On the other hand, it would appear that, with respect to the security of Rome against Macdon, the views announced in the same work (vol. v., p. 270) are almost identical with those of Livy.

Elizabeth at length agreed to marry Alençon. In that case, "France and England, linked together by a stronger bond than words, could have freed the Netherlands from Spain. The States of Germany could have been swept into the stream of the Reformation, and Europe might have escaped the Thirty Years' War and the Revolution of '89." "Had Queen Elizabeth been a weak and timid woman," writes Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, "we might now be speaking Spanish, and have our fates dependent on the struggle between Prim and Narvaez." It is in respect of nearly the same time that Voltaire, only half in jest, has speculated on the way in which a slip of the foot of a friend of Ravallac's ancestor might have changed the fate of Europe and Asia; indeed, with Voltaire there is said to have been almost a passion for tracing great effects to minute causes. Such a charge, however, can certainly not be brought against Macaulay. From the passage that has been quoted from him, it might rather be inferred that he valued accidents at zero. Yet (in relation evidently to the Hanoverian succession) he commends Shrewsbury's conduct "on a day big with the fate of his country." Also, concerning the Prussian appropriation of Silesia, he says:—"On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." Our list would still be incomplete if we were to leave unnoticed the opinion of Victor Hugo concerning the great struggle of half a century ago. In order to place that opinion in relief, we will once more have recourse to the expedient of a contrast; and our contrast shall be derived from the works of another great writer of French fiction. We are, we confess, startled at M. Alexandre Dumas speaking of the Hundred Days as "*cette évocation de l'empire, dont il fut bien facile de prévoir la seconde chute.*" But Victor Hugo startles us much more:—"S'il n'avait pas plu dans la nuit du 17 au 18 Juin, 1815, l'avenir de l'Europe était changé." "Un nuage traversant le ciel à contre-sens de la saison, a suffi pour l'écroulement d'un monde." "Waterloo n'est point une bataille; c'est le changement de front de l'univers."

We have endeavoured to enumerate a series of disturbing causes,—of causes, that is, the existence and operation of which the acutest observer could never have anticipated,—which have nevertheless, in the opinion of eminent authorities, considerably affected the march of subsequent events; and we have at present abstained, for the

most part, from expressing an opinion as to whether the e those causes was over-rated. We have, however, proba enough to make it evident that the question is purely a one, and that it is, moreover, very innocent. But, unfor it has often been transferred from the jurisdiction of history metaphysics and ethics ; and its fate has been bound up wit a very different question, which has before now been too often c not without acrimony,—the question of Philosophical Necessit confusion, if such it be, is a very serious one, and as many v eminence on both sides would seem to have given it their sa can scarcely be irrelevant to inquire how far their opinio founded. The grounds of that opinion may be shortly follows. Mankind being an aggregate made up of individ no one could predict the future acts or condition of mank could not predict the future acts and condition of all individ and out of the principle that the future acts of all or any i men could ever be predicted, or rather inferred from the j could unquestionably build a system of what is called “ne indeed, Mr. Mansel would add that “no more than this is i construct a system of fatalism as rigid as any Asiatic car To reasoning of this sort it would not be easy to give an a we were sure that the word “prediction” was used in the sa throughout. But we think that in fact it denotes two very things. The prediction with which the sociologist is concer approximate inference from a partial knowledge of the j present, and such an inference he maintains to lie within our faculties. The prediction, on the other hand, to w necessarian alludes, extends to a minute inference from an e universal knowledge of the past and present, which must a utterly beyond us. That prediction, in the latter sense of t cannot be made to embrace the entire future of mankind, indicating the exact future of each individual man, is, no dou Yet, even in this sense, the difficulty of going on from predi future of the individual to predict that of the race mus exaggerated. For an intelligence that should predict the an individual would have to know the antecedents, not i that individual, but of all the circumstances which, directly rectly, could possibly affect him. And to proceed from su diction to the prediction of the future of society would inv more superlatively high faculties, nor even an exacter know

(1) We add “inferred from the past” in order to obviate any objection be founded on Divine prediction. Those who would reconcile Divine pred the freedom of the will, would probably maintain that such prediction arose inference or calculation, but from some intuition, of which man, having no can form no conception; they might possibly connect their view with t hypothesis that, to the Deity, time has no existence.

all natural laws, but only a greater elaboration of details. It would not be a harder rule in the arithmetic, but merely a longer sum. Yet, even this increase of difficulty vanishes, when we pass on from this sort of foresight to the more practicable sort, with which the sociologist is content. To him, it is not a more complicated process to augur the probable conduct of the mass than of individuals: on the contrary, it is far simpler; or rather the inference becomes trustworthy in many cases in which, respecting individuals, it might not be so. And it becomes so for two reasons. In the first place, a larger body of men cannot be, to at all the same extent to which one man may be, influenced by personal peculiarities,—those peculiarities are lost in the mass: nor will it often be suddenly or materially changed in character by changes in outward circumstances or physical conditions. But this difference between the individual and the multitude does not of itself account for the whole phenomenon. A town will generally represent all ordinary varieties of character as completely as an empire; and a town, a large one at any rate, will be almost as little liable to be acted on by any single cause, so as to be speedily improved or deteriorated in morals. And yet there are many events,—such, for instance, as the annual number of suicides,—which admit of a far more accurate prevision in the case of an empire than in the case of any town or village: and this is so, obviously for the same reason as that which enables us to calculate, with far greater proportional exactness, the frequency with which a given number will be turned up in a hundred throws of the dice than in ten. It is then, as we think, for these two causes,—both in themselves perfectly familiar, but not, perhaps, always sufficiently kept apart,—that predictions are always safest when they have reference to large masses of men: for it is in masses, first, that personal peculiarities are most thoroughly eliminated; and, secondly, that the law of averages has most room to work.

Of the facilities for prevision that are furnished by a wide area of observation, we have already given one illustration in our passing comparison between towns and empires; a second and a very simple one may be taken from the domain of physics. Suppose the contents of a cistern of known dimensions to be drained off through a pipe of known diameter; we can calculate to a nicety what volume of the water will have issued in a given time, and with what velocity; but, owing to the variety of currents, we cannot form a conception as to which particles will remain in the cistern the longest. Here it is to be remarked that our knowledge, so far as it goes, is both certain and precise; but that it is limited as to its range. It holds for the mass, but does not hold for the atom. We will draw our last illustration from a subject of greater general interest. “*Une grande révolution démocratique*,” in De Tocqueville’s sense of the term, has

been described by him in a celebrated passage as "*le fait le continu, le plus ancien, et plus permanent que l'on connaisse l'histoire.*" And yet periods of five or ten years could be met even in modern Europe (as, for example, at the beginning of the century) during which there have been no signs of such a progress. Nor is this merely because the change is imperceptible, but sometimes because it is non-existent: by some temporary or local cause the tide may be not only retarded, but arrested, or even thrown back. But let us multiply the length of the periods by ten, and look at the recent history of the most advanced nations, at intervals of ten years, or a century; and we distinctly become conscious of the approach to the shore, towards which we have been steadily drifting, and which, for better or for worse, we must one day reach.

It may perhaps be objected that, if social predictions must all be of this general character, sociology does not merit the name of a science, but is at best a blind guide. This objection, however, if valid, would be fatal to other sciences and their corresponding predictions. Meteorology is not self-condemned, though it does not profess to foretell accurately the direction and rapidity of the course of storms. Doctors are not useless, though they often fail to cure. So also, we have no means of measuring exactly the resistance offered by the atmosphere to projectiles; but, if we cannot with certainty throw a shell on a particular spot, it is something to be able to throw it in the direction of a particular fortress. In all cases, partial knowledge is a boon to us, as long as we bear in mind that it is only partial. Twilight is better than darkness, if it is not mistaken for noon.

Having now attempted to form an estimate of the sort of prediction to which alone sociology aspires, we can better criticise the position of those who, reasoning against the principles of the science, argue that those principles lead to fatalism. In fact, this argument proves too much; for it has special reference, not to the exceptional instances in which genius and accident, being disturbing causes, preclude our foresight, but to the more normal instances, in which the general laws operate in peace. It will be seen that the sociologist's reasoning has a weak side and a strong one,—a weak (or, at any rate, a less palpably strong) side where he reduces to a minimum the probable effects of great men and great actions, and a very strong side where he merely formulates the facts furnished by the statistician. It is on his strong side that the argument under consideration attacks him. If fatalism follows in any way from his principles, it must follow from the uniformities which statistics prove. A similar reply may be made to the objection that his views are destructive of moral responsibility. If moral responsibility is inconsistent with any of his doctrines, it must be inconsistent with those which are merely statements of the uniformities pervading nature.

and immoral actions, and which are founded on the approximate regularity with which, in a large population amid stationary social conditions, the annual average of thefts and murders will recur. But this regularity is a plain matter of fact, rendered indubitable by statistical researches; and, in the face of those researches, to maintain the existence of any antagonism between sociology and moral responsibility, would be to assert, not that this or that theory is against morality, but that morality is against arithmetic.

Lastly, let us compare the necessarian and the sociologist in reference to those instances in which the general laws are more or less disturbed in their operation by genius or accident; and, to put an extreme case, let us revert to the battle of Marathon, and to the view taken of its effects by Mr. Mill. To the most rigid necessarian such a view would present no sort of difficulty; for fate may have decreed, and higher intelligences may have been able to prognosticate, how each of the Athenian generals would be disposed at the council of war, how effectively Miltiades would speak, whether he would gain over the casting vote of Callimachus; and, as a consequence, whether the Greeks or Persians would win, and whether we should or should not even now be able

“migrare vetusto
De nemore et proavis habitatas linquere sylvas.”

But, to the most sagacious of human observers, even had he been armed with all sociological appliances now discovered or yet undiscovered, the thought of such reasoning would be simply chimerical; nor could he (by the hypothesis) have possibly divined that we should not, at the present day, be roaming about, naked and tattooed, with no literature above the records of Druid mysteries, and with no sanctuary better than Stonehenge. Here, therefore, the necessarian and the sociologist stand on an entirely different footing; the former may readily admit the case, but the latter must regard it as, at any rate, the rarest of the rare, instances in which the whole future of civilisation can have hung from so very slender a thread.

As it is necessary for the argument that our meaning should be perfectly clear, it may be well to express it in other terms. It is often asserted, that to affirm the possibility of historical prediction, is to deny the freedom of the will, and *vice versâ*. This opinion we regard as erroneous. In the first place, the question as to historical prediction is one of degree: there may be any shade of opinion concerning it. But, on the other hand, a man (not suspending his judgment) who does not assert the freedom of the will, must deny it: no one can be a necessarian by halves. In the second place (and this is the point on which we are now laying stress), we must admit that, if the will is not free, it is, at any rate, as if it were free.

A phenomenon, of which the necessary antecedents are undiscoverable, is, for most purposes of observation, without them. Let us take a very simple illustration from a case where there certainly are necessary antecedents. There is, in the neighbourhood of Plinlimmon, a stone, at which a narrow stream bifurcates into what become the Severn and the Dee. If a cork were thrown in the middle of the stream, at some distance above the stone, it is clear that perfect wisdom could at once calculate at which of two very distant places the cork would reach the sea, if it reached it at all. But it is no less clear that the highest human wisdom would be as much baffled by such a calculation, as if the stream were a goddess, and could turn the cork to the right or left of the stone spontaneously and by caprice. Just so, in moral phenomena, the hiddenness of causes is almost equivalent to their non-existence. Historical prediction is not more barred by the freedom of the will than by the inscrutability of motives.

If the general uniformity of moral phenomena, under given social conditions, is a matter beyond all dispute, whence arises the extreme repugnance which many excellent persons seem to entertain against the conclusions of the sociologist, and even, though less avowedly, against the facts of the statistician? May not that repugnance have been rightly attributed to an ill-defined impression that such conclusions would point to a sort of vicarious and supplemental relation between crimes¹,—a relation by virtue of which, if a man resolved not to commit a murder, the law of averages would require an extra murder elsewhere, and by virtue of which, if we reform one set of criminals, we are, by some mysterious process, indirectly corrupting another set? This fallacy, like many others, seems, when stated definitely, too transparent to mislead any one; and yet it bears a strong family likeness to the fallacy (which has so often been gravely propounded) that the part of a ship struck by a cannon-ball in an action is the part least likely to be again struck, or that, in tossing up, after heads have fallen several times, there is more than an even chance in favour of tails; and also to that most dangerous fallacy,—the exact converse of which is the moral of the story of Polycrates and the ring,—which induces gamblers to hope, after a long “run of ill-luck,” that fortune will square itself by changing sides. In each

(1) If any such misty notion exists, it must be owned that some sociological or (to use a word, which, from a wish to narrow the question at issue, we have been careful to avoid) Positivist writers have done their very best to give it coherence and permanence. It is indirectly confirmed by such a paradox as that of Mr. Buckle, who writes:—“It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and that, instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people.” That their number is regulated by variations, not in the natural inclination for them, but in the price of corn, would be a perfectly harmless proposition, and would likewise be all that the argument requires.

, the solution is a similar one: too precise an operation is to the law of averages. Thus, if the falls of heads and of exactly to tally, an excess one way would have to be rectified by subsequent excess the other way: but in fact, as Coleridge concerning political economy, things do not right themselves, but "are righting" themselves. And thus, too, if we were to show the law of averages can hold respecting moral phenomena without a local preponderance of virtue involving elsewhere a preponderance of vice, we should answer by repeating that it is proximate uniformities that sociology claims or statistics

Besides, it must be borne in mind that the uniformities are conditional on the state of society. No one doubts that in many cases the average of crime might be very much and very suddenly changed by (for example) improvements in police. In such cases, the powerful individual or individuals who should make the improvement must be regarded as constituting one of those irregular causes which partly, at any rate, elude our calculations. There is, then, no ground whatever for the prevalent impression that the speculations of sociologists may, in some way, affect morality? Probably is a very slight ground; for, though the principles of sociology can never be at variance with moral responsibility, the application of those principles may, in certain rare instances, benumb the moral sense. It is mostly by the hope of achieving great results that men are prompted to do great things; while the individual, by turning his insignificance, is nearly sure to lose whatever he may have felt to become a hero or martyr. But, after all, hero-worship is never a very common one; and it must be remembered that what the individual loses, the masses may gain. For, the masses are taught how the most eminent man, socially or morally, succeeds only by being their exponent,—how they must follow the groove in which he must run. Although, therefore, the reaction against hero-worship may be unfavourable to the highest individual excellence, surely the evil is not an unmixed one. Nowhere is there less scope for individual action than in an age of common occasions at any rate, and throughout all ranks. At the first, yet nowhere is the sense of honour more general; the derivation of *esprit de corps*?

A sociologist, however, has other difficulties, which may, in some measure, be of his own making. His name is somehow bound up with hero-worship, not exclusively or even originally his—the celebrated connection between mankind and a colossal man. We confess that our submission to the authority of Pascal, Lessing, Comte, and others is a little plebeian—we have never thought the illustration a very happy one. What is the exact feature of resemblance? If it is merely that at various times various races have borne their share in the product which

we call civilisation, the proposition is one which is not very likely to be disputed. If, on the other hand, it is meant that all races, strong and weak, civilised and barbarous, must have the same interest—that, whenever one member suffers all the members suffer with him—the proposition (not literally true even of the natural body) is one that might very well be disputed. But it is not chiefly on the score of ambiguity that we find fault with the comparison. The conservative and eminently disheartening prejudice that all civilisation tends to decay, is fostered by an attempt to force an analogy between the individual that withers, and the world which is more and more

Another objection, not perhaps wholly unfounded, has been raised against sociology, on the score of the associations to which its name may give rise; why (it may be asked) was it not called Social Philosophy? Several answers may be given to this question; but it is difficult to deny that the great man who gave the appellation name to some extent have been influenced by a desire to secure for his principles too absolute an immunity from external criticism. Yet in fact, sociology may be a science, without claiming an immunity which is scarcely accorded even to the most advanced sciences. Even in the case of the latter, one is occasionally startled to discover that the foundation, as well as the superstructure, is somewhat rudely assailed. Such assaults, whether successful or not, are seldom without advantage. Mr. Bailey's strictures on Berkeley's Theory of Vision were serviceable, if only as occasioning Mr. Mill's rejoinder; and not a few persons seem to have derived profit even from the strange discussion which arose some years ago respecting the moon turning on its axis. Or, to put a case of a different kind, so seemingly certain and elementary a calculation as that respecting the sun's distance from the earth has lately been disputed, and apparently with reason. It must always be borne in mind that the geocentric theory was once as firmly and universally held as the heliocentric theory now is; and, even on points like this, we should be careful not to represent our conclusions as for ever exempt from discussion. Such reserve is evidently far more incumbent upon us when dealing with a nascent science, and with the extreme complexity of social phenomena: we may lay claim to conviction, not to infallibility.

Nowhere, indeed, is dogmatism more misplaced than in speculations as to what might have been. Even in the case of the Greeks—the instance probably of all others in which the tendencies of the work are most easily distinguished,—it is difficult to pronounce on either side. A short analysis will make this clear. Had the Persians won any of the four great battles at the beginning of the fifth century B.C., it may be presumed that the Greeks, and especially the Athenians, would have been reduced to temporary subjects

Would the germs of Hellenic thought have been rooted up? It may, not unfairly, be answered that, under the Persian shadow, philosophy flourished in Ionia. But the supposition may be carried further. There is every reason to believe that all the free population of Athens would have been at best removed to Persia. Is there any likelihood that the Athenians, like the Jews at Babylon, would have thriven in exile? But the severity of the conquerors might not have stopped at this point. The Persians were not always remarkable for lenity; and it is quite possible that they, being exasperated by resistance, might have dealt out to Athens the same hard measure that she, in the day of her power, dealt out to Skione and Melos. Had she perished utterly, would another Athens have sprung up elsewhere? It may be said, on the one hand, that there could have been no greater amount of cerebral matter at Athens than among any equally large body of men of similar race and education; and, on the other hand, that, actually, there was no second Athens. In her absence, then, is it likely that another set of great men would have arisen, whose growth her great men in fact stifled?¹ How far can there be a "struggle for existence" among men of genius? We own that we hesitate to give an answer to such a question. To justify our hesitation, we must distinguish the question from another, which we have already answered unhesitatingly. We have pointed out the absurdity of imagining that statistics, or the law of averages, could possibly require that an excess of virtuous or vicious acts in one place should occasion a deficit elsewhere. We must now distinguish this absurdity from a truth which may seem to give colour to it. One criminal furnishes no safeguard against other criminals; but one philosopher or general does to a certain extent stand in the way of his rivals. The fact is, that in the former case the field of action is practically unlimited; in the latter, it is confined to a more or less restricted number of competitors. Certain conditions of society are, no doubt, very prolific of great men; yet even at such times each great man would probably have been greater if he could have stood alone. To this rule men of science may seem to form an exception; yet it is probable that a given state of knowledge will support only a limited number of great discoveries, and, therefore, also, of great discoverers. It is true that there have been several very notable examples of two or more persons hitting on the same discovery at once. Yet, even then, the competition is apparent. Had not the true theory of Rent been discovered (or rather re-discovered) by three inquirers at the same time, would not the single discoverer have earned a greater distinction? We need hardly adduce the extreme case on the opposite

(1) Comte, at the end of his chapter on "Polytheism," broaches a similar speculation with regard to the Jewish theocracy.

side by again adverting to the struggle for supremacy in an army. One may almost say that in an army there is but one man who governs, who earns reputation, and who cultivates the talents for command. The chief of Napoleon's generals would surely have been far more famous, and would each individually have originated far more without their master; they lost more by his pre-eminence than they gained by his instruction and example.¹

It is owing to this singular pre-eminence that Napoleon is so often quoted in illustration of the utmost that a single genius and will can effect. Auguste Comte has spoken of him as having done more than any other human being to retard civilisation; while in another passage he places him in a trio with Julian and Philip the Second, having struggled against the spirit of the age, and, though armed with enormous powers, having signally failed. It is curious to compare with this, the opinion of a disciple of M. Comte, written under the second empire. In his view, the Allies were those who with the forces of all Europe, fought against the necessities of the time, and achieved only a temporary success. Obviously, if success is taken as the criterion of conformity to the spirit of the age, it is easy to show that those who resist that spirit must fail. But it would be unfair upon the sociologists to charge them with such mere tautology. Necessary progress is a dogma perhaps too broadly stated by the Positive Philosophy, and the spirit of the age assumed to be a good spirit. When, therefore, it is affirmed that Napoleon, struggling in behalf of the age, laid the foundations of future success, we are meant to infer that his policy was a blessing; when it is stated that, struggling against the age, he failed, it intimates that his policy was a curse.

In any case, however, is it not certain that, if he had not aimed at doing too much, he might have done very much, and that it would then have rested with his individual choice, to do or to forbear? Would not his influence on posterity have been immense, if he had consolidated instead of tried to extend his empire, after the Peace of Tilsit, when, through the prostration of the German powers, he reached his highest greatness—

“Quum de Tautonico vellet descendere curru?”

Still, questions of this sort should never be answered with diffidence; for we must bear in mind that they in no case admit of an *experimentum crucis*, and that the solution of one of them would be of little or no service towards the solution of others.

The case of Napoleon is probably, to some extent, liable to ob-

(1) We are speaking of Napoleon as a great commander, not as the director of a warlike administration. Without the warlike administration, the other generals would have had less to do; without the great commander, more.

tion, because of his very exceptional powers. With regard to the common run of great men, prediction may be carried much further; for, not merely in their case are the consequences that turn on a single hinge far less momentous, but the very existence of such men is more nearly a matter of calculation. The time may come when philosophers will know something of the social conditions that are most favourable to the generation of genius, and when they may even roughly estimate the amount of genius to which given social conditions will probably give rise; but they can never hope to foresee whether this or that age or country will give birth to one of the few great men of the world. To revert to our illustration from games of chance, two persons, knowing each other's play, can tell, with fair exactness, what will be the net result even of a small number of games; but it is otherwise with respect to very rare events,—such, for example, as the holding of a *carte blanche* at piquet. It must, therefore, be conceded that, with regard to the average of great men, the social science can do far more than with such a man as Bonaparte. But the concession requires a word of explanation. Great men, who spring out of a restricted class, present a more uncertain, and, as it were, capricious phenomenon even than very great men who come from the mass of the people. Cromwell was probably an abler man than Frederick of Prussia; but it was antecedently far more unlikely—more utterly beyond calculation—that the head of the Prussian monarchy (or any given individual) would be a man like Frederick than that the whole English nation would contain a man like Cromwell. So, again, who could have dreamt that the throne of Macedon would, at a critical time, be occupied by two such men as Philip and Alexander? or that the most powerful family in Europe would produce three such generations as Charles Martel and his son and grandson? There is another reason why able men, born in high places, constitute a sort of eccentric phenomenon, concerning which speculation is almost at a standstill. A man of the people will seldom acquire much influence if he is either much before or much behind his age; in order to rise, he has to undergo a long training, the effects of which will very rarely quite pass off; he must be cast in the mould of the society in which he lives. With the able prince or nobleman this is different. He, like others, must in some degree understand the needs of his age, if his influence is to be permanent; but he has not, in addition, as others have, to pass through a trying apprenticeship, in order to acquire such influence; the spirit of the age may be said to control him only in one way, while it controls others in two. It is in great measure for this reason that kings and aristocracies are so often noted for that opposition to prevailing ideas, which we censure by the name of obstinacy, or praise by that of independence. That

such opposition is, in fact, often beneficial, is unquestionable. But, whether beneficial or not, it is alike a bar to prevision.

It must, doubtless, be admitted that the obstacles to confident prediction tend to diminish, as, with the progress of civilisation, individuals become more and more absorbed in the masses. We could easily picture to ourselves such an absorption carried to its utmost limit, if all nations were united under "the Parliament of Man," and lived in the Chinese monotony of a philosophical millennium. Under such circumstances the conditions of prediction might be realised; but what events or changes would there be to predict?

We are, then, not very sanguine as to the possibility, now and hereafter, of distant historical foresight. But we do not on that account under-rate the labours of sociologists. The very complication of social phenomena, which renders them ill adapted for prevision, and even for classification, presents all the more handles for action. From this point of view, in proportion as we can predict less, we can modify more; and the social science (that other name for the philosophy of history), though never an exact science, may one day prove a very useful guide through determining, not what will be, but what may be.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

THE INTERNAL CONFLICT OF AMERICA.

It is to be deplored that, at a time when it is of the utmost importance that the internal politics of the United States should be clearly comprehended in this country, there should be almost a unanimity of error with regard to the recent course of events arising from the long struggle between the legislative and executive branches of the Government. Even the journals which during the war recognised the flag to which the sympathies of every liberal Englishman were pledged, now send out an uncertain, and many of them—misguided by half-hearted correspondents in America—a directly misleading sound. One may now read even in these that Congress is guilty of an unusual interference with Cabinet appointments, and an unconstitutional restriction of the authority of the Supreme Court; that radicalism has brought forth fanaticism, and President Johnson is found standing by the Constitution, defending it to the last. The press seems to have taken this theory for an ear-trumpet, and whatever news come from Washington, reports another crime of Congress by the time it reaches the patient English public. It is Congress that is oppressing Southern whites, starving the negroes, sending up gold, keeping the country generally in turmoil. Now all these are questions, not of sentiment or opinion, but of fact. The actions of the President and the actions of Congress are matters of dry record; they are interpretable by plain common sense; they are the necessary moves of players contending for a mighty stake according to laws which neither has the slightest power of transgressing. I do not, therefore, propose or desire to impress the reader of this paper with any sentiments or opinions of my own or of the party with which I sympathise, but simply to present briefly and in their actual relation the facts which represent the latest struggle between the President and Congress, and underlie the present most critical situation.

The assassination of President Lincoln had the immediate effect of placing the executive in an antagonism of principle to the legislative arm of the Government. President Johnson held to the theory that the Southern States had lost none of their former rights by rebellion, and that the war for their subjugation to the Union implied that at its close those States returned to the Union with their original forms of organisation unimpaired. Their codes of law, including the disabilities imposed on negroes, were, he maintained, still in force, the only exception being that their provisions for buying and selling negroes had been annulled by the adoption of a new Article in the Constitution prohibiting slavery. A large

majority of Congress, on the contrary, held to the theory that rebellion in the South not having been a rebellion of certain individuals, but one formally enacted by all the branches of all State governments of the South, those organisations had, in the eyes of the Federal Government, committed suicide by treason. They could not, when conquered, claim any rights under the Constitution they had combined to destroy. The Government which had conquered them had acquired, by the right of conquest, the full power and authority to deal with them as subjugated territories, to hold them by force so long as that was deemed necessary for the general safety and welfare, and to impose such conditions for their reorganisation as the nation should believe demanded by justice and national security. The President held that all abnormal powers fell from the hands of the Federal Government at the moment in which any rebellion was overpowered; Congress maintained that those powers must continue so long as they could be delivered up only to those whose disloyalty was notorious, and to whom they would furnish means of inflicting harm on the country from which they had suffered humiliation and defeat.

These were the two theories that encountered each other when Mr. Johnson became President. The President had as much right to hold his theory as Congress to hold the contrary one; but he undertook to enforce it practically by a step which plainly encroached upon the domain of the legislative branch of the Government—namely, he set about the reorganisation of the Southern States upon his own theory, using for that purpose the military forces of the nation which still remained in that region. Being merely the executive, empowered only to enforce the enactments of Congress, he had assumed to make laws for ten States, and indeed to legislate for the whole country on the most important subjects. Not only was the Constitution clearly against him in this, but it had been so determined by the Supreme Court in a case where the authenticity of the government of the State of Rhode Island had been in question. In that case, known as “Dorr’s Rebellion,” the Chief Justice of the United States—then Mr. Taney—had held that “it rests upon Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State; and its decision is binding upon every other department of the Government.” President Johnson had ignored this in deciding that the governments in the Southern States were those that existed before the war. Public opinion was so overwhelming against the President on this point, that Congress found but little difficulty in setting aside the organisations which he had attempted to reorganise in the South. It is important to observe here that at the time when Mr. Johnson made this attempt Congress had no particular plan of reconstruction at all to propose. The President frequently tam-

Congress with destroying his mode of reconstruction without substituting any other. This was true, and it is important as showing that from the first Congress has been guided by events in this matter, and taken only such steps as have been forced upon it. At the period when Congress vindicated successfully its exclusive right to deal with the whole question of reconstruction, no majority could have been secured in it for negro suffrage; for disfranchisement of disloyal whites; indeed, for no one of the many schemes that floated about the capitol. But the effort of the President to restore the former State governments of the South, abortive for his purpose, had a most important effect in revealing to Congress and to the country the absolute necessity of certain things to any adequate plan of reconstruction. No sooner had the President convened the legislatures, so called, of the South, than they, too eagerly believing that their authority was now irrevocable, proceeded at once to impose fresh burdens on the negroes whom the nation had liberated, depriving them of the right to own land, of the right of locomotion, and binding them under their former masters by a system of serfdom which preserved the barbarities of slavery without the compensation which even slavery furnished—namely, the protection of life and limb, which it was the interest of the slave-owner to secure for his chattel. The whites of the South, during this brief resurrection of their power, not only demonstrated their desire to punish the negro for his share in defeating them, and their ability, if unchecked in their sway of the States, to evade in many ways the law abolishing slavery, but they proceeded to proclaim their determination to acknowledge the rebel debt and repudiate the national debt. Indeed, under the intoxication of their sudden restoration they carried matters so far that the generals of the United States commanding all the departments of the South—none of them associated with anti-slavery principles—testified under oath that they believed that the withdrawal of the military from the South would be followed by the massacre of all negroes who should not submit to virtual re-enslavement, that the life of no person who had befriended the Union during the war would be secure, and that a relapse into rebellion would become probable. Of course, so soon as those Southern communities were recognised as equal States, all Federal agents or soldiers would have to be withdrawn from them. Thus the President's theory became by its brief application an experience. These old State governments again vanished, but not until they had written on their walls a warning for the nation—a warning which made negro-suffrage the first clause of the Congressional plan of reconstruction, and the disfranchisement of the most prominent disunionists the second. No other plan promised, or even proposed, to prevent that unmitigated sway of disloyalty and negro-hatred in the South, which

naturally, and according to the unanimous belief of those in a position to judge, had been embittered by the result of the war. South then, in the months of its resuscitation by Mr. Johnson, framed the plan of reconstruction which Congress made into law, which the people have confirmed by sending to the present Congress even larger majorities to maintain than they had sent to enact it.

Such was the result of the first great struggle between the President and Congress, which was essentially the renewal within the Government of the conflict between Slavery and Freedom. This struggle was about the principles of reconstruction. I now proceed to consider that which is just closing—the struggle for the embodiment of those principles, ascertained to be vital, in the governments of the South, against the whole strength of a hostile and adroit executive.

Congress saw plainly that a genuine application of its measures by a President over whose repeated vetoes they had been passed was impossible. And when it was proved that he had in several cases ignored them, the disposition to remove him from office became very general among the leading Republicans. The people, however, recoiled from this extreme measure. There were various reasons for this. One was that the impeachment of a President was unprecedented, and, it was feared, might be fraught with danger; another, that it was manifest that the President sincerely believed himself defending the Constitution, and it was dreaded that a precedent might be established unfavourable to the independence of the executive; but the most decisive was the general belief that though the President would not execute the laws, his opposition would at least be passive, and that the welfare of the country would not be endangered by a postponement of a full reconstruction of the South to 1869. At this juncture there occurred a series of local State elections throughout the North. These elections of the fall of 1867 indicated a large decrease of the Republican strength. It was plain, however, to careful observers, that, apart from their adverse bearing on the single question of impeachment, no inference unfavourable to the position of Congress on national affairs was just deducible from these elections. The elections turned upon local questions, chiefly upon the Maine Liquor Law, with which the Republican party was everywhere implicated. But whatever might have been the cause of these local defeats, or reductions of former Republican majorities, they were interpreted by the President—this is the only point material to this history—as a declaration of the country in favour of his policy. Congress accepted the elections as a popular verdict against an impeachment; but the President regarded them as an encouragement to him to depart from that passive attitude toward the laws of Congress which had chiefly induced the country to believe his continuance in office consistent with national

safety. He recalled from the South all officers who had respected the reconstruction laws of Congress, and appointed in their places others known to be opposed to them. He authorised these new officers to issue orders to the effect that municipal authorities in the South, formed without reference to the measures of Congress, should be paramount over the provisional governments which Congress had placed there to preserve order in the interval preceding the formation of new State organisations by authorised conventions which had assembled. He removed the Secretary of War, who alone in his Cabinet sympathised with the measures of Congress. These movements menaced, as the President was not careful to conceal, that entire plan of reconstruction which the nation and its Congress had again and again declared to be the only alternative to the reign of disloyalty, and the virtual re-establishment of slavery in the South.

The hasty conclusion of Mr. Johnson, from the local elections, that the nation was with him, which led to these startling disclosures of his intention to override the laws and resuscitate his original policy, was accompanied by a significant revival of those elements in the North which had for generations battled for slavery, and which had opposed the war for the Union as long as it could be done without actual treason. These elements, which were now preponderant in several Northern legislatures, cohered into a party which, in a moment of exultation at the supposed reaction, laid its programme before the country no less frankly than Mr. Johnson. This programme contained two great schemes. The first was the elimination from the Constitution of the new Article abolishing slavery, the method being for the States to rescind their ratifications of that amendment as fast as their legislatures could be recovered from Republican rule. The new legislature of Ohio led the way by voting in both of its Houses to rescind its ratification, and its Act to that end has been laid before the Senate of the United States. The second scheme was the partial repudiation of the national debt incurred in conquering the South.¹ The great mass of the outstanding bonds of the United States are those denominated the Five-twenties. The absence from

(1) A persistent, I might almost call it a malicious, effort has been made in certain quarters to create a belief in this country that the Radicals in America are, equally with their opponents, implicated with this base and fraudulent scheme. The fact that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, amid the almost complete decay of his powers, has been induced to write a letter favourable to it, has been alleged as carrying with it the approval of the party which has replaced him as a leader. As for General Butler, whose course in the matter the Radicals have also been made to shoulder, he is a man who grew grey in the service of slavery, and came to the side of freedom only when it became the stronger. These are the only two cases that can, with even a show of fairness, be quoted for the complicity of the Radicals with repudiation, whereas their opponents have passed resolutions in its favour in party conventions, and have proposed its leading champion for President.

the face of this bond of a distinct declaration that its principal as well as interest is payable in gold, suggested to Mr. George Pendleton that the principal might be paid in depreciated paper. I need not pause to show the baseness of this scheme. The Secretary of the Treasury under whom these bonds were issued—now the Chief Justice—was officially asked if both principal and interest were to be paid in gold, and he answered, "Certainly." Two Secretaries have succeeded him, and each, being asked the same question, has given the same reply. Under these replies the bonds have been traded in throughout the world. If the repudiators could persuade the world to believe that the Congress which issued that bond purposely left in it some technical reservation, so that it might pass for what it was not worth, they would inflict on the nation a heavier blow than the Southern Confederacy was able to inflict. Mr. Pendleton is the most able and eloquent leader of the pro-Southern and pro-Slavery party in the Western States; his political course has been consistent, and has absorbed the best energies of his life. He has always avowed his belief in slavery as a divine institution; he has always defended the right of secession; he opposed the late war at every step; he opposed the raising of men and of money to carry it on. Nobody in America doubts that if he could now punish those who furnished the sinews of that war, not only by partial but by complete repudiation, he would do so. And of the party that has sustained President Johnson during his struggle with Congress, Mr. Pendleton is the recognised leader, and by far its most prominent candidate for the next presidency.

Thus the fancied reaction in the country was instrumental in revealing two important things—that the animus of the reactionary party contemplated nothing less than the ruin of the national credit and the re-establishment of slavery, and that nothing but fear of the people restrained the President from beginning its practical work even at the cost of trampling down the laws of Congress.

The course of Congress after this was not optional. It must be borne in mind that the representatives of the people believed—as every Northern thinker and leader believed—that the success of the President's policy amounted to annexing the North to the rebel States, to bringing back the South with its disloyal elements uppermost, to securing for slavery a greater victory than secession had even aimed at. Conventions, called together in the South under the Act of Congress, elected without respect to colour, were in session preparing new State constitutions for submission to the National Legislature, as in the case of Territories becoming States. It was impossible for these conventions to complete their work if military protection were withdrawn; and to surround them with commanders unfriendly to their action was virtually such a withdrawal. Under

these circumstances Congress, I repeat, had no choice ; it must either surrender all it had been set to defend as vital to the nation, or it must use every weapon furnished it by the Constitution to restrain the President. As the South had itself decided the principles necessary for reconstruction, the President and his party now compelled the supplementary action necessary for their application. As the President had removed the Secretary of War—the only Cabinet officer who could even watch the new partisan commanders in the South—Congress restored him to that department. This it had an unquestionable right to do : by the Constitution, “the advice and consent of the Senate” is necessary to the appointment of a Cabinet Minister, and by law its consent is necessary to his removal. The House of Representatives next passed a supplementary measure of reconstruction, placing the supervision and control of the military departments of the South, upon which the Conventions depended for protection, in the hands of the Lieutenant-General of the United States. It thus bound the hands of the President, so far as any interference with the progress of reconstruction was concerned. This step has been denounced as extreme and unconstitutional. It certainly was extreme, the President having made it necessary that it should be ; but it is not unconstitutional. Though the Constitution makes the President *ex officio* commander of the military forces, it has defined his powers very strictly, and has assigned him none at all that are discretionary for extraordinary conditions of the country. All power to deal with emergencies is distinctly placed in the hands of Congress. The Constitution authorises and empowers Congress alone to declare war ; to make rules and regulations for the government of the land and naval forces ; to levy taxes ; to suppress insurrection ; to provide for the common defence and general welfare. Its power over the sword and purse of the nation is exclusive and indisputable. Its right to decide that so long as military arrangements are necessary in the South they shall not be in the hands of a civilian, but of the highest military authority—not nominal—known to the Government, is indefeasible.

The only hope remaining to the President is to induce the Supreme Court to declare the Reconstruction Acts of Congress unconstitutional. The antecedents and the personal constitution of the Supreme Court warranted his belief that a majority of one could be secured in it unfavourable to the Congressional measure. The judges of this Court are appointed to hold their positions during life or good behaviour ; its elements change more slowly than those of any other department of the Government ; and several of the judges who remain were originally appointed by pro-slavery Presidents in reward for political services. The country has for some time felt it to be an anomaly and a danger that acts of Congress in the

present emergency should be at the mercy of a Court, some of whose members are inherited from the period when the same body decided that the negro had no rights that a white man is bound to respect. The "Dred Scott decision"—now repudiated as law throughout the nation—was one of a series of historical decisions which have convinced the American people that these judges are as liable to partisan bias as others; and it has for some years been a matter of discussion whether its action in cases involving political affairs should not be somewhat restricted. Congress has in it eminent lawyers and able statesmen, who, it may be assumed, are quite competent to understand the meaning of a plainly written constitution; and when two thirds of both Houses of Congress have decided that a law is constitutional, is it reasonable that they should be willing to have their position reversed by a majority of one in the Supreme Court? Can they be content that the most vital measures for the reorganisation of the South should be liable to overthrow by the vote of a single judge, but now perhaps a slaveholder, whose views of the Constitution have all his life been coloured by theories which he is too old to change? Of course, if the Constitution demanded that this should be the case, Congress must submit. But the Constitution demands nothing of the kind; it assigns to Congress the duty of saying how many judges shall constitute the Supreme Court, what number shall be a quorum in it, or a majority of it, what compensation they shall have, and to make all "regulations" for, and even "exceptions" to, its jurisdiction. Any one who has read *The Federalist* will know that power over these details of the Court was not accidentally left to Congress, but that it was clearly foreseen that the Court might be affected by political bias, and regarded as necessary that there should be some reserved power to check any abuse of its peculiarly irresponsible authority. The House of Representatives has therefore passed an Act making it necessary that, where laws of Congress are involved in any case brought before the Supreme Court, a quorum shall be all the judges, and that two thirds of them shall be requisite to reverse such laws. This step is being taken reluctantly, however; and there is reason to think that its passage through the Senate will depend upon the action of the Court in a political case now pending. It will be thus no exception to the general fact which it has been the main object of this statement to show—that from the first the attitude of Congress has been defensive, not aggressive, that its steps have been such as were rendered absolutely necessary, unless all the fruits of the victory of Freedom are to be transferred to Slavery.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND is continually set before Ireland as a model. Not that this is meant to give any hope that her unfortunate sister at the other side of the Channel will ever have the grace to imitate so bright an example, but rather as a contrast to justify the Imperial Legislature in its despair of being able to do anything to lessen the disparity. Scotland is well behaved in every respect; her character is unblemished. She is industrious, thrifty, intelligent, self-reliant, persevering, law-loving and law-abiding, devotedly loyal to the Throne and Constitution. Ireland, on the other hand, is lazy, improvident, ignorant, semi-barbarous, lawless, disorderly, seditious, hopelessly miserable, incurably disaffected. She cannot help being so; it is in her nature, which cannot be altered; it is in her religion, which cannot be reformed; it is in the perversity of her mind, which no education can reduce to rationality; it is in her savage temperament, which no discipline can tame; it is in her hardened bigotry, which no weapon of Truth can pierce. What can England do for her improvement that has not been done? Under what grievance does she suffer which it is possible to remove? How can she be satisfied unless we surrender to her clamours the most sacred institutions of our country? In fact, England, judging from the hints of her most influential organs, seems to doubt whether sister Ireland is quite sane. At all events, it is thought best to deprive her of all weapons by which she could inflict injury upon herself or others, to put her in a strait-waistcoat with a regimen of bread and water when she is violent, and to humour her with some small doses of British capital in her lucid intervals. This is the course which has been pursued for some centuries, and as a cure is hopeless, England must necessarily persist in the policy of coercion, not merely in her own defence, but to keep the patient from self-destruction. After all that Conservative statesmen can think about her deplorable condition, there seems nothing for it but patience, and above all, keeping quacks from meddling with her case.

This, or something very like this, is what some English statesmen and the most influential English journals teach about Ireland. It is virtually a cry of "*Mad dog!*" And we know what that means for the unfortunate animal against which it is directed. In the case of Ireland, systematic vilification may be called a sentimental grievance; but if the irritation, the resentment, the bitter sense of injustice, which it produces, were the only evils, it might be borne

with Christian resignation. It powerfully tends, however, to destroy commercial credit, to alienate capital, to paralyse enterprise, to restrict employment, to force emigration, to foster disaffection. It would be a cruel policy, therefore, even if it were based upon a truthful representation of the national character. But what should be said of it if the representation is utterly false, and if every single charge brought against Ireland at the present day was brought against *Scotland* for ages and centuries up to a comparatively recent period, and for the same reason,—namely, that the wronged must be maligned?

An eloquent writer in *Fraser's Magazine* ascribes the rounded forms and tame outlines of the Scotch mountains to the action of ice. The lovely vale of Balmoral was once a basin filled with ice. The pressure and friction of the ice-masses for so many ages ground down the rocky peaks and bold headlands into the undulating forms which they now present. Something similar to this operation of Nature, in her coldest and stormiest moods, was the action of English policy, of English aggression, conquest, and domination, upon the character of the Scottish nation. People now-a-days seem to forget how long that policy lasted, how cruel was its spirit, and how much wasting and destruction it produced within the Scottish borders. They also forget what vices of national character this alien tyranny fostered, what fierce antipathies it generated on both sides of the Tweed. Let us recall briefly the history of English devastations. In 1296 Edward I. entered Scotland, which he wasted with fire and sword as far as Elgin, compelling King Baliol to resign the kingdom, which he governed by means of his own officers. He invaded the country again to put down the insurrection headed by Wallace, who was defeated at Falkirk, and ultimately falling into the hands of the English king, was hanged, drawn, and quartered in London. Bruce, in order to baffle an English invasion, was obliged to lay waste all the district south of the Firth of Forth, the inhabitants taking refuge in the mountains. Edward II. reached Edinburgh without plundering anything, because there was nothing to plunder, the country being a desert. But he robbed some monasteries on his return, slaying the aged and infirm inmates, who were unable to fly. Edward III., with a numerous army, devastated the Lowlands, and Highlands too as far as Inverness, destroying everything he met in his march. Ten years later the same insatiable enemy again overran large districts of the country; and in 1355 he burnt every church, every village, and every town he approached. Again, in 1385, Richard II. traversed the country, dealing destruction on every side, and reducing to ashes the cities of Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Perth, and Dundee. By these barbarous and ruinous invasions the cultivation of the soil was prevented in many districts

several generations. No labourers survived to till the ground, the fairest portions of the country were abandoned to weeds and brambles. A few of the inhabitants, taking courage in the intervals between the invasions, issued from the mountains and raised wretched huts, in the place of their former abodes. "But even then," says Mr. Macpherson, "they were pursued to their very doors by wolves maddened by hunger. If they escaped from these famished and ferocious animals, they and their families were exposed to a danger still more terrible; for in those terrible days, when famine stalked abroad, man perverted the souls of men, and drove them to new crime. There were cannibals in the land; and we have it on contemporary authority that a man and his wife, who were at length brought to famine, subsisted during a considerable period on the bodies of their children, whom they caught alive in traps, devouring their flesh and drinking their blood."¹

Thus passed away the fourteenth century. Of course it was impossible that cities or municipalities could flourish under such circumstances. The towns, which were hastily thrown up, consisted of wretched hovels. The population acquired a "fluctuating and unsettled character, which prevented the formation of settled habits of industry." The Highlanders, who had become a ferocious race of marauders, were a constant scourge to the Lowlands during the fifteenth century. Their rapacity was insatiable. "They could not rest that a man had property without longing to steal it; and next to stealing, their greatest pleasure was to destroy." Nowhere could a town be built without being in danger of immediate destruction. The consequence was, that during many centuries there were no manufactures; there was hardly any trade; and nearly all business was conducted by barter. Late in the sixteenth century Scottish writers reckoned their revenues, not by rents of money, but by value of victuals." A hundred years after this was written by Moryson, it is observed that "in England the rents are paid in money; in Scotland they are, generally speaking, paid in kind, or *rental*, as they call it." Some of the commonest arts were unknown. The Highlanders were unable to make even the arms with which they fought, importing from Flanders not only their ordinary farming implements, such as cart-wheels and wheelbarrows, but even their spears, and swords, and arrows. Until the seventeenth century, no glass was manufactured in Scotland; not up to that time did this now-ingenuous people know how to make soap. One who visited that country in the sixteenth century observed that even in the king's palaces the windows were not glazed throughout, but the upper parts only. The ordinary country houses he described as pitiful cots, built of stone and covered with turf, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the

(1) "History of Civilisation," vol. ii. p. 172.

windows very small holes, and not glazed. About 1752 another historian observes, that "glass windows were beginning to make their appearance in the small farm-houses." Other branches of industry were in an equally backward state. The tanning of leather was introduced into Scotland for the first time in 1620, and it is stated says Mr. Buckle, "on apparently good authority, that no paper was made there till the beginning of the eighteenth century." The now large towns of Scotland, except Edinburgh, were small villages as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the houses were mere huts. In Edinburgh, as late as 1670, the houses of the commonalty were described as very mean,—“mud wall and thatch the best; but the poorer sort lived in such miserable huts as never eye beheld.”

“It is not easy,” as Lord Macaulay remarks, “for a modern Englishman, who can pass in a day from his club in St. James’s Street to his shooting-box among the Grampians, and who finds in his shooting-box all the comforts and luxuries of his club, to believe that in the time of his great-grandfathers St. James’s Street had as little connection with the Grampians as with the Andes; yet so it was. In the south of our island scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland: and what was known excited no feeling but contempt and loathing.” The scenery was as hateful as the inhabitants. Captain Burt, writing with a feeling which was universal in his own age, pronounced the Scotch mountains monstrous excrescences. “The clearer the day the more disagreeably did those mis-shapen masses of gloomy brown and dirty purple affect the eye.” Goldsmith, with all his poetic sensibility and love of nature, was disgusted by the hideous Highland wilderness, greatly preferring the country about Leyden, with its level expanse of meadows, villas, statues, grottoes, trim flower-beds, and rectilinear avenues. In the seventeenth century the “wild Scotch,” as well as the “wild Irish,” were considered mere savages. “The only barbarian about whom there was no wish to have any information was the Highlander.” Macaulay says in a well-known passage, which perhaps I ought to apologise for quoting, that if Highland society had been studied while the old Gaelic institutions were in full vigour, the observer would have found that “the people had no love for their country or their king; that they had no attachment to any commonwealth larger than the clan, or to any magistrate superior to the chief. He would have learned that a stab in the dark, or a shot from behind a fragment of rock, were approved modes of taking satisfaction for insults. He would have heard men relate boastfully how they or their fathers had wreaked on hereditary enemies in a neighbouring valley such vengeance as would have made old soldiers of the Thirty Years’ War shudder. He would have found that robbery was held to be a calling not merely innocent, but honourable. He would have seen, wherever

he turned, that dislike for steady industry, and that disposition to throw on the weaker sex the heaviest part of manual labour, which are characteristic of savages. He would have been struck by the spectacle of athletic men basking in the sun, angling for salmon, or making aim at grouse, while their aged mothers, their pregnant wives, their tender daughters, were reaping the scanty harvest of oats." The noble Highlander despised business of all sorts. "To mention the name of such a man in connection with commerce or with any mechanical art was an insult. Agriculture was, indeed, less despised. Yet a high-born warrior was much more becomingly employed in plundering the land of others than in tilling his own. The religion of the greater part of the Highlands was a rude mixture of Popery and Paganism. There was no literature in the country." In many dwellings, adds Macaulay, the food, the clothing, nay, the very air and skin of the hosts would have put the traveller's philosophy to the proof. "His lodging would have been sometimes in a hut, of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat-smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain, fit only for horses, would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with which he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been the bare earth, dry or wet, as the weather might be; and from that couch he would have risen half-poisoned with tench, half-blind with the reek of turf, and half-mad with the itch." ¹

The Scotch are now celebrated for their loyalty; but this is a characteristic of very modern growth. "There have been more rebellions in Scotland," says Mr. Buckle, "than in any other country, and the rebellions have been very sanguinary as well as very numerous." The truth is, the Scotch had not much reason to be loyal to most of their overkings. James I., in 1424, having adopted a scheme for confiscating the estates of many of the chiefs, and having bribed the bishops to favour that scheme, suddenly arrested, in the Parliament assembled at Perth, upwards of twenty of the principal nobles, and put four of them to death as a prelude to the seizure of their property. Two years after, he summoned the Highland chiefs to meet him at Inverness, when he perfidiously put three of them to death, and imprisoned more than forty. In 1440 the Earl of Douglas, a boy of fifteen, and his brother, still younger, were invited to Edinburgh on a friendly visit to the king, when they were seized, subjected to a mock trial, convicted, and dragged to the Castle-yard, where the heads of the poor children were cut off. This atrocity

(1) Vol. iii. p. 300.

was, however, the act of Government during the king's minority. But the next murder was the act of the king himself. He invited Earl Douglas, the cousin of the boys who were murdered, on a visit to Stirling, where he was received with great distinction. But after supper the king broke out into reproaches against him, and suddenly stabbed him with his own hand; after which the victim whom he had lured to his court was felled with a battle-axe by one of his attendants. In December, 1596, there was an ordinary riot at Edinburgh, which was easily quelled; but James VI. (I. of England) took advantage of the circumstance to let loose upon the capital of his own kingdom large bodies of armed and licensed banditti from the Highlands, who, by threatening to plunder the city, should oblige the clergy and their flocks to agree to whatever terms he chose to dictate. At his express command the Highland chiefs and Border barons, with their fierce retainers, appeared in the streets on New Year's Day, "gloating over the prospect before them, and ready when their sovereign gave the word to sack the capital and rase it to the ground." This was a device of the royal tyrant for re-establishing the authority of the bishops and crushing the power of the Presbyterian clergy, whose faith, and that of their people, was terribly tried by the persecutions of the Stuarts on behalf of Prelacy, though it was of no avail that tyranny did her utmost.

Scarcely had the Scotch expelled their bishops, when they made war upon their king. Charles went to Scotland and agreed to most of their demands. Too late. The people were hot, and the cry for blood had gone forth. They discounted their sovereign for a sum of money to pay the cost of making war upon him. But the Presbyterians of Scotland hated the independent republic even more than they hated the bad monarchy against which they had so often rebelled. Cromwell, flushed with his Irish victories, directed his attention to Scotland, where the king had just turned Presbyterian, and had signed the solemn League and Covenant. But in vain. "In two great battles," says Macaulay, "Cromwell annihilated the military force of Scotland. Charles fled for his life, and, with extreme difficulty, escaped the fate of his father. The ancient kingdom of the Stuarts was reduced, for the first time, to profound submission. Of that independence, so manfully defended against the mightiest and ablest of the Plantagenets, no vestige was left. The English Parliament made laws for Scotland, the English judges held assizes in Scotland. Even that stubborn Church, which has held its own against so many Governments, scarce dared to utter an audible murmur." The Restoration brought back prelacy, which the great body of the nation detested,—not merely as superstitious, but as foreign,—as the mark of English domination. But, tamed and

exhausted, they felt unable to resist, and sullenly submitted for a while. At length, however, they found the yoke of prelacy too heavy to be borne; so, taking up arms, they rallied under the banner of the Covenant. "Driven from the towns, they assembled," says the same historian, "on heaths and mountains. Attacked by the civil power, they, without scruple, repelled force by force. At every conventicle they mustered in arms, they repeatedly broke out into open rebellion. They were easily defeated, and mercilessly punished; but neither defeat nor punishment could subdue their spirit. Hunted down like wild beasts, tortured till their bones were beaten flat, imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores, exposed at one time to the licence of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of troops of marauders from the Highlands, they still stood at bay, in a mood so savage, that the boldest and mightiest oppressor could not but dread and admire the audacity of their despair." Macaulay relates the atrocities of a single fortnight, which are quite enough to sicken any reader. "Prelacy," he remarks in another place, "painfully reminded a people, proud of the memory of Wallace and Bruce, that Scotland, since her sovereigns had succeeded to a fairer inheritance, had been *independent in name only*! The episcopal polity was also closely associated in the public mind with all the evils produced by twenty-five years of corrupt and cruel administration. Nevertheless this polity stood, though on a narrow basis and amidst fearful storms, tottering, indeed, yet upheld by the civil magistrate, and leaning for support whenever danger became serious, on the power of England." May this recall the Irish Establishment! "The records of the Scottish Parliament were thickset with laws denouncing vengeance on those who in any direction strayed from the prescribed pale." It was death to preach in any Presbyterian conventicle whatever, or even to attend preaching in the open air; and no one could vote for a member of Parliament without solemnly abjuring the principles of Papists and Covenanters. In 1667 some of the fairest portions of western Scotland were devastated, houses burned, men tortured, women outraged. Innocent persons of both sexes were laid down to roast before large fires in order to extort money or information. In 1678 the Government brought down Highlanders from the mountains, and during three months they were encouraged to slay, plunder, and burn, at their pleasure, throughout the most populous and industrious parts of Scotland. This Highland host was eight thousand strong. They spared neither age nor sex: they even stripped the people of their clothes, and sent them out naked to die in the fields. Mr. Buckle mentions other atrocities, too shocking to be quoted. All this was done at the instigation and for the gratification of the prelates, who declared that James II., the most cruel of tyrants, was

"the darling of heaven, and hoped that God might give him the hearts of his subjects and the necks of his enemies." This royal monster delighted to be present at the tortures of his subjects, "feasting his eyes and revelling with a fiendish joy." He tore the children from their parents, whom he shipped off to unhealthy settlements—the men with their ears cropped, the women with their cheeks branded. The Highlanders alone loved him, "because," says Buckle, "they flourished by rapine and traded in anarchy."

After all that has been said and written of Scottish nationality, and the love of the people for the independence of their little kingdom, the facility with which they consented to the union with England presents a strange contrast to the obstinacy of the Irish Parliament in resisting a similar measure a century later,—an obstinacy which was overcome only by the purchase of a number of votes at enormous prices. The reasons assigned for the willingness of the Scotch do not savour much of the chivalrous or the romantic. Nationality succumbed to commerce, heroism to worldly interest. Cromwell had made a union in his own fashion. He abolished the navigation laws, and enabled the people to taste the blessings of free trade. The Restoration came and changed everything. The Scots regained their independence; but the English Parliament treated them as aliens and as rivals, passing a new Navigation Act, which put them almost on the same footing with the Dutch. Consequently, in the year 1690, the Scotch Parliament itself made direct overtures to England for a legislative union. The king undertook the office of mediator; and negotiators were named on both sides, but nothing was concluded. Another generation passed away before the union was effected. This happy event occurred in the year 1707. It was a blessing to both countries. But why? Macaulay gives the reason:—"Because in constituting one State it left *two churches*. Had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies there never could have been an amalgamation of the nations. Successive Mitchells would have fired at successive Sharpes. Five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons. Those marvellous improvements which have changed the face of Scotland would never have been effected. Plains now rich with harvests would have remained barren moors. Waterfalls which now turn the wheels of immense factories would have resounded in a wilderness. New Lanark would still have been a sheep-walk, and Greenock a fishing hamlet. What little strength Scotland could, under such a system, have possessed, must, in an estimate of the resources of Great Britain, have been not added, but deducted. So encumbered, our country never could have held, either in peace or in war, a place in the first rank of nations. We are, unfortunately, not without the means of judging of the effect which may be produced on the moral

nd physical state of a people by establishing, in the exclusive enjoyment of riches and dignity, a church loved and revered only by the few, and regarded by the many with religious and national aversion. One such church is quite burden enough for the energies of the empire.”¹

This passage deserves the serious attention of our statesmen and electors just now. It will enable them to understand something of the political and social effects of the Irish Establishment. It may, perhaps, lead them to think that after all its burden is not a mere sentimental grievance, and to inquire why England has treated her Irish sister so differently from her Scotch sister. The antagonism of race does not account for it. At least, as regards one section of the Scotch people, the same antagonism existed. Strong as is the Saxon prejudice against the native Irish, it was, if possible, still stronger against the Highlanders. The feud between Celt and Saxon at the other side of the Channel was never more inveterate than the feud between the same two races in North Britain. When the English condescended to think of the Highlander at all, and it was seldom that they did so, observes Macaulay, “they considered him *as a filthy, abject savage, a slave, a Papist, a cut-throat, and a thief.*” This contemptuous loathing lasted till the year 1745, and was then for a moment succeeded by intense fear and rage. England, thoroughly alarmed, put forth her whole strength. The Highlands were subjugated, rapidly, completely, and for ever. During a short time the English nation, still heated by the recent conflict, breathed nothing but vengeance. The slaughter on the field of battle and on the scaffold was not sufficient to slake the public thirst for blood. The sight of the tartan inflamed the populace of London with hatred, which showed itself in unmanly outrages on defenceless captives. A political and social revolution took place through the whole Celtic region. The power of the chiefs was destroyed; the people were disarmed; the use of the old garb was interdicted; the old predatory habits were effectually broken; and scarcely had this change been accomplished when a strange reflux of public feeling began—pity succeeded to aversion. The nation execrated the cruelties committed on the Highlanders, and forgot that for those cruelties it was itself answerable. Those very Londoners who, while the memory of the march to Derby was still fresh, had thronged to hoot and pelt the rebel prisoners, now fastened on the prince who had put down the rebellion the nick-name of “Butcher.” Those barbarous institutions and usages which, while they were in full force, no Saxon had thought worthy of serious examination, or had mentioned except with contempt, had no sooner ceased to exist, than they became objects of curiosity, of interest, and even of admiration.²

(1) Macaulay, vol. iii. p. 257.

(2) Vol. iii. p. 309, &c.

The Gaelic dress, which the Saxons had pronounced hideous and ridiculous,—nay, grossly indecent,—was now discovered to be the most graceful drapery in Europe; and the semi-nude freebooter was exalted into a hero of romance. Soon the vulgar imagination was so completely occupied by plaids, targets, and claymores, that by most Englishmen “Scotchman” and “Highlander” were considered as synonymous words. This result was greatly owing to the poetry and romances of Sir Walter Scott. The reaction was brought to its climax by George IV., who, when he held a Court at Holyrood and went in procession through the streets of Edinburgh, attended by the chiefs of all the clans, and marching to the sound of bagpipes, thought he could not give a more striking proof of his respect for the usages which had prevailed in Scotland “than by disguising himself, in what, before the Union, was considered by nine Scotchmen out of ten as the dress of a thief.” Macaulay thought that at that time this fashion had reached a point beyond which it was not easy to proceed. Perhaps he would have modified that opinion if he had lived to read the Queen’s Journal of her life in the Highlands, how the Queen and the Prince Consort lent their plaids to warm two Highland gillies who led their ponies; and how her Majesty crossed a river seated on a tartan, and borne over the rapid current between those stalwart men. Had she been graciously pleased to trust two stalwart ferrymen in the same manner on her visit to Killarney, she would have gone far towards winning the heart of Celtic Ireland. Fifty years hence the Queen of England may be as much at home rambling through the Irish Highlands as Queen Victoria now does in rambling through the Scottish Highlands. Time works wonders.

But the salutary changes effected by the Scotch Union were very slow in their operation in the Highlands. There was a desperate rebellion eight years, and another, which issued in the conquest of the country, thirty-eight years after it occurred. It was sixty-five years after the Union,—the better part of a century,—nearly the same time that has elapsed since the Union with Ireland, when Dr. Johnson visited the Highlands, and found the country in a far worse material condition than any part of Ireland has been in during the present century, except some portions of Connaught. Of course, we must allow for the years of famine caused by the failure of the potatoe. The spirit of the Highlanders was utterly broken. They were tasting the bitterest fruits of conquest. Their native dress was rigidly proscribed by Act of Parliament. Their native language was discountenanced in every way by the Government; and they were compelled to send their children to English schools. “The pride,” says Dr. Johnson, “has been crushed by the heavy yoke of a vindictive conqueror, whose severities have been followed

laws, which, though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much discontent, because they operate upon the surface of life, and make every eye bear witness to subjection." Their chiefs, deprived of their hereditary jurisdiction, had been changed from "patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords." The Highlander, whether he had belonged to a rebellious or a loyal clan, now walked abroad over his heather unarmed and defenceless; so defenceless, that, as Dr. Johnson remarked, "the Western Islands might be wasted with fire and sword before their sovereign could know of their distress." "A gang of robbers might lay a wide region under contribution. The crew of a petty privateer might land on the largest and most wealthy of the islands, and riot without control in cruelty and waste. It was observed by one of the chiefs of Skye, that fifty armed men might, without resistance, ravage the country. Laws that placed the subjects in such a state contravene the first principles of the compact of authority; they exact obedience, and yield no protection."

How bitter this must have been to a population of which fifty years before every man was a soldier, who went armed even to his place of worship! No wonder that discontent everywhere prevailed,—that the people eagerly listened to the tale of fortunate islands and happy regions where every man might have land of his own, and eat the produce of his labour without a superior! So poor was the country at that time, that everybody that could, was disposed to emigrate; and Johnson cynically remarked, "Nobody born in any other part of the world would choose that country for a residence; and an island once depopulated would remain a desert." Emigration proceeded at such a rate, that he said, if they had gone together, and agreed upon any certain settlement, they might have founded an independent Government in the depths of the Western Continent. The great champion of Toryism makes reflections upon this state of things, singularly applicable to Ireland in the present time. "But if they are driven from their native country by positive evils, and disquieted by ill-treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their resentment; since, if they have been hitherto undutiful subjects, they will not much mend their principles by American conversation. That they may not fly from the increase of rent, I know not whether the general good does not require that the landlords be for a time restrained in their demands, and kept quiet by pensions proportionate to their loss. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to modify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness."

JAMES GODKIN.

A FRAGMENT ON THE GENESIS OF MORALS.

THE writer of a highly interesting article in the last number of the *North British Review* has revived once more, in a manner which is very far removed from commonplace, the controversy as to the comparative progressiveness of the moral and intellectual elements in mankind. Mr. Buckle, in one of the most hotly disputed portions of his book, declared that the moral element is stationary—that “there is nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed,”—and that, as civilisation does somehow advance, it must, therefore, be the intellectual element which promotes this advance. Progress depends upon increase of knowledge, and not upon the amplification of moral codes, for the simple reason that moral codes are substantially not susceptible of amplification. The elements of the moral law are very much the same at one time as at another. “To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to respect those who are set over you;—these, and a few others, are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.” To this the writer in the *North British Review* replies—with the greatest anxiety, it should be said, to do full justice to his opponent—that morality does advance, just as knowledge advances. The leading principle of scientific inquiry, to investigate nature, to interrogate facts, was perfectly well known to such a man as Aristotle; scientific advancement consists less in the improved statement of formal methods of research than in their improved application and development. So with Morals. The general statement of a primary moral precept may be now much what it was thousands of years ago. Moral advance consists in the improved interpretation, the ever-widening application of the primary maxim. Morals “develop quickly under the influence of two causes; first, the circumstances of the time, which are ever changing and ever bringing up new cases for judgment at the bar of conscience; and, secondly, those leanings towards particular ways of thinking, which are the net result of all the forces, moral, intellectual, and physical, that act on each age.” The science and practice of Casuistry imparts to the original code of morals a new scope, and previously unimagined meaning. As thousands of cases come up for judgment, it fills in the scheme of the moralist, and proves the fertility of great

ethical precepts, by showing how, as human nature grows, and human circumstances become more complex, they grow too, and manifest fresh energies. Take slavery, for example. The founder of Christian morality did not condemn slavery, but he laid down a general system with which we have now discovered that slavery is wholly incompatible. Is not such a discovery as this a distinctly moral advance, and is it not a disproof of the alleged stationariness of ethical systems? The writer's position, therefore, as against Mr. Buckle, comes to this:—it is only the leading principles of morality that have anything like a stationary character; the leading principles of science are not less stationary; the progress of science mainly results from the application of its fundamental canons to practice; *finally*, the application of the fundamental canons of morality leads to a corresponding advancement.

The too unqualified and even crude manner in which Mr. Buckle stated his doctrine has indisputably left him open to a decisive refutation of this sort. But the completeness and ease of his triumph may perhaps have suggested to so acute and fair a critic as the author of the article, the suspicion that Mr. Buckle could hardly have meant that the morality of England to-day, for example, is precisely the ~~same~~ as that of Athens in the time of Plato. Men of the highest moral elevation in Athens thought that it was a good, or at least a perfectly harmless, thing to expose a new-born child, which it would have been inconvenient to them to rear; they saw equally little harm, indeed they saw some indirect virtue, in friendships which to us appear too vile and abominable to be even named. An Athenian might be unimpeachably moral, and yet pursue a course which with us would not only subject him to the extreme legal penalty, but would stamp him as a depraved and inhuman monster. This variability of moral practice is now a commonplace. Of course, therefore, nobody of Mr. Buckle's calibre could seriously maintain that morals are stationary in the sense that the same actions either really are moral or immoral, or are thought to be so, in one generation as in another. All that could be meant by such an assertion as Mr. Buckle's is conceded by the critic himself at the close of his essay, where he expressly declares his belief in the unchangeable character of moral truth.¹ "Moral truth," he says, "is immutable, but the

(1) It seems to me, I confess, to be a matter for regret that a writer whose essay is so remarkable an illustration of the rapidity with which the historical is superseding the metaphysical method, should have thought it worth while to offer a pinch of incense to the old gods. "Moral truth" is only a set of individual propositions, and there is not one of these propositions which any rational person now holds to be, and to have been, of universal obligation upon all persons under all circumstances at all times. We may believe that moral truth is immutable, as soon as we have found any one moral precept immutable, and not before. The writer will say that in the most primitive time there was such a crime as murder, for instance; that even then there was a moral precept against killing persons standing in *some* relation to one. But he would admit that

circumstances of the age determine the nature and range of its application." Or, as he has put it elsewhere, "Moral progress consists in giving a grander sweep to the application of tenets which the old world knew, not in finding new tenets out." The real question, therefore, is not, after all, whether there is a movement in morality, but entirely turns upon the agencies by which that movement is furthered. In what way do the circumstances of an age determine the evolution of the moral maxims which prevail in it? What directs the course of development from the morality of one age to that of another?

The history of human advancement may be said to consist of two main processes, first the progressive elevation of what is technically called Deontology, or morality as it ought to be; next the continuous transfer of maxims which are accepted in Deontology, into the codes of positive morality, or morality as it is. In other words, human progress means, first, the multiplication and elevation of types of virtuous character; and next, the practical acceptance of these types by the general sentiment;—first, a constant raising and purifying of the ideals of virtue; next, their realisation in conduct. That is to say, moral advance in a community or a number of communities depends upon the perpetual improvement of the conception of duty in the first place, and in the second upon the constant willingness of most of the members of the community to obey their conception of duty, in however rudimentary or however complex a stage it may happen to be. It is of the highest importance in considering the natural history of Morals to separate these two very distinct aspects and parts of morality; for the process by which one of them arises may well be very different from that which creates the other; and a good deal of the controversy has had its origin in a persistent confusion and identification of two barely connected sets of moral elements.

It is obvious to anybody who thinks about it, that in criticising the morality of a man's character, we consider, or at any rate we ought to consider, both the comparative elevation of his standard and the sincerity and constancy of his efforts to conform to it. If his notions of duty are low relatively to the average notions of his time, then the circumstance of his fidelity to this standard entitles him to no approbation. And if, on the other hand, his avowed standard is high, while he makes no proportionately strenuous endeavour to reach it in his conduct, then he not only wins no approval, but incurs censure. Of these two factors in a high moral character—a high ideal

the precept, "Thou shalt not kill," is meaningless until the question has been answered, "Thou shalt not kill *whom*?" Now nobody can say that the answer to this question is always the same. So that the only immutable part of the precept is that which is meaningless. Closely examined, people can only mean by the immutability of moral truth, that under all circumstances *there is such a thing as Duty, some obligation incumbent on every member of a society.*

of duty, and an unhesitating willingness to sacrifice all other interests in striving to reach such an ideal—it is somehow felt, and all language testifies to the existence of the feeling, that the latter, the willingness to prefer duty, to practice the self-denial involved in its performance, to follow what seems to be right because it is right, is the more distinctively and peculiarly moral. Men are sensible (as indeed how could they fail to be?) that there is a radical distinction between the kind of conditions which produce this willingness to obey duty, and the kind of conditions which lead to an enlightened and elevated idea of what duty is. If it were otherwise, we should never be able, as we clearly are able, to forgive or even to praise the agent while condemning the action; to admit the morality of the motive while pronouncing on the immorality of the action which sprang from it. For the latter depends upon the consequences of the action, and to be able justly to estimate them is felt not to be a result of virtue merely, but of wisdom, which is virtue and something besides.

The inquiry, therefore, which has been usually treated as one, is in reality twofold. The single question, by what process man's moral nature is modified, would be better studied as two questions. First, how do ethical systems arise? by what process do moral ideas expand and acquire their complexity and comprehensiveness? By what sort of process—mark, not for what *reason*—is it that certain things come to be regarded as right, and certain other things as wrong? Second, by what sort of process does the presiding general idea of Duty or Virtue acquire its high place? First, what agencies contribute to correctness and elevation in the precepts enjoined in any moral code? And, second, what agencies contribute to the growth of a very high degree of sensitiveness to the claims of duty in the persons to whom the code is delivered?

The first of these questions is much simpler than the other, and Mr. Buckle's critic has treated it very ably—in some points, indeed, which space will not allow me to discuss, very originally,—showing that social circumstances give rise to types of character, or, as it would perhaps be better to say, rules of conduct, some of which are exclusively local, while others are of more universal fitness; that the last survive, while the former pass away with the peculiar conditions from which they arose; in short, that “the Natural History of Morals is the history of social conditions.” But surely this is a moral movement, which follows after and depends upon a purely intellectual energy. Morals, it may safely be said, are in the first instance the products of positive institutions, and these positive institutions, in turn, are the products of an intellectual discernment in the chief or lawgiver of the requirements of the circumstances in which his society is placed, of the consequences of certain kinds of conduct.

The lawgiver forbids or enjoins given actions, and then public opinion gradually associates the ideas of praise and blame, virtue and vice—the idea of Duty, in a word—with his injunctions or prohibitions. In rude societies, right and wrong only mean what is permitted and what is forbidden by the strongest, whether the resource of the strongest be the thunders of Sinai, or the rope of Vigilance Committee. It is not necessary that there should be a personal lawgiver, or written laws. If certain acts are not tolerated by a portion of the community with sufficient strength to put them down, that is enough, first of all, to generate the idea of Law, and by-and-by to generate further the idea of Duty. We may see the process actually going on under our eyes on the unsettled western frontier of the United States. In Texas, or Nevada, or Nebraska you may watch the growth of the ideas of Law and Duty just as if they were plants. The process is just the same as in the old primitive societies, with the pregnant and instructive difference that no Divine sanction is appealed to. Lawless desperadoes in these frontier settlements find, after a certain experience of savagery, that on the whole it is more *convenient*, in the long run, not to rob and murder. A public opinion grows up that is hostile to these malpractices, and a willingness to unite to repress them. Then a Vigilance Committee puts theft and excessive murder down by hanging anybody who takes another man's life or another man's property. And so, as population increases, and men's relations to one another become both closer and more extensive, other kinds of acts are put along with robbery and homicide as things that will not be endured. A legal code grows first, and the ethical code follows steadily behind it. By-and-by the ethical code expands in directions of its own; ideas begin to occupy a place in it which are not embodied in positive law; but they win their place by the same process which preceded the earliest enactments—a process, that is, of regard, more or less conscious and deliberate, of the consequences of given pieces of conduct to everybody concerned, not excluding the character of the doer. In inquiring, therefore, into the growth of “the complexity and majesty of moral codes,” should we not be principally engaged in observing an intellectual operation—the acquisition of a wider knowledge of effects, keener insight into consequences, a greater power of reasoning correctly about them? Just as primitive morality grows out of consulting convenience, in its narrow sense, so later morality is the outcome of some man's mind who consults convenience, or fittingness, in its loftiest and noblest sense. The great moral reformer is simply the man who brings the healthiest and strongest intellect into questions of conduct and character, instead of into chemistry, physiology or any other science. He is emphatically the possessor of Vision, and Vision is not the less a quality of the intelligence for being

directed to moral subjects. It is the difference in the subjects on which they bring their powers to bear, not in the kind of powers employed, that makes the distinction between the man who augments the treasures of science and the man who gives new meanings to Duty and Virtue.

One of the most impressive proofs of the dependence of this side of morality upon intellectual movement is the fact that, where the latter does not exist, the former is stationary too. The conception of the ingredients of duty alters least where there is least intellectual activity, where there are least additions to the stock of knowledge. Other conditions, besides stationariness of knowledge, enter into stationariness of a moral system. But it is remarkably significant that where, as in Spain or in Turkey, the intellect lies very stagnant, the articles in the current ethical code remain in a similar degree unmoved and unamended. And, on the other side, when has there been a great stir in the region of knowledge which has not been followed by a stir in the region of duty? When have men known more about other things, without subsequently knowing more about duty also? The revival of learning preceded the Reformation—the latter being, in substance, quite as much a moral as a theological movement. The wonderful additions to human knowledge which took place in France in the last century preceded the ethical development which so amazingly distinguished the close of the century—a development to which, among other gifts, modern society is indebted for the important idea that the life of a man is of value to his fellows. In these and other cases, where mental progress has advanced by an immense stride, enlightenment in morals has followed enlightenment in scientific and literary knowledge. Moral dogmas do thus advance, but it is by intellectual processes. The articles of moral systems become refined and elevated, if not in their formal statement, still in their interpretation and application to practice. But the instruments by which this improving operation is conducted are the usual instruments of the intelligence, bent to ideas of character and conduct instead of to the themes of art, physics, history, or any of the other objects of understanding.

But let us turn to the other side of morality. If it is as clear as Mr. Buckle held it to be, and as his critic's theory of the natural history of morals equally implies, that it is by intellectual deliberation, by rational argument, by all the agencies of an instructed understanding, that the objects of moral conviction become purer, loftier, more conformable to the requirements of contemporary circumstance, it is certainly not by these agencies also, not by them only, that a corresponding quickening of moral sensitiveness takes place. In this region, to instruct the understanding is to do very little. Arguments are not adequate to the task of making men more willing to do their duty. Reasoning is never strong enough of itself to beget a love of

virtue. The scales fall from the eyes of him who has been blind to Duty by what is to mere intelligence a miracle. The philosopher who adds new aims to the moral creed raises them by means of the width and fulness of his vision. To him right and wrong is a distinction of the intelligence. To the many it is a distinction of feelings, affections, sympathies. Duty is a growth of that part of their nature, in which the rays of reason, when they penetrate into it, are softened and suffused by a thousand elements of prejudice, sympathy and association. The love of duty, virtue, holiness, or by whatever name we call this powerful sentiment, exists independently of argument. St. Bernard was in instruction of understanding very inferior to Abelard, yet he stirred the love of duty, as duty was then conceived, in the breast of every one who came within his influence, and filled his age with moral heroism. And so at most times, the preacher who is most powerfully able to excite the love of virtue, is least competent to enlarge the ingredients and elevate the standard of virtue. The aims which St. Bernard extolled as virtuous, and the obligations which he imposed, were not new. Other great saints had proclaimed exactly the same moral convictions. He did nothing to advance the theory of conduct. His contribution, and the contribution of men of his type, consists in stimulating men to more enthusiastic willingness to rise in practice to the requirements of the theory they accept. There have been men, like Plato, endowed enough both with the intellectual quality of vision to add new discoveries to the theory of right conduct, and at the same time with delicate and sympathetic *ἦθος*, to communicate to every listener, with the faintest susceptibility to moral impressions, a new and energetic impulse in the direction of virtue and duty. But the great teachers of this class are too soon numbered.

The scientific historian of civilisation commits a stupendous error who leaves out of his account among the potent agencies of mental progress both this non-intellectual capacity in the teacher of quickening and exalting the love of virtue, and this non-intellectual sensibility to virtuous aspirations. Yet, in one sense, it might obviously be said of this moral element that it is stationary. It is stationary in *quality*. Strong spiritual emotion is just the same mood in kind at one time as at another. It is just the same thing in Plato as in St. Paul; in the Corinthian husbandman who was struck with such admiration at the *Gorgias* that he abandoned his fields and his vines to sit at the feet of its author, as in Cornelius, who sent for Simon Peter to teach him and his household. A virtuous Roman was as solicitous to do his duty as a virtuous Frenchman is; that the precise objects of their solicitude should vary, makes no difference in the essential character, does not affect the substantial identity of their solicitude. But in another sense this moral element is so far from

ing stationary that its fluctuations mark the most decisive conditions of the decline and advance of human civilisation and happiness. Always the same in quality, sense of duty is constantly changing in quantity. The amount of it in different communities, or in the same community at different periods, varies infinitely; sometimes we may contemplate a whole nation of heroes, at another we may behold it sink in corruption. The difference between the two stages measures the distance between the maximum and the minimum amount of moral enthusiasm. The immediate cause of the decline of a people is nearly always a decline in the quantity of its conscience, not a depravation of its theoretical ethics. The Greeks became corrupt and enfeebled, not for lack of ethical science, but through the decay in the proportion of those who were actually sensible of the reality and force of ethical obligations. The Saracens were triumphant over Christians

Constantinople and in Spain, not because their scheme of duty was more elevated or comprehensive, but because their respect for duty was more strenuous and fervid. Hence, when we are told that "low moral types are constantly making room for high," it can only be accepted in the sense of a low or high degree of subjective sincerity, not of objective elevation.

Viewed in this light, we may notice parenthetically, the much vaunted triumph of justice in human affairs is seen to be something very like a truism. That "wrong-doing brings ruin"¹ is self-evident, soon as we have agreed that wrong is non-conformity to the requirements of the surrounding conditions. There is nothing morally final, no retributive justice, in the sufferings of the children for the sins of the parent. Indeed, to call this vicarious visitation of the fencibles of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent by the name of justice, retributive or otherwise, is about as strange a twist of a moral leaf to suit a theological anachronism, as one may find in the history of thought. Define the high moral type as that which best meets the requirements of the situation, and it flows from the very definition that the low moral type will fall before it, and be visited by ruin. Inferior morals arising either from inferior vision of what social circumstances demand, or else from an indifference in the heart to the lessons of sight, must inevitably subject a man at least to the risk of a fatal clash. But when people say that God is not a God that hideth himself, that justice is supreme on the earth, that in the long-run even here it is well with the good and ill with the wicked, is this all that they mean, and all that they want us to believe?

But to resume. The amount of respect for duty being not a stationary, but a very constantly fluctuating element in mental progress, in order to judge whether morals as a whole are as stationary as has been alleged, one has only to consider whether this element of

(1) *North British Review*, No. 95, p. 395.

desire to do what seems right equally with the other element of power in observing what is right, only moves secondarily to, and in dependence upon, the intellectual element. We soon perceive that this is not so. Some of our feelings seem to move in an orbit of their own. Sensitiveness of conscience, lively impressionableness to considerations of duty, the capacity of quick and full response to a vigorous appeal—the quantity of this in a community varies without reference to variations in instructed intelligence. And again, the possibility of the appearance of a teacher with the rare kindling and sympathetic power appears to be perfectly independent of the general intellectual conditions of the time. These will determine within certain limits the form and tenour of his teaching, but they shed no light on the source of that *ἦθος* about it which is so magically attractive. The fact of this quality in the teacher happening at certain times so to touch the corresponding receptive quality in a great number of other people as to produce an unusually strong vitality in moral motives, cannot be explained at all satisfactorily by the influence of opinions and intellectual ideas. Those extraordinary expansions in the quantity of conscientious feeling, which must be admitted to be causes of social progress, must be the results of the social conditions operating on the general character.

EDITOR.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

ANTIEN'T PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS: A History showing how Parliaments were constituted and Representatives of the People elected in Antient Times.

By HOMERSHAM COX, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

MR. HOMERSHAM COX is one of the useful and praiseworthy, though sometimes slightly wearisome, class of legal and constitutional antiquaries. Such men collect facts, accumulate references, and start a variety of questions which set the historian thinking and examining. They supply, in short, a large portion of the materials for his more general picture. As such, they are a class to whom the historian naturally takes kindly, far more kindly than to the grand philosophical talkers who build their fascinating theories on no basis of facts at all. And, with the general advance of historical study, the advance of its subordinate branches has advanced also. Mr. Cox is a great advance on the constitutional antiquaries of a past age. He not only knows how to go to the right places for his facts, but he can argue, and argue soundly, from the facts which he gets together. As far as we can venture to say, without going through the same amount of research as Mr. Cox himself, he seems to make all his points highly probable, and some of them absolutely certain. Where Mr. Cox fails is in not grasping the greater and broader facts of history, and those great abiding and animating principles which underlie alike the facts which he brings forward and the facts which he passes by. And this is the more remarkable, because those more general views of history in which Mr. Cox seems to be lacking in no way contradict, but in every way fall in with and strengthen, the conclusions to which Mr. Cox's researches lead him on particular points. Still, after all, it is perhaps not to be regretted that different inquirers should sometimes reach the same point by quite different roads. Mr. Cox's main object is to illustrate the popular character of our ancient institutions. He labours to show that a very extended franchise was the law in the counties down to the restrictive Act of Henry VI., and in the boroughs till those gradual encroachments of local oligarchies which, in so many English towns, gradually absorbed the ancient rights of the burgesses at large in this respect as well as in others. All this he shows, in thorough lawyer-like fashion, with an unanswerable array of references and instances. And he shows that he is something more than a mere lawyer by not stopping at the period of legal memory, or even at the Norman Conquest. To be sure he talks, in the old blundering way, about "Saxons," "Saxon institutions," "Saxon period," and all the rest of it, as if Englishmen before 1066 were beings of a different nature, or at least of a different nation, from Englishmen after 1066. But he has worked to some really good purpose among the documents collected in Mr. Kemble's "*Codex Diplomaticus*," and has thereby well illustrated the popular character of the Old-English *Scirgemót*. He brings this out very well both before the Norman Conquest and after it. But it would seem as if his vision was in some way confined within narrow local boundaries, as if he could see clearly all about the particular *Gemót* of the shire, but could not lift up his eyes to the general *Gemót* of the kingdom. He has a chapter "On the Origin of Parliaments," which is in truth not on the origin of Parliaments, but on the introduction of the representative principle into English Parliaments. He looks with all due reverence

to the great assembly which met in 1265, "the earliest Parliament of lords, knights, citizens, and burgesses." "Before that time indeed," he goes on, "there had been held many great councils of the great nation, but none, so far as extant records show, in which the counties and boroughs of England were represented together." Here no doubt was the first Parliament which assumed the shape which Parliaments still keep. Mr. Cox is of course perfectly aware that it was not the first Parliament, not even the first assembly, which bore the name of Parliament. He goes carefully through those earlier Parliaments in which counties were represented, but not boroughs; and tells us, we believe quite accurately, that "the first instance of a representative assembly is supposed to have been in 1215, the fifteenth year of King John." Thus far so good; but with regard to anything earlier Mr. Cox gets confused and hesitating. He sees that an inquiry into "the origin of Parliaments" is not merely a question as to the origin of the word *Parliament*; but he seems to think that an inquiry into the origin of Parliaments is identical with an inquiry into the origin of parliamentary representation. He does not realize that the real point is, that we have always had a national assembly; that, though that assembly has been successively called Witenagemót, Great Council, and Parliament, the custom of holding national assemblies has never been interrupted. The names are hardly worth disputing about. "Magnum Concilium" is simply Latin for "Mycel Gemót;" a "Parliament" is simply a conference, or in plainer words a *talk*, just as the early German writers speak of a "colloquium." The king and his Witan—every reader of the Chronicles knows that King William assembled his Witan just as much as King Eadward—met and had a talk, in French a *parlement*; and the name was easily transferred from the object of meeting to the people who met. The thing itself, the National Assembly of England, has simply gone on, ever since England had become united enough to have a national assembly. Or it would be more accurate to say that the Assembly of Wessex absorbed the Assemblies of the other English kingdoms, just as in later times the Parliament of England absorbed the Parliament of Scotland, and the Parliament of Great Britain absorbed the Parliament of Ireland. In this way the origin of Parliaments in England must be sought for at no date later than the landing of Cerdic and Cynric on the coast which became Hampshire. The thing itself, the holding of a National Assembly in some form, has gone on ever since. But the form and constitution of the Assembly has changed at various times, and no changes have ever been so important as those which took place in the thirteenth century. It was then, in short, that the Assembly became representative; but it was not then that the Assembly began to exist.

It is plain that Mr. Cox's inability to see this is simply an instance of the strange way which people have of looking at England and Englishmen before 1066, as if they were something different from England and Englishmen after 1066, as if "Saxons" were a different people from modern Englishmen, and not simply the same people in an earlier stage of national life. Mr. Cox does not understand the absolute personal continuity between the Witenagemót of the Confessor and the Witenagemót of the Conqueror. "The regal councils," he tells us, "immediately after the Conquest bore a resemblance to feudal courts; but they also bore an equally strong resemblance to the assemblies of great men under the Saxon kings. There seems no sufficient reason why we should consider either the Saxon Witenagemót or the feudal court-baron as the sole prototype of councils summoned by William I." Elsewhere he tells us: "I

the reasonable theory of the origin of Parliaments is to suppose them as due to the old Witenagemote [Mr. Cox is careful to use the dative after position *to*] and other popular assemblies of Saxon times." Mr. Cox is following his way towards the truth, but he cannot actually lay hold of it, on account of this invincible confusion about "Saxon times" and the like. He is far from being able to talk about the Witenagemót being "analogous" to a Parliament; he calls it the "prototype" of a Parliament; but the impassable barrier between the "Saxons" and "Normans" hinders him seeing that it is not a case of analogies or prototypes, but of absolute identity. The Witenagemót is not the "prototype" of a Parliament; it is the Parliament itself. We do not call a man's childhood the "prototype" of the same man, or "analogous to" the same man, when he has reached old age or middle life. So we cannot talk of analogies and prototypes in an institution which, amidst many changes of form and in spirit, has gone on uninterruptedly from the beginning. But, if Mr. Cox could have understood all this, it would have strengthened his argument infinitely. No assertor of popular rights need be afraid of grappling with the facts of English history from the very beginning of English history. The problem has ever been more insoluble than the various attempts of ingenious scholars to determine the qualification for membership of the ancient Mycel Gemót. An inquiry of the sort has been baffled, for the very decisive reason that there was no qualification. The Gemót was simply the assembled nation. This is proved by many passages in the Chronicles. In 1042 "*all folk* chose Eadward . . ." In 1052 the King held his Witenagemót, and "Earl Godwine made his oath before the King and before all the people of the land [*wið Eadwardes hlaford and wið ealle landleodan*]"—the *landleude* of a Swiss democratic Republic. In 1087, at that "Council of Sarum" which lawyers have mystified, William held his Gemót no less than his cousin Eadward, and all the world knew of it. "And þær him comon to his witan and *ealle þa landsittende men* s wæron ofer eall Engleland." Here perhaps we get the first effects of the Norman Conquest, and the great impulse which that event gave to the development of feudal ideas. The "Witan" begin to be distinguished from the general mass of subjects, "*ealle þa landsittende men*." The "Witan" corresponds to the House of Lords; the personal attendance of the "*landsittende*" gradually became irksome, impossible, desired neither by themselves nor by the King. In the course of the thirteenth century, the shadowy, obsolete duty of personal attendance changed into the far more practical privilege of attendance by chosen representatives. All the "*landleode*," all the "*landmen*" became, by representation, the House of Commons. Mr. Cox remarks that "the Councils convened by the Conqueror acted rather in an administrative than in a legislative capacity." This is the character of all early assemblies everywhere. Their object is much more to certify, to register, at most to codify, the old laws, than to enact new ones. The Parliament of Parliaments, Simon's Parliament of 1265, was not gathered to make new laws, but to declare the old, and to provide for their execution. So says the poet of the time in that wonderful metrical manifesto which is the best expression of the great Earl's policy:—

"Igitur communitas regni consulatur,
Et quid universitas sentiat sciatur,
Cui leges propriæ maximè sunt notæ.
Nec cuncti provinciæ sic sunt idiotæ,
Quin sciant plus cæteris regni sui mores,
Quos relinquunt posteris hii qui sunt priores."

The old Gemóts of course made new laws when new laws were wanted, but they far more commonly put forth the old ones afresh. And more commonly still, they occupied themselves only with electing Kings, appointing and deposing Bishops and Earls, imposing and remitting taxes, deciding questions of foreign policy. On all such matters, to quote the Chronicles under 1085, "had the King mickle thought and very *deep speech* with his Witan." You have but to put into French the "deope spæc" of the old English record, and you have your "Parlement" at once.

Mr. Cox has missed all this, and he has thereby missed the strongest possible confirmation of his own views. The popular rights for which he contends, on the strength of later laws and charters, are simply the inheritance of Englishmen—of Teutons rather of any kind—from the beginning. Here is the difference between the historian's view and the lawyer's view. But the inquiries of the lawyer are a contribution to the common cause, which is none the less valuable because they have been carried out in a method which to the historian seems somewhat narrow and technical. We thank Mr. Cox on every ground for his addition to our constitutional library.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. By DR. NEWMAN. London: Burns & Co. As a rule, nothing can be in worse taste, or more suggestive of a morbid vanity, than that publication of the secrets of the inner life in which well-known writers have at times indulged. These revelations, too, are as unreal and for the most part false as any self-exhibition can possibly be. Who believes the confessions of Rousseau, or the autobiographical self-displays of Chateaubriand, or the rhapsodical confidences of Lamartine? They are as misleading to those who read them as they are pernicious to those who write them. It is only when the circumstances of the autobiographical poet or journal-writer are unlike those of ordinary men and women that such publications are justifiable.

Dr. Newman's plea, in justification of the publication of this volume of his verses, revised and enlarged, is to be found in the fact that he cannot live in absolute isolation from his fellow-men. The ordinary companionship of the friends and acquaintances of one who, as he told us in his "Apologia," early thought himself bound to celibacy, is not enough, even for a man whose inner resources are so varied, whose interest in human affairs is so sympathetic, and who is so penetrated with the sense, as he expresses it, that he is "solus cum Solo" in the world. In the earlier stages of the Oxford movement, when he, and Keble, and occasionally Richard Hurrell Froude, with a few others, supplemented their prose teachings with copies of verses in the monthly pages of the *British Magazine*, all the best of those which Dr. Newman wrote were of the personal kind. Of those which were of the more dogmatic, controversial, or historical shape, many were not even readable. It was a source of wonder to everybody but the blind admirers of everything that he wrote, that such marvellous twistings of words into rhythm and rhyme could be accounted either poetical or agreeable by one who at the same time could condense into exquisitely perfect verse the truest, the deepest, and the most touching thoughts of the human soul, manfully striving onwards in the weary struggle of life. The contrast is easily accounted for. When Dr. Newman made verses about the cruelty of Rome, the wickedness of Dissent, and the perfections of the early Fathers, he was simply manufacturing stanzas to play their part in the new defence of High Church Anglicanism, and the result was what might have been expected. The theories of the leader of the movement were there, but the man

—the Christian, the poet—was far away. It was only when throwing the character of the controversialist, and even that of the preacher, that he was kindled, and his heart was hot within him, and he proved himself to be that true poet which he was already showing himself to be in his verse. Being signed only with a Greek letter on their original appearance, the worship of these verses was for a long time known only to a few friends; these few only those who were skilled in the analysis of books and of writers discerned in these stanzas something more than the mere contrivance of a devout and forcible writer to the religious literature of the day. Every man who is capable of influencing the beliefs and lives of his fellows, Newman's character was of that complex type which to the superficial eye presents apparent inconsistencies only to be accounted for on the hypothesis of some deep-laid Jesuitical plan for deceiving his generation. That any man could be at one time reserved and at another spontaneous; at one time severe and at another tender; at one time preaching against excitement and at another embodying the most ardent religious emotion in verse—all this was a puzzle even to those who were willing to take for granted as admirable every word that Dr. Newman wrote, while to the outer world he seemed a scheming and scarcely honest polemic, plotting with others to destroy the religion and liberties of Englishmen. After a while, and some years had left the Church for which he had done so much, he republished, with a few additions, nearly all the best of these old magazine verses in a volume by themselves; and those who cared to read them began to see that this was really a revelation of the inner life of their author, and that in thus publishing them in his new condition he recognised them as a history of his own intellectual growth, and asked not so much for the applause as for the sympathy of those who could appreciate them. A singular and suggestive alteration that took place in one of them—the affecting verses beginning, “My father's hope! Childhood's dream!”—served to show how personal had been the spirit in which he had written all his genuine poetry. The title of “Moses seeing the vision” disappeared, and “Death” appeared in its place.¹ By-and-by, when H. C. G. Gale's attacks brought out the “Apologia,” and the character of its author was “rehabilitated” in the eyes of educated Englishmen, whatever their religious creed, this sympathetic element in Dr. Newman's mind was at once revived. With all his apparent solitariness, with all the self-sufficing energy of his mind, with all his avowal that to him there are only two powers—his own soul and God—it was plain enough that he was as intensely as the most clinging of hearts that seem as if they could never even think of thought except with the help of some friend or master. He was capable of being stung, and stung to the quick, and he could not bear to be thought of as a deceiver by his fellow-men. But it was not enough to dispose of Mr. Gale's charges. He could endure his solitude no longer, and must ask the world to study his personal history, and thereon give their verdict as to his sanity. As a younger man he would not, or I am grievously mistaken, have sought for a moment of such an unveiling of his inner life. But, like many others, as he has grown older he has lost much of that fastidious reserve of feeling which is usually a mere subtle form of proud self-love. And now at last he has taken another step in the same direction, reprinting his religious verses and his “Dream of Gerontius,” has added

(1) In the present volume the old title is substantially restored.

other poems from the publication of which he would probably have shrunk with indignation in his earlier years.

Having no space for quoting the "Consolations on Bereavement," written forty years ago on the death of his sister, I must content myself with naming it as a proof of that passionate desire for the sympathy of his friends which forty years ago Dr. Newman would have condemned, with the Oxford and High Church scorn, as the result of unhealthy self-indulgence and as a token of a low standard of Christian morals. Of the pathos, simplicity, the manly sadness, and the vigorously condensed thought which I find in these stanzas, I must leave the reader to judge for himself. Also, without more extracts than a limited space allows, it is impossible to justify what I should say on the extraordinary powers displayed in "The Dream of Gerontius." This wonderful dramatic poem is as profoundly personal a conception as any of the shorter verses in the collection. Under the guise of Gerontius, Dr. Newman has imagined himself dying, surrounded by friends, then passing into the new life beyond the veil, and speedily entering into the purgatorial state, to rest there in repose and happy sadness, meditating on the greatness and goodness of the still absent God; tended, nursed, and lulled by angels, and prayed for by saints in heaven and good men on earth. Though severed from the contest, and thus losing much of their dramatic appropriateness, a few lines from the earlier portions of the poem will serve to show that the gift of self-analysis, which was always one of Dr. Newman's most striking powers, is as vigorous as ever within him. In some vague, timid, and trembling way, the thoughts he has put into the mouth of the dying and the departed soul have flitted before the imaginations of millions and millions in every age. But where are they to be found condensed and expressed with such force and such vivid imagination? It is, cries the dying man,

"As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help! loving Lord! Thou my sole refuge, Thou,)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came.

* * * * *

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss."

Then, while the "assistants" continue their prayers, the dying man feels and speaks his last words:—

"Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
The pain has wearied me. Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands"

And thus he dies. Then comes the awakening, with a sudden, mysterious

wondering whether he is in the body or out of it. As in the lines I have quoted, the sense of coming death involves a mental horror of annihilation, and a physical sense of descent into the abyss; so now, in the disembodied state, the soul is lost in bewildered amazement at the still remaining impressions of the senses, mingled with a consciousness that those senses exist no more. The power with which the conception is expressed is as wonderful as the daring which gave birth to the conception itself. The whole soliloquy strikes me as perhaps the finest thing its author has ever written, but it is too long for quotation, and will not bear abridgment.

To appreciate the poetic beauty and the surprising imaginative power of this short drama, it is not at all necessary to accept the distinctively Roman doctrine on purgatory; and, saving a few occasional expressions, and setting aside the grotesque and gratuitous machinery of "demons," I suspect that in substance this "Dream" only puts into shape the conviction of innumerable men and women who are as fervently Protestant as can be conceived, but who find in some such belief as is here embodied the only possible solution of the mystery of life and death. And the same may be said of the whole volume itself. It is only occasionally Roman, or even Athanasian. Everywhere else it is simply the expression of thoughts and emotions common alike to Anglican and Roman; to Jew, to Christian, and to Hindoo. Only the Mahomedan, looking forward to a sensual paradise, would find little or nothing in common between Dr. Newman and himself.

J. M. CAPES.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By HEINRICH VON SYBEL.
Translated by WALTER C. PERRY. London: Murray. 1867.

THE reflection that at least two-thirds of all that has been written about the French Revolution have been sheer declamation, ought to make the English reader who does not understand German, very grateful for Mr. Perry's translation of Von Sybel's work. For Von Sybel is never declamatory, not even under temptations which to less sober men would be irresistible. This arises from no coldness or lack of vivid feeling about his subject. But he knows, what few writers of political history in England, and in France fewer still know, how to unite strong emotion as a politician with temperance and straightforwardness as an historian. He has his prejudices and aversions like another, but at least he gives us grounds for them, adequate or otherwise, and does not ask us to believe everything that can be thrown into the form of a windy paradox or epigram too antithetical to be true. A Frenchman thinks the Revolution very unworthily treated unless the historian infuses a plentiful measure of rhapsody, in which the Revolution is spoken about as men speak of God, Truth, Eternity, Progress, and Fate. With him it is a religion, while with Von Sybel it simply means a series of quite explicable human transactions, some of them very just and beneficent, and others most wicked and disastrous. One consequence of this is that his book is not quite such airy, easy reading as M. Quinet's, for example; but then we have the satisfaction of feeling that we are treading on decently firm ground, instead of floating loftily among many-coloured clouds. Not that the author is in the least degree dull; only he requires in his reader a good deal of clear-headed attention, as well as a certain active power of weighing and considering things, that is very different from the easy receptivity which suffices for declamatory generalisation.

M. von Sybel's general opinion of the Revolution is that which old-fashioned

Liberals in England held, and which the steadier sort of Frenchmen still hold; that is, he loves '89 while he abhors '93. Until feudalism is extirpated he goes heartily along with the destroyers. As soon as he convinces himself that after all their demolition they had no more positive or practical idea than that the Revolution should be permanent until everybody was in the enjoyment of a plentiful income, then his condemnation of the revolutionary leaders, their aims and their methods, is as severe and as penetrating as the warmest friend of the old order could have desired. Repelled by the mingled cruelties, monkeyisms, and impolitic follies which marked the Jacobin triumph, too many writers have deplored the fate which brought the liberal movement of the eighteenth century to a head in France. Great progress, it is alleged, was already being made under the forms of old institutions. Frederick in Prussia, Leopold in Tuscany, and Pitt in England, are supposed to have shown how much these ancient forms allowed a sagacious ruler to do for his people. Professor von Sybel, at all events, sees that this is to mistake the significance of the Revolution, which insisted on the creation of a set of institutions that should not merely allow, but should compel rulers, under whatever form or name, to consult solely the collective interests of the society which intrusted itself to them. Progressive improvement was henceforth not to depend upon the accident of the ability and sagacity of a monarch or a minister, but was to be connected with the unfailing springs of the expressed wishes and interests of the whole community. Under the old forms, until the spirit of the Revolution had breathed upon them, progress was fortuitous. In England, for example, the personal will of a half-witted sovereign was enough to paralyse the wise efforts of Pitt in Irish affairs, and we suffer in consequence. In Prussia, while Frederick lived, we may possibly admire the paternal despot of the pre-revolutionary period. But what admiration can we retain for the system when we reflect upon the character of his successor? Frederick William II., in Von Sybel's words, "had lived forty years apart from all business, sound knowledge, and the discipline of labour. His lively temperament had impelled him to compensate himself for these deficiencies in excitements of every kind; but he soon found himself weary and *blasé*; complained of the desolation of his monotonous and fatiguing life; and very soon accustomed himself, even as a king, to treat political, as well as all other affairs, as a mere means of intellectual excitement." Such is the common sequel, which hero-worshippers take care not to think about. Under the old system a benevolent and wise ruler was now and then possible, but that he would be followed by more than one rash and egotistic successor was certain. The Revolution, by declaring the sovereignty of the people, was the first great step towards the removal of good government from the region of chance and caprice. Professor von Sybel, though accused by the French of the once deadly sin of *lèse-révolution*, fully recognises both the urgent need for the Revolution—that is, for the cutting up, root and branch, of feudalism—and the splendid way in which, up to a certain point, this need was met. "The new erections," he says of the National Assembly, "have long fallen into decay; but the advantages gained on the Fourth of August are eternal—freedom of labour, equality before the law, and the unity of the State." No number of reformers like Frederick or Leopold—whose trade was that of royalist—could have proclaimed these things with such lasting force as belonged to the Revolution.

Another part of Von Sybel's book shows in a fresh way the difference between the Revolution and the earlier reformers of the century. He has gone with

minute fulness into all the details of the policies, conditions, and aims of the three great States of Central Europe. Nowhere else do we get a better view of the transactions which led up to and ended in the partition of Poland. The important effect which the turn of French affairs had in precipitating this event, by occupying Austria and Prussia, and so leaving Russia unembarrassed in the prosecution of her aggressive policy, is explained with ample detail. It is impossible to follow the historian through the numerous chapters which he has devoted to this topic, without discerning the uncontrolled lawlessness of spirit which marked the diplomacy even of such men as Joseph and Leopold, now held up to our admiration as the kind of legislators who would have done more than anticipate the fruits of the Revolution if there had been no overwhelming outbreak in France. Morality in politics was absolutely and entirely ignored. It is uncommonly amusing to hear the historian talking about the French lust of conquest beginning to find imitators in Vienna and Berlin, when he has been at such pains to show us that the key to the policy both of Prussia and Austria for many months before the Revolution had been the desire of each for an extension of territory, the Prussians wanting the two Polish towns of Dantzic and Thorn, and the Austrians coveting Bavaria, a portion of Turkey, or anything else that they could get. In spite of the chicanery and violence of some of her diplomatic agents—and Professor von Sybel has been sufficiently careful to dwell on this—the foundation of the first French Republic was the earliest harbinger, as yet too imperfectly fulfilled, of the elevation into practical politics of that idea of justice which was so habitually dwelt upon by the otherwise sceptical and destructive writers of the century. If any one will master the historian's account of the policy of Joseph II.—making all allowance for the strong Prussian bias of the writer—he will scarcely fail to perceive how little likely it was that the lawlessness and immorality of the old system would expire by gradual stages and a pacific process. A violent and destructive catastrophe was needed to convince those whose trade it is to be royalists that the conditions for the triumph of feudal and dynastic ideas could no longer be complied with.

The writer's estimates of the men who figured most conspicuously in the Revolution are generally those which eminently competent modern opinion is most inclined to accept. Nobody now denies Necker's folly in meeting the States-General without having previously decided—as it was then within the competence of the Government to decide—the question whether the three orders should vote in a common assembly; or in “wearying the Assembly by exhortations to gentleness and harmony, instead of binding them to himself by *creative ideas*.” As distinguished from Necker, the author admits of Mirabeau that “that which gave animation to his worth, and a pre-eminent superiority to his schemes, was the lucid clearness with which the form of the future France, with all the details of administration, appeared before his mind.” The admirer of Mirabeau is pretty sure to be the despiser of La Fayette, who accordingly figures in Von Sybel's pages as one of the weakest and smallest of men. Weak and incompetent he assuredly was; but the historian perhaps underrates his moral size and temper. Danton, too, on the other side, he equally underestimates in making him no more than a brutal and indolent sensualist. His characterisation of some of the German actors on the scene, like the Duke of Brunswick, Bischoffswerder, Herzberg, is more happy.

It is in the diplomatic portion of his history that Professor von Sybel contributes what, when the book was published, was most new, and what still remains most special. But he is also remarkably full and clear in his criticism of the

economic movement resulting from the seizure of the lands, the diminution of production, the confusion of the currency. He does not add much to the contribution to this part of the subject of M. Léonce de Lavergne, whom in a way he follows. Still, to have in a single work the European political movement treated with special knowledge, and the French economic movement viewed with sound, if less special judgment, is obviously useful; and on the whole it is doubted whether, in spite of certain drawbacks arising from the author's inappreciation of the nature of revolutionary enthusiasm, or from his leanings, any other single writer has produced a more instructive book on this subject, to a reader who is willing at every step to use his own mind. Professor von Sybel does really *discuss* the Revolution; and, however one may differ from him, you can hardly do so without taking some pains to do so. It is to be hoped that the two final volumes of the English translation will not be long delayed. E

LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1552-1618. Two Vols. By JAMES A. ST. JOHN. London: Chapman and Hall.

AMONG the illustrious men who surrounded the great Queen, there were few who were superior to Raleigh in their own particular spheres; but Raleigh, soldier, the sailor, the poet, the courtier, the historian, the philosopher, the founder of colonies, shone pre-eminent in the midst of his rivals. The friend of Elizabeth, the friend of Spenser and Bacon, "the bravest and most renowned of Englishmen," might well attract the notice of successive biographers. The insufficiency, however, of trustworthy materials which induced Mr. St. John to lay aside his projected work, has rendered the numerous lives published more or less incomplete. Mr. St. John has done good service by contributing these volumes, which contain the results of the examination of documents preserved in the archives of Simancas, Madrid, and Venice, which his predecessors have not had access to. He has thus been able to throw some light on some of the obscure parts of Raleigh's history, especially on the circumstances which attended the close of his career. One hoped that some traces of Raleigh's private and familiar life might have been discovered, but this has not been the case, and the author confesses that some events must still remain shrouded in mystery. No account of Raleigh's mission in the Netherlands has been found, and the so-called Raleigh Plot is still an enigma. Sir Walter Raleigh has hitherto been the subject either of excessive censure or of excessive praise. Mr. St. John, however, writes carefully and impartially, even when his hero is undoubtedly wrong, he cannot help feeling that he does not hesitate to condemn him.

The two great objects of Raleigh's life were the overthrow of Spanish power and the foundation of powerful colonies in the New World. His biographer generally failed to perceive the sound and enlightened views which Raleigh held with reference to colonisation, by which he intended both to diminish the power of Spain, so formidable to his country, and to promote the commercial prosperity of England. Mr. St. John justly distinguishes the Raleigh of Virginia from the mere adventurers whom the thirst for gold drove across the Atlantic. The expedition in search of El Dorado, the glory of which, resting perhaps on some poetical exaggeration of the facts, was spread by the accounts of Spanish travellers, was no doubt a stumbling block in the way of Raleigh. The associations of his birthplace seem

have urged the Shepherd of the Ocean, as Spenser calls him, to new maritime enterprises, which, if they were at first the origin of his great reputation and wealth, were ultimately the cause of his ruin. Yet it is a blunder to accuse him of having invented a fable which resulted in great waste of life. The story was an old one, and Raleigh seems to have firmly believed in its truth. He was not the only victim, for even so late as 1777 a last expedition from Spain to El Dorado closed, by its disastrous climax, the successive expeditions of two centuries.

Raleigh is said by Ben Jonson "to have esteemed fame more than conscience," and by his contemporaries he was generally regarded as a master of craft and subtlety. Mr. St. John, on the contrary, is provoked at the simplicity with which he fell into the net that Cecil had prepared for him. Mr. St. John's account of Raleigh's last days shows that he trusted the spies and agents of Cecil who were set round about him with an implicit confidence that is surprising. The close of Sir Walter Raleigh's life is the most painful part of his history; the death of Elizabeth and the passing away of his good fortune were simultaneous. Cecil and his friends had prepossessed the mind of James against Raleigh by representing him to be allied to the party opposed to the King's accession. It was unfortunate for Raleigh that, as one of his contemporaries alleges, "he desired to seem to be able to sway all men's minds—all men's fancies." As all the plotters would have eagerly welcomed his adhesion to their party, this desire of Raleigh's would seem to have made him the recipient of dangerous secrets, which he was too magnanimous to betray. He confessed himself all that could be proved against him; he confessed that Lord Cobham had confided to him the dreams he hoped to realise, and had informed him of the intrigues with Count Arenberg. Mr. St. John, after the most careful researches at Simancas and elsewhere, has failed to discover any document which can show that Sir Walter Raleigh took part in the conspiracy. Raleigh protested that he had "never invented treason, consented to treason, nor performed treason." From the correspondence of Philip and his agents in London, the author has been able to produce convincing proofs of the strenuous exertions of the Court of Spain against him. If implicit reliance is not always to be placed in the statements of the Spanish agents, who sometimes amused their royal master with the fictions of their own imagination, yet their letters throw much light on many of the circumstances of the times. The intrigues by which Raleigh's golden vision was dispelled, his ship *The Destiny*, and its owner's fortunes wrecked, and his life sacrificed to the vindictiveness of Philip and his minister, are clearly described by the author.

AMERIC PALFREY MARRAS.

STUDIOUS WOMEN. From the French of MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by R. M. PHILLIMORE. London: Virtue & Co. 1868.

THE eloquent pamphlet of Bishop Dupanloup was well worth translating into English. Certain mal-arrangements, based upon false notions, and in turn intensifying these notions, may not have grown so inveterate with us as in French society. It has not become habitual with English girls, or their Guardians, to stipulate with an intended husband for the abandonment of his Profession. The madness of fashion perhaps does not doom so many people in England as in France to lives of frivolity. Yet there is quite enough

frivolity, and quite enough neglect of all serious aims in life for women, one dominant idea being that women are poor creatures whose great achievement is to catch a husband, to make Bishop Dupanloup's attempt to introduce sounder notions as to woman's education worthy of circulation here. It be added that, although a Roman Catholic prelate, his notions of woman's position and duties harmonise with current theological ideas in England; so his book may influence the masses among us who are still unemancipated from the theological yoke. The bishop's references to clever women being almost exclusively to saints in the Roman Catholic calendar, they will not be so effective as a wider selection would have been; but otherwise there is little in the book which may not tell as much in England as in France. To a certain extent, the non-theological reader may sympathise with the bishop. The world is so far behind that books which are at all likely to stimulate devotion to intellectual pursuits in one sex or the other, to substitute serious aims and occupation with large ideas for sheer inanity and gossip, may be welcomed notwithstanding ever so many faults. Throughout the book, besides, there is a sense of the man of the world, a recognition of facts in human nature, which theological prejudice has not obscured, and which is very wholesome. We have even the admission of the hereditary transmission of mental qualities, though the bishop is far from accepting the fact like a physiologist. It is nevertheless, a fatal defect in his treatment that he does not defer entirely to facts. He assumes the old theory that the one sex is subsidiary to the other—that women are to please husbands, to manage households, to educate children, *especially sons*,—that it is for these purposes, or for healthful recreation in intervals of work, they should engage in study. Perhaps he makes out a case that study and mental occupation on the present footing would be good things for women, but one is tempted to reflect that the vice of a radical principle may not be so easily corrected. If the whole sex is to be subsidiary, what is more natural than the neglect of studies which would only be occasionally appreciated, and an exclusive cultivation of arts founded, according to a natural experience and tradition, to be most effective on the average of men? The bishop's book thus raises the whole question of "woman's work," and begets the suspicion that current doctrine is by no means certainly correct even in the case of married women. For the wife to manage the home, the husband to tend flocks, or hunt, or cultivate a small plot of ground, may have been a sound fair division of functions between the two sexes in primitive society. Is it be so now when the work of households is lightened by mechanical appliances and the division of labour? This point of view, even for married women should not perhaps be lost sight of in the argument for new careers and opportunities for the sex, though that argument may rest chiefly on the case of the multitudes of women who must remain single.

ROBERT GIFFE

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE; OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF HERBERT AINSLIE, B.A., Cantab. London: Tinsley Brothers.

THE reader who, confiding in the familiar form, type, and binding of this book, orders it as a current novel from the circulating library, is likely to be a little startled at its anomalous contents. Under the outward semblance of a three-volume novel, it is in part a book of travels, in part a philosophical treatise. It fulfils none of the ordinary conditions of the works with which its externals it would seem to claim kindred. Instead of incidents and scenes

tions, and the other ingredients of a romance, it stimulates the imagination with accounts of mental struggles, with out-spoken heresies, and far-reaching speculations on the most difficult objects of human thought.

The work purports to be a biographical compilation made from letters and diaries by an editor who only supplies the *lacunæ* in the narrative from time to time when his authorities fail him. There are two threads running parallel throughout—the thread of the hero's actions and that of his thoughts, the story of his outer and the story of his inner life. He is the son of evangelical parents, himself destined for the Church. Leaving Cambridge in the year 1848, he gets leave to travel for twelve months, and sails for the West Indies. He is seized with the gold fever, and partly in hopes to gain such an independence as may release him from the necessity of taking orders, tries his fortune in California. After many ups and downs of luck, and many perils from hunger, fever, and the bowie-knife, he again takes ship, this time for Australia. On his way he has some slight love-passages with a fair Samoan in the Navigator's Islands; but once landed in Sydney, he meets his destiny in the shape of a rich colonist's beautiful daughter, who is described as a paragon of moral and intellectual excellence. After discussing to their mutual satisfaction all or most things of heaven and earth, Herbert Ainslie and Mary Travers are married; and we take leave of our hero (whose father has died in England meanwhile) established in South Australia as an active magistrate and politician, a flourishing sheep-farmer, and happy father of a family.

Side by side with these events goes on the process of Herbert Ainslie's mental evolution. At the opening of the first volume we find him in a vaguely negative and incredulous attitude towards the faith of his fathers,—of his original passage from belief to doubt we are told nothing,—unwilling to take orders, and unwilling to shock his parents by a confession of unbelief. During the course of his wanderings he works out for himself a kind of philosophy, with little assistance from books, in a series of discursive speculations on most of the subjects that men think about. Convincing himself first of the error of traditional orthodoxy, and the futility of all religions, dogmatic or ascetic, he arrives, somewhat by haphazard as it would seem—certainly by no strict logical process—at a spiritualistic pantheism which satisfies for the time his intellectual wants. And lastly, finding his highest human ideal more than realised in the lady whom he marries, he comes under the dominion of Love, and finds full play for the free development of his emotional nature.

Most readers will decidedly wish that more space had been given to the narrative part of the book, less to the speculative. In the former kind there are some descriptive passages of singular force and vividness. Adventures with miners and Indians in California are also told with plenty of vigour and simplicity. Interest of this kind, however, ceases towards the end of the second volume, and we have little to interrupt the rather monotonous speculations, metaphysical, ethical, æsthetical, and political, of the lover and his lady.

Of the artistic propriety of setting before the public in any case the spectacle of an individual's doubts and spiritual debates there may be a grave question. Such should, at all events, to be acceptable as the subject of a work of art, be thrown into a reasonably coherent and articulated form. Mr. Ainslie's speculations, on the contrary, are in form singularly incondite. Interwoven with incidents, they are usually, as far as we can see, neither *dépropos* of these nor having much sequence or interdependence of their own. Waiving, however, the artistic question, a record of such mental phenomena, to be of much service

to other minds,—to have the weight and efficacy which the author evidently expects for the work before us,—should contain matter more logical, more congruous, and better reasoned out than most of what he gives us. His emotions had at least as much to do as his intellect with his rejection of the rigid and depressing dogmas of Low Church Christianity in which he had been brought up. Once rid of these, he constructs, by a course of solitary and discursive thought, a system which is, in truth, no system, but which happens to satisfy his individual needs. Most of his reasonings start from unexamined, and often from contradictory premises; and the result is an incoherent body of conclusions, a medley of tenets belonging of right to irreconcilable modes of thought. In the course of his speculations he professes to pass from an abstractional to a phenomenal point of view. “From the verge of the Infinite have I returned with the conviction that within the limits of the finite and knowable lie the whole duty and happiness of man.” But on his positive basis he does, in fact, found a transcendental superstructure, or rather, he is spiritualist, materialist, positivist, transcendentalist, by turns, and all without a suspicion of incongruity. For the rest, his isolated speculations are often marked by considerable acuteness, sometimes by a strange mixture of acuteness and ineptitude. Here is a train of thought suggested by an incident of the gaming-table:—

“Inasmuch as the past and future are independent of each other, the most improbable event may show itself directly the game begins, and may be repeated many times in rapid succession. Moreover, an event is brought no nearer to happening after the game has gone on for an indefinite time without its coming. It does not become more likely after, or less likely before, many hands have been dealt. Under the government of chance, therefore, the most violently improbable event not only may, but must, sooner or later occur. But the term improbable cannot be properly applied to that which is inevitable. It must be expunged from the vocabulary of chance, or restricted to signify only *rare*, and that only in proportion to other events which are less so. There is no ‘improbability’ in infinity. If, then, the fortuitous concourse of atoms, unguided by any instinct, ungoverned by any law of uniformity, has resulted in millions of systems and worlds compounded in varying proportions and existing under varying conditions, there must be as many sets of circumstances for these worlds to exist in as there are worlds; and one of these combinations may form what is called the ‘Christian scheme.’ Or, if there be but one world, and an indefinite number of possible schemes, some one of these must have been hit on for that world in spite of the number of chances against it, and that one might be the Christian scheme. Its being violently improbable has been shown to be no reason against it, since, some one being inevitable, all had a chance. The atheist, or believer in chance, therefore, has no argument against Christianity, or any other form of religion, on the ground of *a priori* improbability.”

On the whole, these *sub Jove* meditations, conducted, for the most part, independently of books, on Californian mountain-spurs or amid Pacific waves, may be said to be stimulating and interesting, but cannot be said to be satisfactory to those who have had the aid of books, and have been accustomed to a more systematic and consistent treatment of such subjects. They are hardly likely to penetrate to those whose conventional pieties the author wishes to assail,—whose cruel creeds and chilly, dismal lives he with a fine enthusiasm desires to change. The form in which the book appears is not such as to recommend it to evangelical households; nor has it sufficient power to produce a strong impression on the general public.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XVI. NEW SERIES.—APRIL 1, 1868.

MR. DARWIN'S HYPOTHESES.

I.

“THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES” made an epoch. The product of an immense series of tentative gropings, it formed the turning-point of an entirely new series: concentrating as in a focus the many isolated rays emitted by speculative ingenuity to illuminate the diversified community of organic life, it propounded an hypothesis surpassing all its predecessors in its congruity with verifiable facts, and in its wide-reaching embrace. Because it was the product of long-continued though baffled research, and thereby gave articulate expression to the thought which had been inarticulate in many minds,¹ its influence rapidly became European; because it was both old in purpose and novel in conception, it agitated the schools with a revolutionary ferment. No work of our time has been so general in its influence. This extent of influence is less due to the fact of its being a masterly work, enriching Science with a great discovery, than to the fact of its being a work which at once clashed against and chimed with the two great conceptions of the world that have long ruled, and still rule, the minds of Europe. One side recognised a powerful enemy, the other a mighty champion. It was immediately evident that the question of the “Origin of Species” derived its significance from the deeper question which loomed behind it. What is that question?

If we trace the history of opinion from the dawn of Science in Greece through all succeeding epochs, we shall observe many constantly-reappearing indications of what may be called a premonitory feeling rather than a distinct vision of the truth that all the varied manifestations of Life are but the flowers from a common root,—

(1) “Mir scheint die ganze Lehre mehr eine Entwicklungsstufe der Naturwissenschaft als das Eigenthum eines einzelnen Mannes.”—VOX BAER.

that all the complex forms have been evolved from pre-existing simpler forms. To the early speculators such a feeling was enough. Knowing little of the intellectual needs of our time, they were careless of precision, indifferent to proof. But when such a point of view had once been adopted, it revealed consequences irreconcilable with the reigning doctrines; and was therefore challenged sharply by the defenders of those doctrines, and called upon to produce its evidence, furnish proofs. Unhappily, it had little evidence, no proof. The scientific intellect found no difficulty in making what was offered as evidence appear quite inadequate. The more precision a few ingenious advocates endeavoured to give to their arguments, the more glaringly absurd the speculation seemed. To men largely acquainted with the phenomena of organic life, and trained in the habits of inductive inquiry, there was something repulsive in the crude disregard of evidence exhibited in such theories as those of De Maillet and Robinet.¹ A certain discredit was thrown on the hypothesis by the very means taken to recommend it. So long as it remained a vague general notion, it was unassailable, or at least unrefutable; but on descending into the region of verification, it presented a meagre aspect.

Nevertheless, it survived opposition, ridicule, refutation. In the face of evidence, in the face of ridicule, in the face of orthodoxy very indignant, this idea of the evolution of complex forms from simpler forms persisted; and the reason of this persistence is that the idea harmonises with one general conception of the world—(*Weltanschauung*, as the Germans say)—which has been called the Monistic because it reduces all phenomena to community, and all knowledge to unity. This conception, under its various forms of Pantheism, Idealism, Materialism, Positivism, is irreconcilable with the rival, or Dualistic, conception, which in phenomena separates and opposes Force and Matter, Life and Body, and which in knowledge destroys unity by its opposition of physical and final causes. The history of thought is filled with the struggle between these two general conceptions. Slightly varying Schlegel's dictum, "Every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian," I think it may be said that every man is somewhat by his training, and still more by his organisation, predisposed towards the Monistic or the Dualistic conception, a predisposition which renders it easier for him to feel the force of the arguments on one side than on the other; and that, in consequence of this native bias, we may generally predict what will be his views in Religion, Philosophy, and Art—to a great extent even in Science. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the acceptance or the rejection of Darwinism has, in the vast

(1) Robinet, "De la Nature," Amst. 1766. (I gave an analysis of this book in *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov., 1857.)

majority of cases, been wholly determined by the Monistic or materialistic attitude of the mind.

And this explains, what would otherwise be inexplicable, the surprising fervour and facility with which men wholly incompetent to appreciate the evidence for or against Natural Selection have adopted or "refuted" it. Elementary ignorance of Biology has not deterred them from pronouncing very confidently on this question, which involves all the principles of Biology; and biologists with their scorn have asked whether men would attack an astronomical, physical, or chemical hypothesis with no better equipment. Why not? They feel themselves competent to decide the question from higher grounds. Profoundly convinced of the truth of their general conception of the world, they conclude every hypothesis to be true or false, according as it chimes with, or clashes against, that conception. Starting from this point, each party throws its whole energy into collecting (oftener snatching at rather than collecting) evidence and arguments, flavoured with ridicule and rhetoric, for or against the hypothesis. Only desirous of vindicating a foregone conclusion, they rarely attempt a meditative and dispassionate survey of the evidence.

So it has been, so it will long continue. The Development Hypothesis is an inevitable deduction from the Monistic conception of the world; and will continue to be the battle-ground of contending schools until the opposition between Monism and Dualism ceases. For myself, believing in the ultimate triumph of the former, I look on the Development Hypothesis as one of the great influences which will by its acceptance, in conjunction with the spread of scientific culture, hasten that triumph, teaching us, to use Goethe's words,—

"Wie Natur im Schaffen lebt.
Und es ist das ewig Eine
Das sich vielfach offenbart."

But it is one thing to hold firmly to the Development Hypothesis, another thing to accept Natural Selection as the last word on that subject. Darwinism is undoubtedly a better explanation than any of its forerunners; but it will probably give place to some successor, as the hypotheses of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Meckel, Lamarck, Bonnet, and Robinet gave place to it. Meanwhile, it is the best hypothesis at present before the world, and has converted many naturalists who before were sceptical. For I should convey a false impression by what was said just now if I did not add that many biologists whose conception of the world was purely Monistic rejected with scorn the explanations of Lamarck and others as to the origin of species; and although the luminous suggestion of Natural Selection has converted some of these, there still remain many unconvinced. The immense superiority of Darwinism is that it not

only puts forward as the cause of *all* variation a law which demonstrably the cause of *much* variation, but includes also the *res causæ* suggested by Lamarck and Meckel. The law of Natural Selection may indeed be said to be only a larger and more philosophic view of the law of Adaptation which Lamarck had imperfectly conceived. We must not, however, underrate the singular importance of Lamarck's hypothesis in calling attention to the modifiability of structure through modifications of adaptation; though he was led into exaggerations by a one-sided view, which made him attribute too great an influence to one set of external conditions. Naturalists before his time had been wont to consider the Organism apart from the Medium in which it existed; he clearly saw that vital phenomena depended on the relation of the two; but in his hypothesis he sacrificed the one factor somewhat to the other; he paid too little regard to the Organism and its laws of development. Meckel captivated attention by the striking illustrations from embryology¹ in proof of Kiehmeyer's position that all existing organisms are modifications of a single type, all the stages of the lower types being indicated in the successive transformations of an embryo of the highest type; but a rigorous criticism showed that in this form the hypothesis was not tenable.² The hypothesis put forth in the "Vestiges," though it had the merit of connecting the organic evolution with the cosmical evolution, uniting the hypotheses of Lamarck and Meckel with the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, laboured under the great disadvantage of reposing on two principles which only a metaphysician could accept as *veræ causæ*. One of these was the conception of a pre-existent Plan, according to which organisms were supposed to have been formed (the *ἵστέρον πρότερον* fallacy); the other the conception of Time as a factor apart from all the conditions.³ We need discuss neither here. But the helplessness of such metaphysical explanations is well exhibited in the case of rudimentary organs—perhaps the strongest case against final causes—which appear to the author of the "Vestiges" as "harmless peculiarities of development" and interesting evidences of the manner in which the Divine Author has been pleased to work."⁴

Minds unconvinced by all such attempts were at once subdued by the principle of Natural Selection, involving as it did, on the one hand, the incontestable Struggle for Existence, and on the other, the known laws of Adaptation and Hereditary Transmission. There still

(1) Meckel, "Traité d'Anatomie Comparée" (French trans.), 1828, vol. i.

(2) Compare Von Baer, "Ueber Entwicklungsgeschichte," 1828, i. 199.

(3) "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," 10th ed. 1853, pp. 117, 118.

(4) To a similar effect Agassiz, who asks, "Does not the existence of a rudimentary eye in the blindfish show that these animals, like all others, were created with the peculiarities by the fiat of the Almighty, and that this rudiment of eye was left them as a remembrance of the general plan of structure of the great type to which they belong?"—"Essay on Classification," 1859, p. 20.

remain philosophers and theologians who have an "intuition" of its falsehood, and naturalists who fail to see how it clears up a mass of difficulties; the legitimate opposition of these adversaries will go far towards a furtherance of the final solution. Meanwhile adherents regard Mr. Darwin's work as crowning the labours of a century. There is, indeed, a curious coincidence of dates noticed by Haeckel.¹ Exactly one hundred years, he reminds us, elapsed between the "Theoria Generationis" of Wolff (1759), which by the doctrine of Epigenesis laid the foundation-stone of the theory of Development, and the "Origin of Species" (1859), which supplied the coping-stone. Nor does the coincidence of dates end here. For half a century, he says, the doctrine of Wolff remained almost dormant, till, in 1806, it was made the common property of the scientific world by Oken's exposition of the mode in which the intestinal canal was developed (which was mainly a re-statement of the exposition given by Wolff in his Memoir "De Formatione Intestinorum," 1766). In like manner the theory of Descent, which Lamarck produced in 1809, had to wait fifty years before it received its scientific consecration in the "Origin of Species."

It would be easier to write a volume on this vast subject than a satisfactory essay; and as I cannot indulge my inclinations with writing a volume, I only propose to discuss two or three of the topics directly involved, especially to answer the objections which are regarded as the most serious, namely: 1. Why have Species not varied during the four thousand years of which we have record? 2. Why are domesticated animals, when suffered to run wild, always found returning to the primitive wild type? 3. Why are not new species constantly produced, and why are not the intermediate forms discoverable? Having answered these questions, I shall have something to say respecting Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of Natural Selection as the determining cause of specific forms, and respecting his hypothesis of Pangenesis as the determining cause of inherited forms.

II.

What is meant by Species? A man unversed in and unperplexed by the *dicta* of naturalists would simply answer: A kind of plant or animal. But on turning to the authorities for a more precise definition, such as would enable him to particularise the kind, and describe the characters by which it could be identified, he would find himself in presence of strange contradictions. A little experience

(1) Haeckel, "Generelle Morphologie der Organismen," 1866, ii. p. 8. Many readers will be grateful for having their attention directed to this work, one of the most instructive contributions to the philosophy of Biology which has appeared in our time. It will assuredly give great offence to many by the way it rides rough-shod over dogmas theological and biological, and by its wide-sweeping scorn of systematists and specialists; but it is rich in special knowledge and suggestive ideas. Mr. Darwin has reason to be proud of his disciple.

would disclose that even the most authoritative naturalists h rule to be followed in theory, another and very different i be followed in practice. On this point we may say with Müller,¹ that as in a Christian country there is a Catechism every one repeats and no one considers himself bound to fol expects others to follow, so in Zoology there are dogmas which one's practice denies. Among a hundred writers who feel upon to preface their treatises with a confession of faith, ninet begin with a grave exposition of the rule that a natural system not be founded on any one character, but on all the charact must take into consideration the whole organisation, and not es characters as of equal value, but according to their physio rank, &c. But on passing to the actual work of classificatio attempting to range the animals into Species, Genera, and Fa there is probably not one of the ninety-nine who thinks of ap these philosophic rules. Thus Agassiz follows Cuvier in maki Radiata a branch of the animal kingdom, although nobody h idea what may be the importance in the life of the animal this radiate structure may have, and in spite of the well-fact that the radiated echinoderms issue from bilateral larvæ. . fishes are divided into Ctenoid and Cycloid, according as the m of their scales are toothed or rounded—a detail which must infinitesimal importance in the life of the animal. Sometimes and animals are classed as different Species when they differ colour,² in size, in shape, in habits, or instincts; at other times they differ widely in any or all of these characters, they are together, and are called Varieties.

Not only does the practice contradict the rules, the rules selves are contradictory, and eminently capricious. Linnæus species thus: "Species tot sunt diversæ quot diversæ formæ al sunt creatæ." But who shall say what were the forms ori created? And when Cuvier appeals to the bond of par defining species as "la réunion des individus descendant l l'autre et des parents communs, et de ceux qui leur resse autant qu'ils se ressemblent entre eux," the rule would be ex if we were always in possession of all the genealogical data; point of fact, even with regard to domesticated animals, we always trace this family bond, and with regard to wild animal wholly an assumption. An attempt is made to prove the relat by the evidence of indefinite fertility; and this character is cu

(1) Fritz Müller, "Für Darwin," 1864, p. 71.

(2) "Une légère nuance dans la couleur suffit même quelquefois pour la di de deux êtres, comme cela se voit à l'égard de la fouine et de la martre; deux es l'on ne confond jamais, et qui cependant ne diffèrent guère que par la teinte gorge lavée de jaune chez la martre, et entièrement blanche chez la fouine."—G ST. HILAIRE, *Principes de Philosophie Zoologique*, 1830, p. 83.

regarded as decisive of species, only those plants and animals being held to be of the same species which are indefinitely fertile with each other. So much stress is laid on this point that I would willingly accumulate pages of evidence against it, if space permitted; but three considerations must suffice. First, it is not true, and Mr. Darwin has proved it not to be true, that any species is indefinitely fertile where the bond of kinship is closest; breeding in and in always terminating in sterility. Secondly, the generative system is so readily affected by slight changes in the conditions of life, that animals undeniably of the same blood are sterile under those conditions. Thirdly, animals sterile with some members of the species are fertile with others, and fertile with members of different species. "It is a great law of nature," says Mr. Darwin, in his latest work, "that all organic beings profit from an occasional cross with individuals not closely related to them in blood; and that, on the other hand, long-continued close interbreeding is injurious."¹ Hence it is utterly fallacious to argue from fertility. Moreover, when a species is known to us only through one individual, how are we to determine whether it is a Species or Variety? Obviously we can only say, Here is a form which differs from all other known forms; and it is on this difference that we assign it a place in our system. By its resemblances we bring it under one group; by its distinctive traits we isolate it in that group. Thus recurs the unscientific definition: "Species means a kind of plant or animal." While the chemist can furnish a precise and unvarying definition of chemical species, the naturalist can only furnish a vague and varying definition. The kind of resemblance and difference which one naturalist regards as specific, another holds to be generic, and a third to be simply the mark of a variety.

Very important is it to bear in mind that Species is a subjective creation having no objective existence: it is an idea, not a thing; a systematic artifice, not a living entity. This is clearly enough expressed in the favourite definition: "Species is a succession of individuals capable of reproducing themselves;" but when naturalists argue about fixity of species, they mostly overlook this conception of a succession and its implications, to replace it by a conception of an abstract form, an unvarying entity which is independent of the individuals. On several occasions I have called attention to the lingering remnant of Scholasticism cherished in the arguments de-

(1) He mentions the case of a sow who would not breed at all to her sire, but bred at once to a stranger in blood. Another sow, the product of close interbreeding for three generations, when paired with her own uncle (known to be productive with other sows), produced a litter of only six, and another litter of only five weak pigs; but paired with a boar of a small black breed (which produced seven swine with a sow of his own breed), she who had been so unproductive with her uncle, yielded twenty-one, and in a second litter eighteen pigs.

fending the fixity of species. In the early days of speculation, when it was a first principle that what we know as General Terms had corresponding Objects existing in the external world as distinct realities, and not simply as relations, the belief in a *thing* Species was rational enough; when philosophers believed that over and above the numberless individual animals they saw around them, there existed an Animal which they did not see, but which was the norm and pattern for all individuals—when they held that over and above the good and bad actions committed by them and their fellows, there existed an Immutable Virtue and an indestructible Evil—when, in short, they held the theory of Ideas, they could have no grounds for suspecting the reality of Species. But it is otherwise in our day. Platonists are rare, and Scholasticism is a scoff. Nevertheless unconscious disciples argue about the fixity of Species as if Species were a thing that could be mutable or immutable. They would deny the charge, no doubt; they are not sufficiently clear on the point to see their real position.

Regarded objectively, what place is held by Species? In certain fundamental traits, all plants and all animals have a community, and on this is founded the first division of the Organic and Inorganic. The next step is to divide Plants from Animals. From the microscopic formless dab of jelly which constitutes the *Amœba*, up to the marvellously complex structure which we name Man, there is, underlying all diversities, a community on which we found the group Animal. In classifying these diversities we establish groups to which different names are affixed, as indications of the degrees of unlikeness. When the animals differ but slightly, we group them as Varieties; when they differ more, as Species; when they are still more different, as Genera; and so on through Families, Orders, Classes, Subkingdoms. That these resemblances and diversities exist objectively—that is to say, that the corresponding phenomena are thus related—is indisputable; and it is therefore not only true, but a truism, to affirm that the Names by which we designate them have a fixed meaning; but it is not true, it is a falsism, to assert that these relations are immutable, being, as they are, the relations of variable individuals.

We should think it very irrational to insist that while bank-notes, shillings, sixpences, and pence were conventional monetary standards, sovereigns were something more than conventional, and had a monetary reality denied to other moneys. It is not less irrational to insist that while the wider divisions of genera, orders, classes, and the narrower divisions of varieties are conventional, the intermediate divisions (species) are not conventional, but real.

I will cite but four writers where it would be easy to cite forty. Buffon says: “Les espèces sont les seuls êtres de la nature. Les

individus sont les ombres dont l'espèce est le corps."¹ Cuvier declares that Classes, Orders, and Genera are abstractions, "et rien de pareil n'existe dans la nature;" but instead of logically extending this to the group of slighter differences, he maintains that Species is not an abstraction.² Flourens, his disciple, says: "Les espèces sont les formes primitives de la nature. Les individus n'en sont que des représentations, des copies."³ To conclude with Johannes Müller: "The species is a living form represented by individual beings, which reappears in the product of generation with certain invariable characters."⁴

Unless men held Species to have an existence apart from individuals, the question of fixity would have no sense, because the real question is, Are individuals variable? If they are, their relations to each other must vary, and it is their relations which we designate in the terms Species and Genus. That animals *do* vary is indisputable, undisputed. And here arises the further question: Are these variations only possible within certain ascertained limits, or are the variations indefinite? The majority of naturalists answer that the limits are ascertained, and the term Species corresponds with such limits. Their opponents, at least the more philosophical of them, while admitting that no individual organism can be greatly modified (and it is therefore correct to say of an individual that there are narrow limits of possible variation), assert that the small variations of each individual will so accumulate in the course of numerous successive generations as to transcend all specific limits, and in effect become indefinite. The divergence which is inappreciable at the apex of an acute-angled triangle becomes gradually greater, and at the base may be enormous.

It is not only a surprising simplification of the problem when we thus set aside the metaphysical figment of Species, and direct our attention solely to the facts of variation, and the accumulation of variations through inheritance; but the problem which is thus simplified is also brought from the region of Theology and Metaphysics into the region of Science: it has come within the range of Verification. How much metaphysical and theological misdirection has hitherto confused this subject may be seen in the disguised form of the scholastic conception which moderns have adopted; for I should be doing naturalists an injustice if I allowed the inference to pass that they adopt the crude notion of Species as an objective reality, which their language and arguments imply. It comes to them under two guises and disguises. One is that of the "creative fiat;" the other, and more reasoned hypothesis, is that of "creative plan."

(1) Buffon, "Hist. Nat.," iii.

(2) Cuvier, "Lettres à Pfaff," p. 179.

(3) Flourens, "Cours de Physiologie Comparée," 1856, p. 9.

(4) Müller, "Physiology," Eng. trans., ii. p. 1,662.

According to the first, plants and animals had their forms ordained for them at the moment of their creation, and these forms are unchangeable. According to the second, the organic world is part of a general scheme, in which each Species represents an Idea in the Divine Mind, and must be taken as an item in a Plan conceived from the first in all its details, although realised in successive epochs. Each Type was impressed once for all on each group; however the individuals in each group may vary among themselves, the Type is unvarying, and constantly effaces the variations of individuals.

III.

The first impulse of a scientific scepticism is to inquire by what means philosophers have acquired this precise knowledge of the Ideas existing in the Divine Mind; very enviable knowledge, but needing some guarantee of its genuineness. If it was gained from the study of Nature, then it must be amenable to all the canons of scientific research; and these assure us that the utmost to be learned in such a study is the *persistence* of Types,—of their *pre-existence* nothing whatever can be rigorously ascertained; and these canons further assure us that the persistence of a type is necessarily limited to the persistence of its concurrent conditions. Any hypothesis which starts from an *à priori* construction of creative fiat, or creative plan, must first justify its origin. In science an explanation is the reduction of phenomena to a series of known conditions, thus bringing what was unknown within the circle of the known. But of creative fiats we can know nothing; we may infer them; and the validity of our inference has to be tested by that very process which constitutes a scientific explanation. To infer that Species were Ideas in the Divine Mind is on a par with the inference once firmly accepted, that anomalies and monstrosities were “freaks of Nature,” and the work of demons; or that other inference of fountains and trees being animated with Naiads and Hamadryads. Now that we have learned something of the process of organic development, we have learned that anomalous forms are deviations in the line of growth, due to arrest or excess, and are neither effects of God’s wrath nor of Satan’s malice.¹

The hypothesis of creative fiats begs the question, and explains nothing. It is an hypothesis burdened with the double disadvantage

(1) “Les monstres,” said Ambrose Paré, “sont choses qui apparaissent contre le cours de la nature, et sont le plus souvent signes de quelque malheur à advenir” (quoted by Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, “Hist. des Anomalies,” 1832, i. p. 71). Aristotle acutely saw that although contrary to the ordinary course of nature, these monsters were produced by the same laws as those which formed the ordinary type (“Gen. Animal,” iv. 3). M. St. Hilaire is, therefore, wrong in classing the Stagirite with Ambrose Paré.

f being incapable of proof, and incompetent to explain : incapable of proof, for no one can ascertain what was or was not "ordained,"—we can only ascertain what is the order of phenomena within our ken ; incompetent to explain, for whenever a variation arises, the only resource is to affirm that this variation also was ordained. Andreas Wagner boldly sought this refuge, affirming (as quoted by Haeckel) that the conception of Species was not applicable to domesticated plants and animals, because they were created variable in order to subserve the purposes of man. It is the peculiarity of this kind of philosophising that its conclusions cannot be refuted because they do not admit of proof. There is always an escape from every objection through some easy supposition invented for the nonce. You think you disprove the notion of an invariable Plan by showing instances of variation ? Your objection is set aside by the remark that the variations were also planned.¹ You observe that unhealthy organisms transmit their morbid states, and you are assured that Nature "*recient par des voies détournées sur la rigueur de ses décrets*," as if Nature were full of pity, and relented on the pathway of destruction. An easy phrase eludes all argument. "A chaque type spécifique," says a recent advocate, "on peut rattacher des formes secondaires dérivées, produites par les influences de milieu ; si l'on ne méconnaît l'origine, on sera conduit à les considérer comme espèces légitimes, tandis qu'elles sont seulement l'expression de la flexibilité organique."² If those who maintain the variability of Species are to have their illustrations disposed of by this simple process of rebaptism, it is clear that all argument becomes idle ; when "organic flexibility" has any meaning given to it other than specific variability, Language once more proves its services to Metaphysics.

The hypothesis of creative fiat having ordained the existence of Species is an evasion of the question, not an answer to it. Moreover, its limitations are strangely unwarrantable. Thus it assumes the remarkable uniformity in the number of segments recognisable in crustacea and insects under the amazing varieties of their forms to be due to conformity with Plan. And as comparative anatomists point out the existence of these twenty segments, even when they are so fused as to present little or no segmentation to the un instructed eye, the argument seems weighty. But when Nature shows deviations from this Plan, in articulated animals having fewer than twenty segments, or more than twenty, the argument is proved to be inconsistent. "Why," asks Mr. Spencer, "if the skeleton of each species was separately contrived, was this bony mass (the sacrum) made by soldering together a number of vertebræ like those forming

(1) On this subject Fritz Müller quotes the Portuguese proverb, that "God writes straight in crooked lines" (*Deos escreve directo em linhas tortas*).

(2) Faivre, "La Variabilité des Espèces et ses Limites," 1868, p. 25.

the rest of the column, instead of being made of one simple piece ?” The answer is, that the sacrum is made of segments in conformity with the vertebrate Plan; but Mr. Spencer then asks, “Why does the number of sacral vertebræ vary within the same order of birds? Why, too, should the development of the sacrum be by the roundabout process of first forming its separate constituents, and then destroying their separateness?”¹ Nor does the contradiction of the hypothesis end here; it assumes that Genera and Species were produced by direct exercise of a Creative Will, whereas Varieties and Races were produced by the operation of natural laws. Such a separation of agencies is unphilosophic; and if we avoid it by the acknowledgment of every individual plant and animal being the product of a creative fiat, then indeed we get rid of the Dualistic conception of Nature, but the difference between the hypothesis of Creation and the hypothesis of Evolution becomes only a difference of terms.

I have endeavoured elsewhere² to expose the fallacy involved in the notion of Plan or Type as anything more than a subjective concept, a *nerus* we discover in evolved forms, and which we, by natural infirmity, imagine to have been the *nisus* of those forms—resultant which we imagine to be a principle. To that discussion I must refer, not having space now at command to treat of its bearing on Species. If Type means the *correlation* of parts which remains constant under all diversities among those parts—the Vertebrate Type, for example, being that correlation of parts which is found in fishes, reptiles, birds, marsupials, and mammals, so that whenever the same parts are found in different animals, the connections of such parts are the same—there are obvious advantages in our being able to use this shorthand phrase; but there are no advantages and many dangers in using the phrase as if it meant that before vertebrate structures existed, a Type existed according to which they were formed.

It is possible that the hypothesis of Natural Selection, which Mr. Darwin opposes to that of creative fiat and fixity of Plan, may be an imperfect explanation, but at any rate it has the immense merit of bringing the question within the region of Research. If it leaves many difficulties unexplained, the rival hypothesis explains none. Some of these we may have to consider hereafter; at present we have to see what its opponents regard as insuperable difficulties.

“If Species are variable, why have they not varied?” This is the objection most frequently urged. Our answer simply is, that *animals* have varied, which is all that the hypothesis requires. Were it not for the unconscious influence of the belief in Species as

(1) Spencer, “Principles of Biology,” 1864, i. 383.

(2) In the Prolegomena to the “History of Philosophy,” 3rd ed. 1867, p. lxxxv.

entity or as an unchangeable fiat, no one would have been misled by the facts which have misled even philosophic minds. It is only necessary to replace the horse before the cart, only necessary to recognise that the Type (or arrangement of parts) is the result of concurrent conditions, not the cause of their concurrence, to perceive the real value of the alleged objection. We are referred to the testimony of paintings and sculpture some four thousand years old as evidence that several well-known Species and even well-marked Races of animals and men have not changed. Nimrod hunted with horses and dogs which might be claimed as ancestors by the horses and dogs at Melton Mowbray. Semiramis and Rhamses were served by negroes in every respect similar to those who were toiling amid the sugar-canes of Alabama when President Lincoln decreed their emancipation. The fact is certain. What does it imply? According to the advocates of fixity, it implies that Species cannot be changed. If during four thousand years no change has taken place, why assume that there is an inherent tendency to change? This argument is the *cheval de bataille* of the Cuvier school, but it turns out on close inspection to be a spavined, broken-winded Rosinante.

In the first place, the testimony proves too much, for it proves that Races are as unchangeable as Species. Now Races, according to all naturalists, are not special creations, but are variations which have become permanent; and as no one holds that particular Types were created for all the variations (that being, indeed, a contradiction in terms), but all hold that Races are the result of modifications impressed on the original Type, the fact of such modifications remaining unchanged during four thousand years entirely robs the testimony of its argumentative value when applied to Species.

In the second place, it may be paradoxical, but it is strictly true,¹ that the fact of particular species having remained unaltered during four thousand years does not add the slightest weight to the evidence in favour of the fixity of Species. Four thousand or forty thousand prove no more than four. You would not suppose that I had strengthened my case if, instead of contenting myself with stating reasons once, I repeated those same reasons during forty successive pages; you would remind me that iteration was not cumulation, and that no force could be given to my fortieth assertion which was absent from my first. Why then ask me to accept the repetition of the *same fact* four thousand times over as an increase of evidence? It is a fact that Like produces Like, that dogs resemble dogs, and do not resemble buffaloes; this fact is deepened in our conviction by the unvarying evidence we see around us, and is guaranteed by the philosophical axiom that "like causes produce like effects;" but when once such a conception is formed, it can gain no fresh strength

(1) "Studies in Animal Life," p. 149.

from any particular instance. If we believe that crows are now, we do not hold our belief more firmly when we are shown crows were black four thousand years ago. In like manner, an admitted fact that individuals always produce individuals resembling themselves, it is not a whit more surprising that the dogs of Victoria should resemble the dogs of Semiramis than that the dogs should resemble their parents; the chain of four thousand years made up of many links, each link being a *repetition* of the same. So long as a single pair of dogs resembling each other unite, there will be specimens of that species, simply because the children inherit the characteristics of their parents. So long as negroes marry with negroes, and Jews with Jews, so long will there be a perpetuation of the negro and Jewish types; but the tenth generation adds nothing to the evidence of the first, nor the ten thousand to the tenth.

All that the fact implies is that during four thousand years there has been a concurrence of conditions which has been sufficient to preserve the descendants of Species and Races from alteration. It is far from proving that simultaneously with this uniformity there has been no diversity capable of producing new Races and new Species. Indeed, a slight consideration suffices to convince us that such diversity *has* existed, and that side by side with the persistent forms new forms have arisen. The testimony of Egyptian tombs is valuable as far as it reaches, but naturalists need only wander beyond the precincts of those tombs to find forms that have altered beside those that remain unaltered. Thus let us suppose an Egyptian king to have had one hundred dogs all of them staghounds, and no other kind of dog to have existed at that time. These staghounds would transmit to their offspring all their specific characters. But however much they resemble each other, they always present individual differences in size, colour, strength, intelligence, &c. Now if any one of these differences should become marked and increase by intermarriage, the principles of Natural Selection, or by the intentional interference of the Breeder, a new Race would be formed, and might be propagated side by side with the old one. From the original staghound, still propagated its kind, twenty well-marked varieties might be reared, each of which would transmit its type. When we find an Egyptian plough closely resembling the plough still used in other countries, we identify it as being of the same species; but we do not thereby disprove the fact that steam-ploughs and ploughs of very various forms have been constructed side by side with the old form, all the new forms being modifications of the original type.

The answer to the question, Why, if species are variable, have they not varied during four thousand years? is thus extremely simple. "Species," as a term designating a group of relat

not variable; but the parts related are variable; and when "Species" designates particular animals, we affirm that those animals which have been produced under similar conditions continue the type which has thence resulted, but those animals which have been produced under dissimilar conditions present corresponding variations from this type. There is one source of confusion which I shall more explicitly illustrate when treating of the relation between the Organism and its Medium; but as this would lead us too far from the course of our argument just now, I will merely say that by "conditions" we are not to understand geographical or climatal influences simply, or even mainly; but the whole group of conditions, external and internal, physical, organic, and social, which determine the result.

IV.

Passing now to the second question: Why are domesticated animals, if suffered to run wild, always found returning to the original type? This, which has been urged as a fatal objection against the hypothesis of Evolution, is, correctly interpreted, a necessary deduction from that hypothesis. I do not pause to discuss the validity of the statement itself, though Dr. Hooker and Mr. Darwin have pointed out the extremely imperfect evidence on which it is founded. I accept the argument as if there were no exaggeration in its data, and as if a domesticated animal suffered to run wild inevitably returned to the wild type; although, in the vast majority of cases, the animal would really perish, and instead of returning to the wild type would be supplanted by wild rivals, better suited to the medium. The argument fails even when its data are granted. Indeed, the very language of the objectors contains the terms of the answer. "Les variétés de plantes obtenues par le semis et les variétés d'animaux domestiques, loin d'être invoquées en faveur de la variabilité des espèces, sont, à mon sens, un puissant argument à l'appui de leur fixité." So speaks M. Chevreul; and we listen to such a master with attention. What is the argument? "Autrement," he says, "comment concevoir les difficultés que nous éprouvons à maintenir des modifications produites par la culture et le climat, ou par la domestication, lorsque nous les jugeons propre à satisfaire nos besoins ou nos jouissances? Dès que ces êtres modifiés cessent de se trouver dans les sphères des causes de modifications, celles-ci tendent à s'effacer."¹ What more could Mr. Darwin desire than the admission that modifications, produced by the action of certain causes, disappear with the cessation of that action? If a plant or an animal changes under changed conditions, why should we conclude that on restoring it to the old conditions it will not again change in obedience to the same law? We have removed it from the sphere of later modifying causes, and

(1) Chevreul, "Histoire des Connaissances Chimiques," 1866, i. 186.

replaced it in the sphere of causes to which it was previously adapted by old modifications. Do you wonder that a steel spring rebounds when the pressure on it is removed? Do you wonder that it resists pressure, and with every slackening of the pressure "tends" to return to the straight line from which you bend it? Why does it resist a rebound? Because of a certain arrangement of its molecules. If you somewhat alter that arrangement, this alteration will give a permanent bend to the steel, and then there will be no force needed, no return to the straight line, except by the application of force. It is the same with plants and animals. A given type is the adaptation of structure to external conditions; the parts are so arranged that the organism can exist and continue its functions in this particular medium, and like the straight steel wire it can, within certain limits, be bent on the application of changed conditions. Yet, inasmuch as its arrangement of parts is one which was best adapted to the straight condition, it continually resists the forces which bend it, and continually tends to recur to that state which is best adapted to its structure, and, consequently, no sooner are the ill-suited forces lessened or removed than we see a return to the original state. Every biologist knows that there is regressive, no less than progressive metamorphosis; that an organ diminishes from disuse as it increases from use. It should also be remembered that in the modifications impressed on plants and animals under domestication, there is, for the most part, a change which serves our fancy and convenience rather than the advantage of the organism in its struggle for existence; and such changes difficult to be induced are naturally difficult to be maintained, so that they readily disappear when the modifying influences are removed. But those changes, which although perhaps brought about to suit our convenience, do likewise give the organism some advantage by its adaptation to the external conditions, will not readily alter when the organism is left to run wild; if it then alters, the alteration will be owing to external influences, not owing to internal tendencies regaining their old direction. Consider an example. Von Baer¹ tells us that the zoologists of the sixteenth century expressly and unanimously declare that the guinea-pig was unknown in Europe before the discovery of America, yet that now the guinea-pig, as we know it, is only found in Europe. Our species is always variegated—black, brown, and white are its colours. The American is like it in size and form, but is always of a grey-brown colour. This, however, is a trifling difference. When we extend the comparison we find a wider gulf. The American loves damp places; the European perishes in them. The American supports cold which destroys the European. The American brings forth young

(1) Von Baer, "Das allgemeinste Gesetz der Natur in aller Entwicklung." his "Reden," 1864, p. 53.

only once a year; the European thrice. The changes in the osseous structure are not unimportant, but the change to which I would most call attention is that which, according to zoological dogmas, would constitute a generic difference—the American and European guinea-pigs will not couple together! Such have been the modifications consequent on three centuries of domestication. If we suppose our guinea-pig, which is well adapted to its medium, suddenly replaced in the medium of its ancestors, it would be so ill-adapted to that medium that it would inevitably perish; and if by a certain pliability of organisation it could readjust itself to the new condition, that readjustment would be through an approximation to the ancestral structure. Nothing can be more arbitrary than to assume modifying influences or external conditions in the case of domestication, and to deny a similar influence in the case of organisms removed to another sphere. “No one,” says Mr. Darwin, “would expect that our improved pigs, if forced during several generations to travel about and root in the ground for their own subsistence, would transmit, as truly as they now do, their tendency to fatten, and their short muzzles and legs. Dray-horses assuredly would not long transmit their great size and massive limbs if compelled to live on a cold, damp mountainous region; we have, indeed, evidence of such deterioration in the horses which have run wild on the Falkland Islands. European dogs in India often fail to transmit their true character. Our sheep in tropical countries lose their wool in a few generations.”

The tendency to recur to the ancestral form, a tendency noticeable even under domestication, is a fact of profound significance, but it is a simple consequence of biological laws, and is invoked by the advocates of Evolution not less than by the advocates on the other side. It has, therefore, no peculiar significance in the case now under examination. All we have to deal with here is the influence of external conditions in modifying an organism; and by a curious confusion of ideas, it is this very influence which is invoked to disprove an hypothesis founded on the possibilities of change under changing conditions.

V.

Respecting the third objection we have selected for discussion, namely, Why new species are not constantly appearing before our eyes, or why there is no evidence of such appearances in the existence of intermediate forms? it cannot conveniently be treated until we have treated of the way in which new forms arise; and for this discussion it will be necessary to expound certain biological principles. This I shall attempt in the second part. Meanwhile, if there were greater force in the objection than can be assigned to it, we should only regard it as a difficulty to be explained by future research, or to be interpreted on another form of the Development Hypothesis,

not as a refutation of that hypothesis. Indeed, we must protest against the frequent assumption that Darwinism is disproved because it fails to account for all the phenomena: if it interprets truly some of the phenomena, it is valuable as a colligation of facts; if it interpreted all of them it would cease to be an hypothesis. Observe, moreover, that writers who are most contemptuous against this hypothesis because it fails—or they think so—to explain some phenomena, urge us to accept the hypothesis of creative fiat, or Divine Ideas, which absolutely explain none. They reject an attempt to trace some of the intermediate steps by following the actual processes of evolution as far as these are known to us, and prefer relying on a vague phrase, which is only a restatement of the fact to be explained, and which suggests a process altogether inconceivable by the human mind.

At any rate, we have reached one result: Animals are variable. The extent to which this variability may be carried under any given Type is fairly a question; but we should remember that a Type is not a thing, but a relation: it is the arrangement of the parts which remains constant under a diversity in the size, shape, and number of those parts. The Vertebrate Type embraces all those animals which have an internal skeleton, and a neural axis above the hæmal axis. What amazing diversities it includes! Let us glance at its extreme limits—man and fish. Though both breathe air, one lives in the air and dies in the water; the other lives in the water and dies in the air. One breathes by lungs, the air entering through the nose as well as through the mouth; the other breathes by gills, the air entering only through the mouth. One is vocal, the other silent; one has limbs, the other none. One has four hearts, with double circulation and red blood corpuscles; the other two hearts, and single circulation (the *Amphioxus* has properly no heart, nor any red blood). Not only is the Vertebrate Type a purely ideal construction, representing the affinities of a large group, but it is varied in subordinate groups—mammals, marsupials, birds, reptiles, fishes; each group again having groups subordinated to it, and so on till we come to the group of Varieties, from which there are minor divergences not considered worthy of classification. “There are crustaceans,” as Mr Darwin notices, “at the opposite ends of the series which have hardly a character in common; yet the species at both ends, from being plainly allied to others, and these to others, and so onwards, can be recognised as unequivocally belonging to this, and to no other class of the Articulata.” How fluctuating therefore must be the crustacean Type!

To return to our point: something is gained when the discussion of variability is disengaged from the misleading conception of Type and Species, and is reduced to the question of how far individ-

forms can vary, and how far the accumulation of slight variations through successive generations may originate specific and generic distinctions. Naturalists, unable to deny the obvious fact of variation, have evaded the conclusion to which it points by boldly asserting that the variation is always confined to unimportant characters. It is not true, and Mr. Darwin has abundantly shown that it is not true. All organs vary. When naturalists assert—and no argument is more frequently used—that by Selection we have acted solely on the exterior, without in any respect altering the internal and essential parts (“sans en changer en rien la constitution essentielle et profonde”),¹ the assertion is in one sense true, in another false; and the sense in which it is true does not oppose the Evolution hypothesis, whereas the sense in which it is false is an argument that upsets the hypothesis of fixed species. Thus it is true that the modification, which can be impressed on an individual, or on a succession of individuals, during a brief period are necessarily slight (and at first usually external), the laws of Adaptation rendering them so; but Mr. Darwin has nowhere intimated that the case was otherwise; indeed, his constant iteration of the principle that variations are slowly accumulated, ought to have prevented his adversaries from overlooking it—ought to have convinced them that the objection was beside the question. But while there is a sense in which it is true to say that the modifications are always slight, it is absurd to pretend that when these cumulate into striking alterations in the skeleton, alterations in the mode of alimentation, alteration in the modes of reproduction, alteration in the habits and instincts—of which there is overwhelming evidence—these are not essential alterations such as establish distinctions meriting the name of specific, nay also of generic. In his last work Mr. Darwin gives pictures of different breeds of pigeon, and, above all, of their skulls, which every naturalist would class as belonging to different species and genera, if he were unacquainted with their origin; but, being acquainted with their origin, he regards these diversities as proofs of “organic flexibility,” and the trifling variations which species may assume. “If we could collect,” says Mr. Darwin, “all the pigeons which have ever lived from before the time of the Romans to the present day, we should be able to group them in several lines, diverging from the parent rock pigeon. Each line would consist of almost insensible steps, occasionally broken by some slightly greater variation or sport, and each would culminate in one of our present highly modified forms.” No less than one hundred and fifty distinct breeds have descended from one original stock, and these, if found in a state of nature, would have been grouped in at least five genera.

Resuming in a sentence the arguments which these pages have set

(1) Faivre, *op. cit.* p. 83.

forth, we admit the fact that specific forms are persistent, but deny that this fact has the slightest value as evidence against the evolution of new specific forms through modification ; and affirm that embryology furnishes the plainest testimony that such evolutions do take place. Species, except as a subjective classification of resemblance has no existence. Only individuals with variable resemblance exist ; and as these individuals propagate, the propagation is necessarily a reproduction of the parent type. But while the law of reproduction secures a continuance of the species, it also secures a continuance of any variations from the parent form which may have been produced by incident forces sufficiently prolonged ; and the variations may form the starting-points of divergence, from which at some time a new species will result.

Although this is a process by which all organic diversities may have been evolved, we are not obliged to accept it as more than a partial explanation of the way in which many of them have been evolved. Natural Selection, although a true cause, is, I think, only one of the many causes of diversity. There are many points which it leaves obscure and Mr. Darwin, with that noble calmness which distinguishes him, admits the numerous difficulties. Whether these will hereafter be cleared away by an improvement in the Geological Record, now confessedly imperfect, or by more exhaustive exploration of distant countries, none can say ; but, to my mind, the probability is that we shall have to seek our explanation by enlarging the hypothesis of Natural Selection, subordinating it to the laws of Organic Combination. It does not seem to me, at present, warrantable to assume Descent as the sole principle of morphological uniformities ; there are many other grounds of resemblance beyond those of blood-relationship ; and these have apparently been overlooked ; yet a brief consideration will disclose that similarity in the laws and conditions of Organic Combination must produce similarity in organisms, independently of blood-relationship, just as similarity in the laws and conditions of inorganic combination will produce identity in chemical species. We do not suppose the carbonates and phosphates found in various parts of the globe—we do not suppose that the families of alkaloids and salts have any nearer kinship than that which consists in the similarity of the elements and the conditions of their combination. Hence, in organisms, as in salts, morphological identity may be due to a community of causal connection, rather than community of descent. Mr. Darwin justly holds it to be “incredible that individuals identically the same should have been produced through natural selection from parents *specifically distinct*,” but he will not deny that identical forms may issue from parents *genetically distinct*, when these parent forms are the conditions of production are identical. To deny this would be to deny the law of causation. And that which is true of identical forms

under identical conditions is true of similar forms under similar conditions. When History and Ethnology reveal a striking uniformity in the progression of social phases, we do not thence conclude that the nations are directly related, or that the social forms have a common parentage, but that the social phases are alike because they have common causes. When chemists point out the uniformity of type which exists in compounds so diverse in many of their properties as water and sulphuretted or selenetted hydrogen, and declare phosphoretted hydrogen to be the congener of ammonia, they do not mean that the one is descended from the other, or that any closer link connects them than that of resemblance in their elements.

In the case of vegetal and animal organisms, we observe such a community of elementary substance as of itself to imply a community in their laws of combination, and under similar conditions the resulting forms must be similar. With this community of elementary substance, there are also diversities of substance and of conditions; corresponding with these diversities, there must be differences of form. Thus, although observation reveals that the bond of kinship does really unite many widely divergent forms, and the principle of Descent with Natural Selection will account for many of the resemblances and differences, there is at present no warrant for assuming that all resemblances and differences are due to this one cause, but, on the contrary, we are justified in assuming a deeper principle, which may be thus formulated: All the complex organisms are evolved from organisms less complex, as these were evolved from simpler forms; the link which unites all organisms is not always the common bond of heritage, but the uniformity of organic laws acting under uniform conditions.

It is therefore consistent with the hypothesis of Evolution to admit a variety of origins or starting-points, though not consistent to admit the sudden appearance of complex Types, such as is implied in the hypothesis of specific creations. I must reserve, however, for the second part of this essay, the grounds on which such a position may be defended.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THE TRANSIT OF POWER.

WHEN, after many strange turns of fortune, the Bourbons were borne back to power by the recoil of the revolutionary wave, the astute Talleyrand put into the mouth of his master the reassuring *mot*: "Rien n'est changé. Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus." So when the tumult of the Reform tempest was abating, one heard, as it were, our modern Talleyrand, with courtly yet superior smiles, "educating" his party to repeat, "Rien n'est changé. Il n'y a qu'un million (*i.e.* electors, sovereign people, &c.,) de plus."

There is much food for sad mirth when we watch the discord of opinion which the new Reform has stirred amongst the wisest of our public guides. "It is a fleabite," cried the jaunty Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom £800,000,000 sterling of debt or a few millions of electors have no longer any illusions. "We have only made the existing majority a little bigger," growled the heir-apparent of Conservatism, with his incorrigible good sense. "Ah! Middle Class! Middle Class! so good, so great, so unselfish!" wailed out like Cassandra the great soul of Mr. Lowe; "educate, educate this sovereign mob and at least soften the ferocity of our new masters." "Traitor! Go!" will yet save the Throne and the Altar!" muttered the *Quarterly* in its wrath, mingling prayers with curses. "Niagara! Beales and ragamuffins! Pit of Tophet! and Chaos-come-again!" shrieked forth that old prophet—old prophet now grown unpleasingly shrill and indeed, unpleasingly rude—not at all "the politest of men."¹ And even Culture, like the dying swan, hath sung a gentle dirge, and smoothing her ruffled plumes with conscious art, awaits the crack of Anarchy and Doom. "See," wails that transcendent bird, "this *sacrilège canaille* wants to be up and doing. Adieu authority, philosophy, criticism, and art! Farewell the grand manner, the air of distinction—great Style is dead!"

Which of all these is the truth? Is it nothing, or is it the Deluge? Is it a party manœuvre, or is it the grand climacteric of the British Constitution? This question it is now proposed to consider apart from the conventional dogmas of party. Let us rid our minds for space of the cant of journalism and Parliament about representation and party, and ask ourselves quietly, What does it really mean? The wonderful contradictions between our public authorities as to the results of the Act are made still more wonderful by the fact that the

(1) Few things in this controversy have been more foolish and unjust than the coarse abuse of a true-hearted and cultivated gentleman who sympathises with the people, who has done more than any living man to keep popular excitement within constitutional and out of revolutionary lines. The people even in this country have never had a more honourable, a more gentle, and a more educated leader. He is as much above his assailants in knowledge and moderation as he is in chivalry of nature.

are all contradicting themselves. It is Toryism which is so triumphant over a Radical change, and Liberalism which is dismayed at the fulfilment of its dearest hopes. The men who should be the first to suffer by the change are the least alarmed, and those who have got their desires are the most dissatisfied. The performers have all changed parts, so that we hardly recognise our oldest favourites. The position of the author of the Act, which has enabled him to "ruin the country," he originally obtained by the belief that he was the one man who could avert that ruin. Most persons think that the old prophet has been rather slow to recognise his *ἀπίστος*, and has done a good deal in his time to bring him into contempt; and it is a quaint conceit of Culture to restore Authority by majestic patronage of the unenlightened "Barbarian." The noble savage has a chance yet, it appears.

Let us try calmly to consider the actual political situation. It will be quite unnecessary to enter into calculations as to the effect of the new Reform in towns or counties, the mysteries of personal rating, and the minority conundrum. The Coppocks and Spofforths who work the stage tricks and sub-scenic trap-doors of the British Constitution are the only people who know anything about it, and even they do not know much, because, after all, electors are not bricks and mortar, and it is more difficult to calculate householders than to calculate houses. It is quite certain that a very large addition has been made to the constituencies, all from the wages-receiving class, which, with those previously on the roll, will give that class a clear numerical majority; or if well-informed persons insist that the small householders will not obtain a place on the register, this is, after all, a question of time and a matter of detail. Whether the new Reform is to give us half a million or a million of new electors, whether it is to come into practical operation in '69 or in '79, is a question of minor importance. The important matter is that, in the political balance, the working classes are legally in possession of a great *numerical* preponderance.

The point to consider is, what does this imply? Because nothing is so certain a test of ignorance as to confound in politics numerical with practical force. In problems of pure mechanics it is usual to eliminate the question of friction; in political and social problems it frequently counts for from 50 to 90 per cent. What must be allowed for friction in the working of the new electoral machine?

Let us take the various items of the problem in turn, duly setting down *pro* and *con*. There can be no doubt that working men are not likely to arrive instantaneously at the mysteries of the sixty-one clauses and seven schedules of the Act which the House of Commons found it so hard to follow, and crowds of potential electors will not come into the register at all. This, however, is a question of time and of party organisation alone. As soon as the working of the Act is properly

understood, and when any adequate object is open as the prize of electioneering energy, the new engine will be exerted to its highest pressure. If the strength of the old ramparts lies only in the chance that the invaders may overlook the breach, the impregnability of the fortress can hardly be looked upon as permanent.

But the real question is, how will the new electors act when they get to the poll, for thither by a short course or a long course they will infallibly come at last? To suppose that the chosen representatives of the new constituencies will be the mechanical reflex of their individual minds would be gratuitous pedantry. It never has been so, and it never will be. Elections are decided, not by numbers, but by forces; they are won like battles by strokes of fortune and energy, not like competitive examinations by the mere summation of marks. It would be more true to say that members are returned by spontaneous and variable groups or knots of men, over which the constituency, as a whole, has at most the right of veto. It is so wherever the opinion of a body of men takes shape, whether as the audience of a theatre, as the panel in a jury-box, or as guests at a dinner-table. We see one or two energetic natures or social superiorities modified by accident, misconception, or intrigue, determine the result. Men never meet together anywhere, Convocation always excepted, without deciding like an organic whole, and not like an aggregate of atoms. And perhaps no single member of the House of Commons, unless it be Sir W. Heathcote, truly reflects the average mind of those who elect him. It would need a book to trace the modes in which these forces act. Now power, now prestige, discipline, enthusiasm, wealth, loyalty, luck, and stupidity from time to time carry their man under favourable conditions. But of all these, except the last, the most constant influence after all is that form of power which is the necessary attribute of wealth when it has wide ramifications, and holds numbers of men in its grasp.

If these forces have always moved the decisions of masses of men, and if the most permanent of these forces be the power of wealth, what earthly cause will prevent their continuing to operate hereafter? The Reform Bill has abolished the famous compounder, but it has not abolished human nature. Wealth and its public influence will always be felt in any society, and it is quite right that it should be so. How much more in a social system so complex and well knit as ours? Every one who has looked attentively into the prospects of at least the forthcoming elections sees how very strong wealth and rank are certain to prove. So long as it is at all fair sailing, the bulk of the men who sit in St. Stephen's will be the same hearty and sensible gentlemen who now give the tone to that distinguished Club. And so long as that is the case, the pit of Tophet and Chaos-come-again will be adjourned, at any rate, till this day six months.

Then there is what in the language of the day is called the

residuum. No doubt at all that a large number of the possible new electors are at present much below the intelligence of the average town workman, and may be moved by corruption, coercion, or ostentation. Perhaps for one election or so it will be found that the Bill has rather widened than diminished the area of bribery; and it is far from impossible that by their energy, lavish expenditure, and the personal popularity of many Tories of wealth or rank, a Conservative majority may be seated in '69. Watch the strength of the party even in the great northern towns, in Leeds, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Study the history of the last election at that model people's borough of Bradford. Reflect on that strange partisanship of visible power which the untaught poor so readily put on—half schoolboy, half-menial, as when a crowd on a racecourse cheers the colours of a popular nobleman.

So far *pro* the theory that things are not much changed by the Bill. There is, however, something to be said *per contra*. The great fact of the new franchise is this,—one which has been too persistently ignored. The class admitted essentially differ in kind from the old. The old constituencies stopping short below the small shopkeepers, just took in the classes who form a recognised part of the social body from the capitalist point of view. They all had, and they were there by virtue of having, at least some small amount of realised wealth. They all employed some others. They all belonged to the officer class of the social army, even though the bulk were only sergeants or corporals. They all had a native veneration for property, and all the notions, superstitious or rational, which our social history has accumulated round that idea. You could not point the moral of a duke's deer-forest without making the cheesemonger wince.

All this is changed now in the constituencies. There is now not only a large number, but a great majority of the electors who have no property at all. Many of them have not half-a-crown on a Saturday morning. They are simply full privates in the rank and file, and not even corporals. They employ no one, but are all employed by others. They never have been admitted as full members of the responsible part of society. The theory has been, that the State took care of them; not that they took care of the State. They would talk over the duke's deer-forest upon general principles, as they might discuss Divine Right or the feudal system, without any sense of profanity or indecorum in handling such a delicate topic. It is a wild calumny in those who pretend that the working classes are hostile to the institution of property, or will destroy it the moment they obtain the power. They have a deep and healthy respect for it in itself—indeed, a truer and nobler sense of its functions than any other class, for they recognise its duties. But the gross superstition in which its worship is surrounded here

they do not share, that superstition which Mr. Mill so justly finds to be barely intelligible. They venerate property; but they venerate still more social well-being, of which it is the creature and the instrument. They have never been reared in that fierce, jealous, absorbing, and blind devotion to property, in all its accidents and phases, as a holy and ineffable mystery, such as we find it in those who have breathed from childhood the aristocratic or commercial atmosphere of this island. They have not been nursed from their cradle in the ever-present sense of its beneficent mercies. To acquire the true British dogged instinct of property you must be, as it were, "the manner born."

As it is with property, so is it with the other grand pillars of our social system. The working classes have a real regard for our Queen; but, as an institution, the monarchy is to them a fact, not a dispensation. They are not disaffected towards the Constitution, but they have no vital and saving faith in it, and they never will have. They accept the *status quo*, and that is the end of it. The Church and the rest in the same manner. The beautiful mechanism of our glorious Constitution; the subtler mysteries of our administrative and parliamentary organism; the wheels within wheels of self-government, which our cheesemonger feels down to the sacred independence of his own weights and measures; the grand ideal of the parish; the knotted torso of our colossal law; and all that which culminates in the jury-box of our Saxon ancestors,—these are venerable things which he half-admires and half-wonders at, like the objects of antiquity in the British Museum, understanding here as there. They are things which he has never been called upon practically to work, and of which he has never in person realised the blessings. Thus he has none of our cheesemonger's abiding sense of personal interest in the "system." He accepts the system, but is not of it. The "system," if you come to argue it, is with him an open question.

Now the want of a very definite enthusiasm for the British constitution would not be of any singular importance if the moral and intellectual tone of the new electors was at all the same as that of the old. But it is utterly unlike it. There is no greater break in our class hierarchy than that between the lowest of the propertied classes and the highest of the non-propertied classes. In all that makes political force, in breadth of view, in power of combination, in social spirit, and in loyalty to their leaders, the latter are immeasurably superior. It is just this immense difference in moral qualities between the two which men persist in forgetting. The trader, whatever his rank in his own class, by the conditions of his life is absorbed in petty economic details, is harassed by the anxieties of traffic, trained to ceaseless competition, jealous, cautious, self-contained, and intensely and narrowly practical. These are

the qualities which make the fortunes, but unmake the politician. What helpless puppets in Parliament are those keen men of business, whose wary genius has amassed fortunes ! What a spectacle of mean stupidity is the typical cheesemonger crowing on his own vestry ! The workman, whatever his rank in his own order, is just the reverse, —imprudent, generous, social, and imaginative. The only occupation for his brain is the study of public questions ; his only strength is in combination ; his ignorance of all the instincts and habits of business makes him prone to visions, Utopias, doctrines ; whilst his moral nature having no true opening except in domestic and social feeling, his whole strength is given to unreflective and unsystematised ideas. Half the bitterness with which the battle of Unionism rages between the employing and employed classes is due to the fact that the workman cannot conceive men seriously choosing to live under the system of competition, and the capitalist cannot conceive men honestly preferring the rule of combination. Both systems and both these characters have their great merits, and both are indispensable to the welfare of society. But political vigour belongs to the social, and not to the individual type.

The workmen of course have their special failings, looseness of thought, credulity, ignorance, and a *naïf* readiness to settle things offhand which makes thoughtful men shudder. These would make them very bad administrators or senators, no doubt. But they are not exactly political weaknesses. On the contrary, they just lead them to that temper of enthusiasm, energy, and faith in themselves which make a set of men formidable. The result is that they are fired by ideas to a degree that no other class in the community are ; and then they act with a decision which is startling to men accustomed to the intricacies of business. In place of that stony impenetrability to mere doctrines which marks the whole business class, the workmen have an overabundant proneness to them. It is the fashion to talk of the English impatience of mere ideas, and this phrase is just an instance of this stony impenetrability itself. It is the mark of the governing classes and the commercial classes proper, and of them alone. The great English brains, the poets, the thinkers, and the moralists are pre-eminently gifted with ideas, and the bulk of the English people have at least their fair share. The typical wooden "practical" man represents only about a tenth of our people,—just the classes which have been saturated with Constitutionalism and Protestantism. The brains and the hands are perfectly free both from cause and effect. When the practical Englishman stumbles against what he concludes is an idea, he at once cries out that it is a French importation, just as the *Times* denounces *amorcellement* (*sic*) if any one speaks of the land. The capacity for political ideas is not French, it is only democratic. We call it French because the democracy in

France is more in the ascendant than here. But it belongs to the democracy of Europe, and to the English as much as to any.

The English democracy, in fact, are acutely susceptible of ideas indeed, are the only large class in England who are—and capable heartily combining to carry those ideas into practical result. But it is not merely a capacity for ideas: it is a capacity for generous sentiments which marks their aim. The ideas which dominate them are ideas of social good, of a higher order of life, of mutual help, not always wise, but usually vigorous. Along with this is a spontaneous tendency for combination, organisation, and adhesion to leaders,—a quality eminently un-English, if nothing is English but what is middle class—but eminently English, if it is possible to be at once English and republican. In spite of all the merriment which it may occasion to some sprightly persons, I deliberately repeat that the upper orders and the workmen possess higher and stronger social capabilities than any other class. This is not identical with political wisdom, but it is identical with political force. This is really a matter on which mere literary criticism can give us nothing but *bons mots*. Those only who have been known in personal friendship the better as well as the average men of this order can fairly estimate their value. The conditions of public agitation in England are unusually dangerous to the prominent agitators of all classes, and the working class, like the rest, would suffer unjustly, if judged by all those who profess to speak in their name. It is usual, moreover, to forget how completely the artificial training of the educated public imposes a conventional restraint and manner on all that they do, and that uneducated workmen are wholly unskilled in the art of casting a plausible veil over their weaknesses. The jealousies, the vanity, the intrigues to which statesmen give high constitutional names, are seen in the people in their crude and naked deformity. Nothing but long habit and study can enable us truly to estimate a class which society regards in effect as something like another nation or race. And opinions not based on such knowledge are epigrams, but they are not evidence.

It is this proneness to general ideas, this instinct of falling in with discipline, and active sympathy with leaders, which marks off the workman so distinctly from the shopkeeper. They differ more completely than men in the same nation living side by side often. Consider the intense enthusiasm which men like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Mill awaken in the mind of the working class. It may give them some day a force before which the vestries will wither up like tow. The writer was the other day exploring a coal mine, and chancing to ask some grimy bare colliers, hewing away in the dim air, in what part of the workings we were, they told him with some pride that they called it the "Mill End," after a member for Westminster. A trifle this, but a matter for thought.

that those rough hewers, groping all their night of days in those choking cells of coal could be thinking of the author of a "System of Logic" and of the pamphlet on the Condition of Ireland.

Again, the argument respecting the *residuum* must not be pushed too far. No doubt the lower strata of the new constituencies, chiefly in the small boroughs, have very dubious political virtues, and may for one or two elections prove very tractable indeed. But what a fool's paradise to trust in as a permanence! As the small constituencies are disfranchised, and the growth of education advances, and the power of the working class becomes consolidated, it is inevitable that workmen of all classes will more or less amalgamate. In ordinary times there would be much to keep them distinct. Great is beer, especially seductive whilst men are tolerably comfortable and have bread to eat with the beer. But let us see a great national panic or passion; wait till some fixed idea seizes on the popular mind like a religion, and where will the power of beer be then?

The desperate attempt of the opponents of Unionism to stir up the lower strata of workmen against the higher has proved a complete failure. It is very well for the governing classes to rely on the residuum now, but what will it be when the people are violently aroused—the time when you really want your residuum? King Bomba relied on his residuum—the lazzaroni of Naples; and they did him good service before the earth began to rock beneath him. But on which side were the lazzaroni when Garibaldi came?

This being true of the new electors, the old ways of managing constituencies must be somewhat revised. All the old influences of self-interest, habit, prestige, great as they will be, will not carry the weight they have hitherto done. The governing classes will have to learn a new style of governing. In stepping from the wages-giving to the wages-receiving class, they have passed into a new moral and social atmosphere. The old principles of human nature and our social order will be the same, but the system will be essentially modified, and subject to very new and remarkable impulses.

In fact, the change which has been made is one which, from its nature, cannot be immediately tested. It is not that a great revolution has been effected, but that great possibilities of revolution have. Until the fountains of the great deep are opened, all will remain very much as before. Power and wealth will control elections; the rich governing class will furnish nineteen-twentieths of the members. The corrupt boroughs, the bribery system, the nominee system, the jobbing system will perish hard and slowly. Rank will exert its time-honoured spell, petty interests will divide constituencies as of old, and Beer will be king time and again. The Millennium that the Radical hails, the Chaos that the Tory dreads, are alike the creation of delusion or of panic. The whole thing is in embryo as

yet. The workmen are capable of great transforming ideas, it true ; but the ideas are not forthcoming—they have yet to be framed or at least to be promulgated. They have a great sense of adhesion to their chiefs ; but great revolutionary chiefs are in their cradles or at school. The workmen have a native instinct for vigorous action. But the social force of Conservatism is at present quite paramount. Hence, with ideas still incoherent and unset, without immediate leaders of any genius, and a dense phalanx of material opposition before them, the new electors are certainly not likely to sweep the board ; and to all appearance we may say that nothing has changed, but that there are a million of new electors, more or less—nothing, that is to say, on the surface.

Has nothing, then, been done? and have the rhetoric and the vigils of so many sessions been in vain? Yes! an immense work has been done. By transposing the legal balance of power from the wages-paying to the wages-earning class, a great *moral* change has been effected. The new power will slowly consolidate and feel its strength, and will be long in doing so. But in the meantime the barriers and outworks which fenced about the arcana of State are gone. The veil of the temple (reared by the Whigs in '88) has been rent asunder, and priests, acolytes, and worshippers are mingled together in a mass. The elaborate system of checks and counter-checks by which the great and good men who have governed for two centuries kept public opinion at bay is all gone, at least in strictness of law. Through what a jungle of public meetings, of deputations, of parliamentary resolutions, of press eloquence, of battling in committees, and lobbying of members did it need to pass a single acknowledged reform into law! Now, as by law ordained, the people have only really to wish a thing done, and to mean to have it done, and it will be done. They are not likely to attempt it, but the process is infinitely simplified if they can. The old British Constitution, as invented by the saviours of society at that great and glorious era, resembled nothing in the world so much as the famous automaton chessman. In that ingenious toy the amazed spectator was shown a multitude of wheels, cranks, and pulleys, saw the clockwork elaborately wound up, and heard it move with a strange and rumbling sound. The pieces, we know, were all the time really worked by a concealed player behind, who viewed the board through the sleeve of the figure, behind which sleeve he not only occasionally laughed at his dupes. Mr. Disraeli now, who loves surprise, has simply opened the doors, discarded the clockwork, and shown us the man. The wheels and the pulleys are not needed now—we shall hear no more that strange and rumbling sound ; we see the man, and we sit down to play a simple game of chess—king, bishop, knight, and pawn—and no legerdemain for the future.

To sum up then the various features of this great change, we may say that they are indirect, not direct; future, not immediate; latent, not on the surface. In a word, it is a *moral* change; a new power, a new tone, new possibilities exist. The old class of men, or men very like them, for the present will continue to sit in the House, but under very different conditions, and with an altered sense of responsibility. When the legal supremacy in the State is vested in an order of men in whom, at least, is latent motive power so vast—men craving for something to be done, capable of blazing up some day if they find nothing done—perhaps something will be done. The victorious soldiers of Cæsar are no longer on the Rhine or the Rhone, separated by half a continent from a majestic senate at home. They have not burst in upon the State, but they stand beside the Rubicon, whilst our conscript fathers anxiously deliberate in the Capitol. O, conscript fathers, be wise in time, for there is little to keep them from crossing that historic stream!

Having thus tried to weigh the force of the new element which has been brought in, let us turn to the condition of the old elements which remain. For it will be of small consequence that the invading force is strong, if the defending retains undiminished strength. But does it? It is impossible to get over the impression that the Great Surrender of last year has in it the character of panic. Explain it as men will, there was the air of irresolution, distrust, and disorganisation about it which marks a retreat. Now in a retreat it is the first league backwards which is decisive, and is never taken till all *morale* is gone. The trumpets of the besiegers gave no sound so overwhelming—indeed, many thought it somewhat discordant and thin—and lo! the walls of Jericho fell, to the astonishment equally of those within and those without. A party which thus “turns its back upon itself” with no adequate motive, and with every appearance of not intending to do so, has given fatal symptoms of deep-seated weakness within.

It is a very striking, and from any point of view a very ominous, fact, how feeble the various forms of authority are growing in this country. Ministers, Governments, Parliaments, parties, all yield to a mere push, squeeze with a slight pressure, collapse mysteriously without warning. A ministry now dare hardly bring in a bill to touch a corporation. If the corporation struggles, a cabinet trembles down to its subordinates, and yields, procrastinates, or compromises. Governments are plainly unable to keep a mob in check, and are afraid to try unless they have twenty thousand shopkeepers as special constables to back them. The whole House of Commons dares not face a committee of indignant pork-butchers. A cabinet minister has a poor chance with a vestryman. And a gas company can flout

King, Lords, and Commons. The very principle of authority for good ends as well as bad has been put to scorn by the weakness of men in authority. They do not believe in themselves, and they do not believe in each other.

Now the serious side of the loss of *prestige* to authority is that in this country it is practically denuded of real power. The Emperor of Russia might very safely inaugurate universal suffrage; and the Emperor of the French can hold his own in spite of it. The master of eighty legions has always his material strength to fall back on, if he gets the worst of an election or a debate. A centralised bureaucratic system gives a great resisting force to the hand that commands the Executive. Our Executive has nothing to fall back upon. There are practically no reserves. The few bayonets and sabres here and there are perfectly powerless before the masses, if the people really took it into their heads to move; beside which, it is an instrument that they dare not in practice rely on. A few redcoats may be called on to suppress a vulgar riot; but the first blood of the people shed by troops in a really popular cause would, as we all know, make the Briton boil in a very ugly manner. There are only the police, hardly a match for the "roughs," as we know to our cost. The Government would be mad which seriously attempted to face an angry people on the strength of seven thousand police staves. It was very easy to abuse an unlucky set of ministers about Hyde Park. But what were they to do? To have used the army would have been the end of the British constitution. There were seven thousand policemen, but what are they among so many? The Executive in this country has absolutely nothing to fall back upon but the special constable, the moral support of the cheesemonger and the pork-butcher. Real and powerful so long as the pork-butcher is in good humour. But wait till the windows of the pork-shop are being smashed, and all about a quarrel to keep you in office, and you will see the ungrateful pork-butcher turn and rend you like one of his own herd.

Executive system (if system it can be called) is in this country so utterly disjointed and weak that its material forces in resistance are almost nothing. Property has, no doubt, an enormous social and moral *vis inertiae*. But Government, as such, has singularly small material forces. Our greatest soldier in this age saw it perfectly, and so did Lord Derby last year. The fact is that our political organism of the constitutional type was based on a totally different theory from that of force at all. The governing classes never pretended to rely on force. They trusted to maintain their supremacy by their social power, and their skill in working the machine. Local self-government, representation of the people, civil liberty, was all the cry, until at last the tone of English public life became saturated with ideas of rule by consent, and not by force. *V*

cellent theories—but you must abide by them, and never dream of force, for you have cut yourself off from the right to appeal to it. The least suggestion of force puts the governing classes in an outrageously false position, and arrays against them all the noble sentiments of liberty on which they based their own title to rule. Hub blusterers jeering at trades' unionists in Pall Mall may talk about grapeshot and dragoons, but men with heads on their shoulders know that an appeal to force would be the end of English society; and what is even more to the purpose, that there is no force to appeal to. Hence it comes that so many proud fortresses of Conservatism have been surrendered at discretion by commanders who felt with a pang that their magazines were absolutely empty. During the American war the Northern armies were long kept at bay by some tremendous earthworks bristling with cannon. One night the trenches were silently evacuated, and the terrible pieces were found to be painted wood. So for years the governing classes had kept Democracy at bay behind some imposing ramparts. But one day the Reform League discovered that they were mounted with canvas and logs.

So that however feeble the forces of progress may be, they can hardly be feebler than those of Conservatism. But this feebleness in material strength is nothing to the feebleness of motive principles and ideas. In the days of Burke or Pitt, nay, of Castlereagh and Canning, there was a potent and deep enthusiasm for the system as a whole, and a real faith of its resting on truth and reason. Who has any enthusiasm for the system now? A few clever men find their account in defending it with purely professional zeal. But as a rule the men of brain are heartily weary and ashamed of it. In fact, the intellectual class is cordially disaffected. They despise the whole apparatus, they dislike it intensely, and they resent its thrall. The constitutional, Protestant, mercantile imposture they can in their hearts endure no more. The religion of Parliament, Bible, and Free Trade has degenerated into a self-seeking cant. They feel in how many things this system falls short of much that is seen in every continental system, how much more it falls short of any decent ideal. It is this stony impenetrability to ideas, of which the British middle class have made a sort of gospel, and in which the aristocratic class (who ought to know better) please to encourage them, that so revolts a man of any cultivation and a grain of imagination. Where is such an one to be found, not absolutely absorbed in politics or business, who is not visibly mocking at the whole apparatus in his heart? A lively writer of this class has opportunely transplanted the German name of Philistine. This happily describes that insurrection of the brain against the official and mercantile thrall which has driven those who believe in the force of ideas into closer sympathy with the people.

If there be anything in this, it is clear that the rule of this

country will have shortly to be carried on under very altered conditions. There is nothing to drive any one into a paroxysm of alarm. It would be most unreasonable to accuse the present or any other writer who tries to examine the facts as they are, of incendiar designs. We do not create this state of things ; we only point to its consequences. The form and the organ in which these remarks are offered plainly exclude any appeal to popular passions. This is obviously not the language of demagoguism, but of criticism. The fact remains. The Government of this country has hereafter to be carried on under new conditions.

Now let us cast our eyes back for a few generations over the history of our actual parliamentary Government. In form and in name since the "great and glorious" era, the elected representatives of the nation have ruled this country. But no man in his senses really believes that a motley crowd of 658 (or whatever else be now the magical number) have really *governed* anything. The grand commercial and colonial development of the last century, the Indian empire, the tremendous duel with the French Revolution, the great Liberal policy which culminated in free trade, were not carried out by an executive mob. Practically the governing class, a true aristocracy, possessed the entire control over Parliament and the executive machine. Like every other aristocracy with any life in it, they followed the great houses, and the great houses put forward and supported capable administrators. The Government accordingly was really and essentially an aristocracy ; not in itself the highest type of government, as this was far from being the purest type of an aristocracy, but still a form of government quite capable of ruling a great country's destinies with some initiative and some vigour ; and if with no great foresight, at least without collapse.

But of late the popular element admitted to Parliament by the Reform of 1832 has been steadily growing in extent, until their effective hold over Parliament and the Executive has almost slipped from the governing class. England is now hardly an aristocracy except socially, and for purposes of resistance. Politically, the governing class hold office, but they do not rule. What they did to the monarchy has been done to them. They reign, but do not govern. They can prevent anything being done, but they cannot do anything. Their power of initiation is reduced to a minimum ; their power of compulsion to zero. It has gone so far that they forswear as an odious imputation the suggestion of ever dreaming to initiate anything or compel anybody, and real government implies initiative as well as compulsion. Hence a House of Commons and a Government which talk, and cozen, and procrastinate, and compromise, and smother everything in turn. In fact, under the constitutional régime, government was only possible because the practice did not correspond

with the theory ; and now they have changed it so that the practice must ultimately correspond with the theory.

Unluckily, however, this silent crumbling of the governmental edifice (as raised by the great and good men of '88) occurs just at the very epoch when a vigorous working machine is particularly needed. Direct parliamentary government is a magnificent institution in its own sphere. There are many things which it can effect in a very spirited way. The removal of ancient feudal abuses, the redress of sanguinary or effete laws, the abolition of monopolies, the *destructive* and equalising process of government, it can very properly undertake. The great and legitimate triumphs of parliamentary government have been all of this class. The conduct of commercial wars, imperial aggrandisement, the reform of our murderous code, the greater equalisation of taxation, the abolition of slavery, intolerance, and protection, are all works of this negative kind.

The tasks set to this age are very different. We have now to face the *constructive* problems of government, the remedial process of rule—problems of curious difficulty, impossible to anything but concentration and genius. Now these are just the questions for which direct parliamentary action is extraordinarily unfit. Our social and industrial system, under the expansion which followed the removal of its fetters, has thrown out new and appalling forms of misery, strife, and anarchy. There grows, festers, and reproduces itself that dismal pauper population, filling half counties, quarters of cities, a huge tumour in the body politic, which it eats up with its parasitical swarm. There is the housing of our crowded poor, forced by the palaces of wealth into closer and more poisonous quarters. How long is society to continue inactive in the presence of a disease so odious and so dangerous? The great sanitary question at which we have as yet but timidly nibbled, the whole question of preventing epidemics and providing the first necessities of health, grows ever more pressing and more difficult. Then there is the vexed question of the land. It is no use disputing it, the people have made up their minds that the soil of this country shall no longer be held on its present irresponsible tenure. Certain it is that the agricultural labourer is in a condition in which he ought not to be, and in which he will not long consent to remain. The reorganisation of our national education, both primary, secondary, and superior, requires skill and care of the highest kind. The reconstruction of the whole legal system is a task at once gigantic and indispensable. Lastly, the state of Ireland is one not for trumpery revision of details, but for great and creative statesmanship.

These are the problems which await this age. None but a few zealots with a theory, no politician worthy of the name, seriously believes they are questions which are wholly beyond the sphere of

government. It is certain that they are questions which Government cannot long neglect. For as civilisation gives us the increase of knowledge and sense of duty by which great problems may be solved, it deepens and extends the violence of the disorders with which we have to deal. But these are problems of the highest order, requiring profound sagacity to eliminate their causes, patience to distinguish complicated symptoms, concentration to grasp the depth and reach of the problem, an instinct for adaptation to special conditions, a freedom from interruption to carry out a system of action, power to apply the remedies with force, and a recognised mastery of the situation.

Such being the conditions of the task, could human ingenuity devise a machine for solving it more impracticable than the current type of parliamentary administration? Let us clearly make it understood that there is no question here suggested as to the constitutional supremacy of the House of Commons. That, as a practical matter, is an admitted basis. The question is whether real government of this order can be looked for unless by a great modification in the course of parliamentary procedure. The system of *debating* (originally one would presume a mere aid to legislation) has grown out into a principal object, a great end in itself, with a special set of rules and notions which have no connection whatever with efficient law-making. Men are made ministers, under-ministers, and secretaries, judges, ambassadors, governors, consuls, anything in the world, by more or less readiness in putting together a few adroit sentences, or in just hitting the conventional temper of a crowd of men possessed with a sort of jealous common sense, and very moderate statesman-like capacity. The thing is too ancient a by-word to be dwelt on here. All that is now suggested is the doubt if the system has not been abused almost till it bursts. Can any qualities of mind or character be less like those which are needed to carry through the most arduous of political tasks? The pettiest detail of local administration may, at any moment, form the basis of an eloquent debate, and a corrupt beadle or a naughty midshipman may be the hero of a grand party field-day. Peddling little bills, just timidly designed by a practised draftsman to worm themselves in between the crannies of interests and prejudices, are solemnly brought in and fought over, and sometimes do come out as laws all mangled and distorted at the end. But what makes them one thing more than another, what effect they may have in practice, depends almost exclusively on the accident of party fight, or the adroitness with which the wires have been pulled by those interested, or the "business" power—*i.e.*, the manœuvring skill—of the member who chances to promote it. The probabilities of a measure becoming law are very like those of a horse winning a race and are decided usually by the same arts of the jockey.

leading backers, who are usually called ministers, have to their time, not in studying the matters they have to administer in meeting incessant onslaughts of factious invective. No man dreams of proposing what he thinks the best for the case in abstract, but in finding what will collect together the strongest partisans. The atmosphere of the legislature is precisely that of a club when feuds in it run extravagantly high, and members live their lives in canvassing to blackball sets, or to turn out the settee. The usual occupation of a ministry during the session is that of such a committee moving heaven and earth for reformation. The committee, of course, are not so imprudent as to intrude changes, or seriously consult the good of the club. They dare discharge a drunken waiter or change a newspaper in the smoking-room, lest it make another malcontent. To carry through use even a simple and useful measure, and even to a popular measure, is a feat which tasks enormous powers, both physical and moral, utterly disproportioned to the result achieved, and almost all of which is expended in the labour of devising the measure. The passage of a gas bill consumes about as much outlay of money as might suffice to govern the Indian empire for six months. To carry an act is like submitting to the punishment of running the gauntlet in a Russian regiment. It will need a tough constitution to reach the end alive after every man along the line has dealt his blow. Our great caricaturist gave us last year a picture of a first living conjuror in this line performing his wonderful feat of balance; and we saw him deftly planting his agile toes, ever moving and yet not cracking the scattered eggs upon the stage. This is a picture—a true picture—of what is now called a constitutional statesman carrying a great constitutional change. Statesmanship is now dancing between eggs; and they win who crack the

plain that when such are the conditions to which legislation is subjected, very few really statesmanlike minds will stoop to such a task, very few characters can retain their vitality, and no grand result can by possibility issue. The whole atmosphere, spirit, and method of the system are artificial and alien to legislation. It is merely a show or parade of legislation, and not legislation itself. It is a degenerate and degenerate a form of the art of statesmanship as ever the knights were of the art of war. The pride with which it is now carried on and pursued by the men of the tongue and of the pen will some day be as childish as the later chronicles of the tiltyard were to us. To mature a comprehensive and radical reorganisation of the great problems of State would be simply a matter for private interest; in the House it would be lost in the bottomless sea of parliamentary talk. To look for a sustained and expanding

system of policy would be futile ; for policies mean the watching of tempers of ever-shifting parties. To dream of a great ruler arising in that atmosphere would be indeed a dream ; for rulers are so not only by flattering the caprices of an assembly. Unity, perseverance, energy, responsibility, are impossible where all is rivalry, change, obstructiveness, rhetoric, and subserviency.

It is the fashion now to accuse the people of all the "vices of democracy." In Parliament, however, is the true democracy ; there are its worst vices. Democracy does not consist in poverty, nor even in numbers. The vices of democracy may exist without the excess of ignorance, or the excess of passion. A democracy exists when an inorganic crowd seeks to grasp sovereign power ; when each man in the assembly holds himself as wise a ruler as his fellow ; when offices are won by flattery, and by flattering their prejudices and ignorances ; when mere gifts of tongue and powers for intrigue can sway such a body to the right or to the left ; when what they determine one hour they undo the next ; when the government is a scramble, open to every glib talker ; when mastery, and unity, and continuity of action are hopeless from the jealous and vain-glorious agitation of units. These are the true evils of democracy, which may exist quite truly without fustian coats or platform speeches ; and exist, more truly than in any assembly of the people, in the assembly of the British House of Commons.

Let men of all parties ask themselves if they honestly believe that an efficient government can much longer be carried on upon terms like these. Those who have long felt it, as most Conservatives and many Liberals have (views which have been admirably summed up by Mr. Lowe), fell into the natural mistake of supposing that the admission of the people to power would only add to the confusion. If I thought so, I should be, for one, the most resolute of Conservatives. But it is a mere misconception of the character of the people. The admission of the people will infallibly strengthen, and not weaken the executive efficiency of Government and Parliament. Paradox apart, the spirit of the working class is essentially, in the true sense of the word, less democratic than that of the capitalist class. They have less of the instinctive thirst for each man having his own way, which is the true sign of democratic ideas. They are accustomed to act in masses, and to act with concentration. They trust their leaders often blindly and obstinately, and thrust the whole collective power into their hands. They systematically delegate all business details to those whom they trust, and confine themselves habitually to the decision of principles. They are jealous of opposition when they have made up their minds, and warmly impatient of private obstructiveness. Look at them in the action of their Union, whether you like it or not, you must admit that they have struck

a way of combining vigorous co-operation with practical efficiency, great delegated power to the minister with real responsibility to the society. Without saying that this is always the truest political virtue, it is force, and it is not democracy. It is republicanism; whilst beside it, the aristocracy and commercial class have become so demoralised by constitutional pedantry and rhetorical ambition that Parliament has grown as unstable a power as the democratic Diet of the old Polish nobility.

The introduction of this republican element—for such it really is—will enable Parliament, if it chooses, to modify its system, and will modify it in its own way if it does not choose. It is for the sensible men of all parties to see that the time has come to reform procedure within St. Stephen's; and it rests with them to use the new electoral power for that end. If not, it will inevitably at last use them. From whence the leaders come in this movement is of no special moment. This is no party question, and Tories as well as Whigs may seize the occasion. If the historic aristocracy of England yet has vitality in it, it will adapt itself to the position, and again prove the right to that rule of which it now bears little but the ancestral dignities. It is far from improbable that one of the governing houses might yet produce a man with the nerve and capacity to become a powerful and popular statesman. It would smooth many difficulties and accord best with our traditions if it were so. But in default of this, should the governing classes throw up no competent chief, in course of time the people will discover one for themselves. To this it must ultimately come. For all the conditions of the situation, and every instinct of their lives, point to a rally round a capable Head. Slowly or swiftly, smoothly or roughly, we are tending towards a State with powerful chiefs, disciplined supporters, and real legislation.

Unscrupulous criticism, after its kind, may affect to see in this argument a plea for revolutionary violence or democratic imperialism. Those who choose to see in an opponent's language anything they please, are not to be denied that gratification by elaborate disclaimers. But a word to those who are willing to admit that a political writer may mean what he says. The whole change which has been described might be brought about without affecting the legal supremacy of Parliament, and without any constitutional enactment. It is a matter of practice, not of law, and can be properly accomplished only by the assent and efforts of Parliament itself. Any one who carefully examines at the close of the year the ponderous mass of the legislation of the session will at once perceive that nineteen-twentieths of its bulk consist in purely administrative enactments, such as properly belong to a responsible executive:—"An Act for amending the law with respect to the Accounts of the Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District, and for other Purposes relating to the Metropolitan

Police." Conceive our 658 foremost men dividing and haranguing about that! "An Act to allow warehoused British Spirits to be bottled for home Consumption." An Act to "Amend the Act to regulate the Keeping of Dogs." "An Act to regulate the Court and Office of the Lyon King-of-arms." O conscript fathers! with what sauce shall this imperial turbot be served up?

It is no answer to tell us that under our great and glorious system of liberty it is the proud boast of a Briton to carry self-government down to the cut of a constable's coat-collar, and that, until the Constitution is altered, even these details require the seal of Parliament. But, in truth, these and a hundred such measures during a session are actually debated and overhauled, go into committee, and go out, and pass through the whole apparatus of revision which an Act to amend the Constitution would receive. Amendments are proposed, faction fights are taken, and every device of obstruction is employed. Nay, the very bills are drawn with a view mainly to their passing this ordeal, and are first mutilated and diluted with a view to pass, and then are mutilated and diluted a second time in the act of passing. Few people with a grain of practical instinct would deny that administrative legislation of this kind would be effected in a manner far more satisfactory by a thoroughly competent minister under full responsibility to Parliament as to the results of his ministry. How can purely executive details be successfully worked out by a crowd of men, four-fifths of whom know nothing of public business, and each of whom is subject to incessant personal solicitation and pressure?

The evil would be endurable if it simply affected the details of trivial measures—Acts about dogs and Lyon Kings-of-arms. But the same evil extends from the trivial measures to the great. Measures which, in principle, can be carried and are carried ten times over in the House, in application are as regularly defeated by the enormous leverage which the forms of procedure put into the hands of obstruction. The abolition of Church rates and of Tests is annually determined by great majorities of the House, and as often rejected by dexterous manœuvring of parties and forms. A mere resolution for the disendowment of the Irish Church, apart from questions of cabinets and party, could be carried by a powerful majority. But Parliament, if left to itself, will be twenty years before it can accomplish this obvious and popular reform. Where the number of the legislators is great, the legislation must necessarily be petty.

Again, even this process of legislative trivialities only employs a fifth part of the actual labour of Parliament. Four-fifths of it are occupied by incessant struggles between rival parties, and real or fictitious attacks on a minister. Whether these succeed or not, they produce such an incessant wear and tear, and such an excessive

midity on the part of the minister, that he is practically unfit for serious legislation or real administration. The puerile arrangement of offices, by which it is understood that each of the stereotyped duties are to take their turns in frequent succession, and each of the prominent performers in debate are to have their innings in due course, excludes any notion of government itself. During the last century Governments have been changed every three years, and sometimes every three months. And this at a time when patient and long-continued attention and labour are essential for the statesman in any high sense. The restless democracies of Athens or Florence never devised a more wretched scheme for making office prize for the holder, and not a function for the public; and the man which passes its life in this ignoble game can thank God that he is not such as place-hunting democrats, or even as those Americans!

Every one of these evils could be remedied by a change in the composition of the House of Commons, without any dictatorship, or even constitutional change. Meddling in executive details, party fights and party clauses, and constant succession of ministries, are not inseparable properties even of parliamentary government. They are only its diseases and excrescences. The House of Commons was once free from them, when it won its supremacy in the State, and it might free itself from them again. All that would be necessary would be that Parliament and public opinion should succeed in establishing in all administrative details absolute ministerial freedom with stringent responsibility in the minister; for the machinery of legislation, an intelligent decision upon principle, with a delegation of practical application to the highest competent authority; lastly, for the permanence of ministries, to accept the possibility of continuing an able minister so long as his strength and efficiency continued.

Some such modification of the parliamentary system is not alien to our history—even to the recent history—of our House of Commons. During the long ministry of Pitt, and to some extent during that of Peel, the Government of the country and its practical legislation were virtually the work of a statesman, and not of a clerk, responsible to Parliament, but not hampered by it, and really accountable to the nation. The governments of Lincoln and of Cavour, in other countries, have shown us how possible it is to place in the hands of a great and popular administrator vast executive power, whilst making him in practice the instrument of a legislative assembly, and intensely in sympathy with public opinion. Nor can any reason be produced why the people should not force Parliament in the same way to recognise the ascendancy of a capable ruler, to give him its hearty co-operation and support, and, without surrendering an instant its right to place him upon manifest failure, or its own absolute control over the

national purse, to watch, advise, stimulate, and support him, w harassing him with ignorant interference.

Visionary as such a proposal may appear to those to whom 'liamentarism' has become a second nature, they ought at le remember that "Parliamentarism," as known to us now, is a s product of this age and country, and is absolutely unknown an never yet had life in any civilised society or in any other era this. It is a purely artificial system, under which no sort o ever yet have lived. The great body of the new electors have lutely no taste for it, and no understanding for it. It can understood in idea except by a special education in itself. It be a profound evil if the recent reform has but brought another under the influence of this unnatural system. Such a fear, trust, is groundless. The instincts and habits of the peop tend towards some of the more ordinary and more direct of political government. If Parliament will frankly accep necessity, the issue will be fortunate. If it do not acce the movement will go on in spite of it. Should a great p statesman ever arise, like Cromwell he will desire to govern a Parliament if it will let him, but, like Cromwell, he will tolerant of a Parliament of Barebones.

It would require a volume to answer or even to state a possible objections that can be urged against this proposal, amounts, in fact, to nothing more than this—that Parliament constitute itself an ultimate appeal and control in legislation withdraw from the direct assumption of ministerial duties. are grave objections possible to every proposal in politics. If this case, as in others, it turns on a balance of advantages and There are those who set store by the direct control which I ment exerts over the servants of the public. It is a balan advantages. You cannot make two authorities simultaneous sponsible. If Parliament chooses to be its own Home Minis robs the minister of all sense of duty and responsibility, and re him to the place of a clerk. What would become of the an Abyssinia if Sir Robert Napier were obliged to spend his nigh justifying every petty order of the day to a supreme mi council, or what would become of us if Sir Richard Mayne coul arrest a Fenian without a party fight in an assembly of 658 n politan inspectors of police? A minister who has to wrangle every administrative detail and every turn of a clause is neces not a minister, but an attorney.

It is much the fashion to console ourselves with thinking th system of parliamentary procedure, cumbrous and dilatory as it be, insures that the uttermost dregs of opinion shall be stirre sifted; that nothing can become law until the most perverse

tions of the most ignorant obstruction have been ground to powder beneath Alps and Andes of accumulated talk, until not the darkest corner in the thickest brain in the community remains yet to be enlightened. It is a proud boast, but it seems simply another mode of saying that Government shall always be in arrear of the dullest mind in the nation. So, too, the verdict waits till the obstinate juryman gives in. So the democratic aristocracy of Poland had each man his *liberum veto*.

All these objections in the main resolve themselves into one—the claim of every citizen to have his part in the management of the State. This, however, is simply democracy, which in its true form is equivalent to government by the incompetent, and government by talk. Beautiful in theory and fascinating in practice as this is, the object of this paper is to ask if it may not be bought at too high a price. The task before the Government of this country is growing each day more serious. This island is in a position less assuring than any which she has held during the present century. The other nations of Europe, with much no doubt that is oppressive, have at least an efficient machinery of government of high scientific completeness. Into their civil system, as much as the military, arms of precision have been regularly introduced. Into our civil system they have not been introduced. Our cumbrous Parliamentary Executive is the Brown Bess of government, which veterans and martinets of the service may admire, but which really leaves us at the mercy of the improved system of the age. Or if in other nations the governing machine is still ineffective, they have not lost, as we have, the very tradition or taste for efficient government. We never needed it so much. The difficulties before us, both within and without, were never so great. They cannot be touched without a hand at once strong, trained, and inflexible. The disease will yield to nothing but force, and a resolute use of the knife. The quacks are they who boast that they can draw the most obstinate teeth without the slightest pain. The gospel of *laissez-faire* is exhausted. Separated in Europe from any serious allegiance or bond with any of the nations, and with the gigantic preparations of the great empires for the impending struggle, there is scarcely a single object in Europe, not even the protection of Constantinople, for which this country could make her will felt. Our vast inorganic empire beyond seas has been established with marvellous vigour, and administered not without success. But India alone strains our capacity to the utmost. Like the rest of our empire, it will now have to be held under somewhat new conditions. The suppression of a people in latent rebellion in Ireland continues, but without relief, and they are sanguine who think that time, bayonets, and *laissez-faire* are sufficient to suppress them. Each year America is growing in material strength, and a few years only will

make her an irresistible rival to England in material resources. Nor can the risk of war be forgotten. Thus perils and difficulties are gathered from every side. Without allies, with a scattered empire, with latent enmity in America, one of the three kingdoms in permanent rebellion, the social diseases to be dealt with acquire a fresh importance, and the future of England is not safe in the hands of parliamentary cabals.

If the great aristocracy which has governed this country for two centuries has any life in it, it will look to these things, and seriously consider how the safety and greatness of England are for the future to be secured. They must know in their hearts that by feats of parliamentary gymnastics that end is not much longer attainable. There is now an intellectual and a material solvent which have combined their forces. There is now in England what there was in France in the generation which preceded the Revolution, a philosophical class who have silently worked out a root-and-branch reconstruction of the existing society, and alongside of it a sense in the masses of unendurable material pressure. The moment those two actively combine the end of the old system is complete. The intellectual disaffection of the thinking class is no longer of the vague and flashy kind that amused the youth of the present Premier of England. Unlike his, it is not to be bribed by the childish prizes of the parliamentary game. It is animated by a social, not by a personal motive. It has steadily reduced to a system the results which it desires to accomplish in this country. Since those results can hardly be obtained so long as the present parliamentary dead-lock continues in force, it will seek to supersede rather than to force this entirely antiquated machine. Parliament, under this impulse, will resume its true functions under the constitution as the deliberative council, the representative of opinions, the ultimate appeal, the sole source of pecuniary supply. The assumption of actual executive sovereignty is an anomaly, an absurdity, and in these days a danger. The accession of the people to power, untainted with the passion for parliamentary distinctions, just gives the material leverage which makes action possible. The intellectual element of organic change is ready. It knows precisely at what it is aiming, and that end it is perfectly resolved to achieve.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. PEARSON'S EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES OF ENGLAND.¹

THE two volumes of this work are different in their origin, and widely different in their value. The first is a recasting of a volume published some seven or eight years ago, which a profound historical scholar, now lost to us, described as "a clever book, but with a blunder in every other page." When Mr. Pearson first undertook to write a book with the ambitious title of "The Early and Middle Ages of England," he must have been comparatively a young man. None but a young man would have undertaken a book with so ambitious a title. I remember my own remark when I first heard Mr. Pearson's name, "Here is a man who undertakes a task too great for Dr. Guest." The book, if I mistake not, grew out of a set of lectures delivered at King's College, London. It bore signs of its origin in its first estate, and it has not wholly got rid of them in its revised form. The impress of youth, or more strictly of inexperience, is still upon the volume. I say of inexperience, because mere youth is not in itself an objection. I know men whose historical power was thoroughly matured when they were far younger than Mr. Pearson must have been when he began to write. But these were men to whom historical study came as a matter of course, and who were therefore able to teach at an age when others are only beginning to learn. Mr. Pearson is clearly not one of this class. His book does not give one the idea of his having any special vocation for history. He seems to have taken up history as a clever man might take up anything. He deals with things in the grand style, the philosophical style, the Prize Essay style. I do not know whether Mr. Pearson ever wrote a prize essay, but his first volume constantly reminded me of that class of writings, and the likeness is not wholly got rid of even in the second. There is that lofty superiority to all things, to men, facts, authorities, which is so amusing in all prize essays save one. Everybody, living and dead, the heroes of the eleventh century and the writers of the nineteenth, are all brought up before the tribunal of Mr. Pearson, to receive judgment from their common superior. A Guest and a Godwine are alike to bow before that imperial throne. And notwithstanding all this, or rather as the natural accompaniment of all this, there is no sign in Mr. Pearson's writings of his having acquired the right to deal with men and things in so lordly a manner. He shows no sign of having really lived with his authorities or with his heroes. Or

(1) HISTORY OF ENGLAND DURING THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES. By CHARLES L. PEARSON, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

rather he has no heroes at all. Heroes are people to whom we look up, and Mr. Pearson looks down upon everybody. Mr. Pearson talks about "my estimate of the Middle Ages, which is more favourable than that commonly taken." I trust that the Middle Ages, and "stupor mundi Fridericus," as an inhabitant of the Middle Ages, are duly sensible of the lofty patronage thus graciously extended to them.

I suspect, indeed, that Mr. Pearson is one of those who go in for what is called the philosophy of history. There is a paragraph in the Preface to the second volume which I have read over several times in the vain hope of understanding it, because it seemed to contain Mr. Pearson's doctrine of the way in which history ought to be written. I transcribe the passage, in hopes that some reader may be more successful in finding out the meaning than I have been.

"While I regard the science of history as perpetually approaching a certainty, which it will only not reach, I make no claim for more than comparative accuracy in its present results. I believe we are at last on the right track; and in proportion as it is understood that the truth of facts thoroughly apprehended is more picturesque and various, as well as more real, than any Fata Morgana of an uncertain light, the method under which a vivid narrative from a chronicle has been preferred to a critical induction will gradually be confined to its appropriate sphere in the literature of fiction. It will be time to add in the warmth and colouring of history, when its outlines have been rigorously defined; and it is as a contribution to the earliest stages of advance, that I have tried to present the last results of the best enquirers in a popular form."

This sort of talk is much too full of metaphors for a plain man who lives among his facts, and who, with no very clear notions about "science," and "advance," and "Fata Morgana," tries to draw truth out of such materials as he has before him. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Pearson is more at home with the Unconditioned than with a *Mycel Gemót*. I must, however, say that Mr. Pearson has at least the merit of acting on one of his own principles. No one can be more guiltless of anything like "vivid narrative." I do not exactly know what a "critical induction" is; but, in the first volume at least, I can find very few signs of a really critical comparison of authorities.

The truth is, that when Mr. Pearson began to write on the Early Ages, he had not mastered his period. In fact he had not had time to do so. It takes a good many years thoroughly to master it. Dr. Guest, I fancy, gives a longer time to make out a single campaign than Mr. Pearson could have given to the whole six hundred years between the coming of Hengest and the coming of William. And I suspect that Mr. Pearson rather despised his period. Most people do till they understand it. Philosophers are especially apt to do so. I do not know what the "science of history" is, but I suspect that it has very little to do either with the old Teutonic constitution or with the grand personal drama of the men who fought on Assandun and Senlac. Mr. Pearson is a clever man, but he is not in his line.

ar days of England. Our old Teutonic roughness and sim- do not suit him. And we, from the depths of our Charters ronicles, are puzzled when a man comes among us who is so phical as to give us a chapter on "The Anglo-Saxon *Type*," grand that he "differs, with regret, from Mr. Kemble."

second volume is of a much higher character than the first. s to have been written after an interval of several years from it appearance of the first volume. It is written, therefore,

much greater amount of knowledge and with far greater y of power. It is really curious to see how utterly all Mr. i's revisions and recastings have failed to bring up the early to the level of the later one. The second volume forms a good history of the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward I. earson's objections to "vivid narrative" have, perhaps on le, condemned his book to be somewhat heavy; but it is solid, e, in the main accurate, and it is written with far greater ation of the times and persons with which he has to deal. arson also now writes in a spirit of thorough fairness, and all losophy has not blinded him to the great distinctions of right ong. Mr. Pearson's second volume is, in short, a volume of rk, while in his dealings with earlier times I can look at him playing with his subject. The difference is, that Mr. Pearson

despised the thirteenth century as he evidently despised the ages. His portraits of Cnut and Godwine simply show that utterly failed to understand the men or their times. But his ts of Earl Simon and King Edward do not leave much to be

. Mr. Pearson's theories probably cut him off from any true enthusiasm for any part of his subject, but in this volume he himself quite capable of understanding a great man. I am not at he thoroughly enters into the character of either Simon or l, but he, at any rate, honestly tries to do so. On Edward espe- e has some discerning remarks, setting forth his character as the rserver and enforcer of law, of form, and of the letter of a plighted

a. Mr. Pearson writes also, if not with vividness, yet with a al of vigour and terseness. It is therefore the more strange to n so often falling into the vulgarisms of modern newspaper talk "reliable," "indebtedness," "inaugurating changes," or, again, ig in French words like "physique," and even placing them as dings of his pages. It is a greater fault when he calls sheriffs mites) viscounts, a description not likely to be intelligible ere but in the Channel Islands. It is a graver fault still when ks of a son of a King of the French in the thirteenth century "Dauphin," and, more amazing still, when Edward I., during time of his father, is spoken of as "Prince of Wales."

call the son of Philip Augustus the Dauphin illustrates one

great defect which runs through the whole of Mr. Pearson's book. As I before said, I do not know what the "science of history" is; but, as far as I can guess at its nature, I should have thought that it would, above all things, have prescribed a general view of history as one whole, a comparison of different times and different countries. It is quite certain that there is no country, not even an island like our own, whose history can be safely studied without constant reference to the history of other countries. But of general European history Mr. Pearson seems to have no conception whatever. Even in the second volume he slurs the subject over. If there was any moment when English and continental history ran in one stream, it was when one English prince was chosen to the throne of the Cæsars, and when a series of royal and papal intrigues were devoted to the attempt to place another English prince on the throne of the Norman Kings of Sicily. But of Earl Richard's election to the Roman or German Kingdom Mr. Pearson seems to give no account whatever. We only read casually (ii. 219), "Richard of Cornwall, now King of the Romans, sent over fifty ships from Germany." In the first volume Mr. Pearson's sins in this way are more than sins of omission: he displays the grossest ignorance of contemporary foreign history. There is one page (i. 189) which contains a tissue of blunders, for the like of which we must go to "Ivanhoe" or to Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster." In p. 188 Mr. Pearson had told us, in a sententious way, as if he had just learned the fact, that "French writers are too apt to forget that the imperial pretensions of Charlemagne devolved, not on the kings of France, but on the Roman emperors." What Mr. Pearson means is, that the Kings of Germany were also Roman Emperors: to say that the Imperial pretensions devolved on the Emperors is somewhat of a truism. Well, in the next page Mr. Pearson goes on to give us the results of his Imperial studies in the following shape:—

"Under Edward and Athelstane, England had risen to the first rank among nations. Accordingly, of seven daughters whom Edward left behind him, Eadgiva was married to Charles the Simple, *Carlovingian and titular king of France*; Eadhilda to Hugh the Great, founder of the intrusive Capetian dynasty; Edith to Otho, *emperor of Germany*; Elgiva to Louis, king of Arles in Aquitaine; and Adiva to the nameless head of the house of Montmorency. Nor were these alliances barren of result; Eadgiva's son, Louis d'Outremer, brought to England and there educated, was restored by Athelstane's influence, and perhaps partly by English arms, to the throne, which his uncles Otho and Hugh had assailed. The power of the Dukes of Normandy already appeared to threaten English interests. Athelstane entertained at his Court the exiled Alan of Brittany, whom Rollo had dispossessed of his dominions; and when the young prince had come to man's estate, assisted him with English arms to recover his inheritance. Nevertheless, later on we find Athelstane on friendly terms with the duke of Normandy, who co-operated with the English policy in behalf of the Carlovingian line. Perhaps both countries preferred that a weak sovereign should reign in Paris."

Now what is meant by "Carlovingian and titular King of France?" To me, at least, the words are absolutely without meaning. How is Hugh, son of King Robert, father of King Hugh, but never King himself, the founder of "the intrusive Capetian dynasty," or of any dynasty at all? The truth is, that Mr. Pearson never thought of looking in any French or German writer, but blindly followed the blunder of William of Malmesbury, who confounded Hugh the Great with his son Hugh Capet. After Mr. Pearson's rebuke of the French authors, he ought not to talk about an "Emperor of Germany," and he ought to have known that Otto was not even King at the time of his marriage, nor Emperor till after the death of his English wife. I know the quagmires too well to trust myself to any dogmatism as to the names and marriages of the remaining sisters of Æthelstan; but Mr. Pearson does not see that his "Eadgiva" and his "Adiva" are the same name, Eadgifu (borne by two daughters of Eadward by different wives). And William of Malmesbury at least does not place Charles in Aquitaine. William jumbles his persons together, and transfers a Burgundian King to Aquitaine, but he knew his geography so well to send the royal city of Burgundy after him. Lewis too was not restored "partly by English arms;" he was given, somewhat unwillingly, by his English uncle, to the voice of the West-Saxish electors. How Otto, who came to his crown in the same year as Lewis, can be said to have already "assailed his throne" I do not understand; nor was Hugh himself assailing it just then, as he had declined the crown in favour of Lewis. Again, it was not himself, but his son, William Longsword, who drove out Alan of Brittany; and there is no evidence that he was assisted with English arms to recover his inheritance. It is, however, not unlikely that his return was a sort of second Armorican migration, and that some of the West-Welsh, lately reduced under the sway of Æthelstan, went with him. Last of all, but not least, the last sentence of the extract shows too plainly that Mr. Pearson, who had at least heard the name of Hugh the Great, believed, in the year 1867, that the Carolingian Kings reigned at Paris.

In short, it is evident that it never came into Mr. Pearson's head that it was any part of his business, when dealing with events which connected England with Gaul and Germany, to turn to the Norman, French, or Saxon authorities. He did indeed look in the "*Art de Vérifier les Dates*" for the origin of the house of Montmorency; he did not look in Widukind, Flodoard, or Richer for the doings of the Great Otto or of his nephew at Laôn. A little way on we find so obvious an author as Adam of Bremen, an author whose publication in the smaller Pertz has made him accessible to everybody, referred to, in regular prize-essay fashion, as "quoted by Lappenberg." The passage also which I have quoted illustrates Mr. Pearson's

dealings with another lesser, but not unimportant, point. Mr. Pearson tells us that, "in the spelling of Anglo-Saxon names, Mr. Kemble or the Saxon Chronicle and Laws have been followed [would Mr. Pearson, in dealing with a Greek matter, talk of following Böckh or Thucydides?], except in cases (such as Alfred and Edgar) where a Latinised form has become universal." I once tried to make the same exception, but I found that there was no deciding what was universal, while it was unpleasantly inconsistent to write Alfred and Edgar, but Ælfric and Eadric. I therefore now write all Old-English names in their genuine form. By so doing I seem to have amazed certain of my own critics, who clearly think that I am the first person who ever spoke of Ecgberht or Cnut. I am thus enabled to realize the singular fact that there are people who think themselves fit to review works on Early English History when they have not read Kemble or Lappenberg. But Mr. Pearson follows neither his own rule nor any other. His spelling is simply hopeless. I call the second wife of Eadgar Ælfthryth, but I do not quarrel with those who call her Elfrida. But I do quarrel with Mr. Pearson when he represents her name by such a barbarous collection of letters as Ælfride. We have already had a specimen of Mr. Pearson's spelling in the passage which I quoted above. I may add that Ælfgifu, who is Elgiva in p. 189, becomes Alfiva in p. 231.

In plain truth, while the later part of Mr. Pearson's history has some great and undoubted merits, the former part seems to those who have really lived in the early history to be poor, weak, and inaccurate. It appears all the more so from the pretentious and dogmatic style in which Mr. Pearson constantly puts forth his rash inferences and groundless theories. Of his critical discernment in matters relating to these times, it is enough to say that Mr. Pearson, albeit not a novelist, nor a local antiquary, nor a Cambridge Historical Professor, repeatedly quotes Ingulf with a simplicity worthy of the Confessor, and gives the whole legend of Turketul a place in a text published in 1867. As for more general matters, Mr. Pearson has a most exaggerated notion of the permanence of Roman and Celtic elements in Britain after the English Conquest. There is, perhaps, no better test than this in the eyes of those who have thought over the matter for years. One great cause of error is of course the narrow and insular view of history which Mr. Pearson, notwithstanding all his philosophy, takes throughout. The phenomena of the English Conquest of Britain can be understood only by contrasting them with the utterly opposite phenomena of the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. Italy remains Italy; Spain remains Spain; Gaul, even with her changed name, remains essentially Gaul; but Britain, save a few outlying corners, has ceased to

be Britain, and has become England. Mr. Pearson backs up his case by a list of "Latin Words in Anglo-Saxon," the object of which is "to attest the permanency of Roman influences in Britain." Now it strikes one at once that the great mass of Mr. Pearson's words are words which one never sees in the Chronicles. He himself acknowledges that "several words are of doubtful use by Anglo-Saxon writers, and in all likelihood died out early, every language having a tendency to throw off exotic forms." I am glad to hear it, as there may then be some chance of modern English throwing off "reliable," "indebtedness," and such like. But, of Mr. Pearson's words, a great many seem not to have been words in real use at all. Of others there is not the faintest evidence that they went on uninterruptedly, like *ceaster*, *port*, and *street*. They are just as likely to have come in, as several words did come in, with the Roman missionaries. But, beyond all this, Mr. Pearson's list shows plainly that he has no notion whatever of Comparative Philology. When he lights on an Old-English word which is *cognate* with Latin, he puts it down as *derived* from Latin. "Acre," "widow," "settle," "wine," and many other good Low-Dutch words with High-Dutch cognates, are set down as "Latin words in Anglo-Saxon." All Professor Müller's curious learning about "widow" is thrown away on Mr. Pearson. Mr. Pearson's list reminds one of the High-Dutchman, who, wishing to drive all Latin words out of his mother-tongue, began by forbidding *Vater* and *Mutter*. He reminds one of the Welshman who, setting out with the undoubted truth that there was a close connexion between the ancient inhabitants of Gaul and of Britain, proved his fact by the close connexion between the modern French and modern Welsh languages, and proved that connexion by the examples of *cheral* and *cefl*, of *église* and *eglwys*.

To go through all Mr. Pearson's mistakes in the early history would be an endless task. The worst of them is that they are so evidently mistakes arising from the writer having despised his subject, and not taken pains with it. Mr. Pearson has written his early history off hand, without stopping to weigh one authority against another. Five-and-twenty years of work at such matters might perhaps teach him that the history of those centuries is not to be dashed off by a mere clever man, who has evidently not spent, as he should have done, hours of labour over the conflicting evidence for every point. When Mr. Pearson chooses, without evidence or probability, to insinuate that Harold had a hand in the death of the Ætheling Eadward, we treat the insinuation as it deserves. When he speaks of Harold as having "supplanted Tostig," we simply see that he has not read his Chronicles or his Life of Eadward with common care. But Cnut, Godwine, Harold, are above Mr. Pearson's ken. He has

as little notion of the way to treat the worthies of that old time as he has of the way to treat the worthies of our own day. The grand style in which he dispenses rewards and punishments among the men of distant ages is only to be paralleled by the equally grand style in which he writes, "I agree with Mr. Hallam, in opposition to Dean Milman."

There is a certain difficulty in writing criticism to which one attaches one's name. I have thought it fair and honest to write of Mr. Pearson exactly as I should have done if I had been writing under the veil of secrecy. If I have dwelt more fully on the weaker than on the stronger parts of his book, it is for two obvious reasons. I naturally speak more fully of the times which just now engage my whole mind and thoughts, rather than of those with which I have to deal only incidentally. And I hold it to be the first duty of a critic to warn his readers against danger. And Mr. Pearson's first volume is distinctly dangerous. No amount of cleverness, no amount even of "the science of history," can keep a man out of the pitfalls of those times, unless he walks very warily indeed. Mr. Pearson has undervalued the difficulty of his subject, and he has failed accordingly. Of course I shall be told that these things do not matter, that it is quite unimportant whether Harold "supplanted" his brother or not,—that it is mere pedantry to dwell on subtle differences between Kings and Emperors, between Laôn and Paris, between Burgundy and Aquitaine. This is what is always said to those who think that truth is worth winning at any price. Real students of history think otherwise. But, while truth compels me to point out the gross errors into which Mr. Pearson has fallen in his first volume, it compels me also to point out the sterling merits of the second. His conception of history and mine will probably never be the same. But I can, I hope, do full justice to those who look on and who write history according to a different scheme from my own, provided only they take the needful pains to discover truth, and do not fall into the grievous error of despising any part of their subject.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

LEONORA CASALONI.

CHAPTER V.

STELLA IS SENTENCED TO EXILE.⁷

ordance with the promise that had been made to him, Il was permitted to prolong his well-earned slumbers to a late the following morning. The *procaccia* was wont to leave o on his southward journey at four in the afternoon ; and it eed about three hours for the Gufo to go to the little town allardi's house. It would be sufficient if he started at about ock. There was no need of saying anything more to him g the matter confided to him ; so Vallardi let him sleep till e of his own accord about midday. There was a parting a between the superior officer and his lieutenant, in the f which it was arranged between them that the latter should ied with a sufficiency of money, not only to pay the *procaccia*, at well all the time he was to be absent, with some small ver for the treating of any comrade of his own order, whom, rsuit of the useful knowledge he was in quest of, it might seem e so to propitiate ; and, on the other hand, that every bone kin was to be broken if he returned without the required tion. These preliminaries duly settled, Il Gufone set out on ion at the hour named, having just before starting carefully a lucifer-match into a cigar, which Vallardi had put out of d for a moment, and seized an opportunity of skipping up- to his patron's sleeping-room, for the purpose of hastily but placing the frying-pan between the sheets of the bed.

n he was gone, Vallardi still gave no indication of any n of immediately leaving home. But it was rarely that he d there so long at one time as had recently been the case ; cia feared that he might go before she should have defini- ade to him the communication which she so much dreaded, ffect that she found it altogether impossible to retain both the and should have obtained from him the performance of his ; that if such should be found to be the case, the little stranger be sent to the Innocenti—the foundling hospital of Florence. rdi turned back into the house from standing before the door inute or two, while looking at Nanni Scocco, as he wriggled, , and shuffled, rather than ran, down the path over the rough which led from the house in the direction of Talamone.

at a devil's imp it is ! ” he said to his wife, who was sitting ingle with one baby at her bosom, while she rocked with her radle in which the other was lying ;—“ a veritable imp of the

devil! But he has some brains in his head, as he is so fond of being! He'll do the job I have sent him on better than any of that I know of, though he does look more like a wild animal than a man!"

"Poor Gufone! he means well!" said Lucia, sighing.

The sigh had no very intelligible reference to the matter of speech, but applied in poor Lucia's mind to the general constitution of things. Life was a melancholy affair to her; and she had the habit of sighing, which sometimes singularly irritated her husband when she would fain have done aught that was within her power to please and propitiate him!

"Means well! Yes, very—as when he was going to throw the wine-flask at my head last night, if his courage had not failed him. But what the devil is there to sigh about it? Damned if you do not find matter for sighing in everything, let it be what it will! There is no blister like a regular discontented woman."

"I am never discontented, as long as I have you with me, Sandro," pleaded the poor worn woman; "but it was not about Il Gufone I sighed. I was thinking of the children, and it vexed me to have to tell you that I can't manage to keep the two of them. I know you wish it, and I *am* so wishful, Sandro, to do always as you would have me."

"And, like the rest of you, you always talk about it most when you *don't* do as I would have you. But I am not one of those that can be put off with words instead of deeds. *Do* as I would have you, and I'll say, thank you! But it is not a bit of use talking to me about your being *wishful* to do it!" said her husband with a heavy scowl, as he stood with his back to the fire, and took up from the table the cigar which he had put out of his hand just before Gufone started, and into which that well-meaning young gentleman had found a spare moment to stick a lucifer-match. Vallardi proceeded to light his cigar, and received a puff of flame and sulphur in his face which singed his moustache, and brought the water into his eyes.

"Cursed imp of hell!" he exclaimed, throwing the cigar into the fire; "one is never free from his damned idiot tricks! But our wife thinks it is all very well-meaning! I wish to God the mischievous devil's imp was here now! I'd show him how well-meaning I feel towards him! I'll break his cursed misshapen bones for him as soon as I set eyes on him, and then you may sigh for *that* at your leisure, Signora Consorte!"

"But about the children, Sandro?" said Lucia, looking up at him timidly, after a pause.

"Damn the children, and you too! And you wonder that I am not fond of staying here more than I can help! Well, what about the children?"

"I was saying, Sandro, that with all the will in the world

cannot manage to keep the two of them. They would both go to the bad, poor innocents! And for all you speak so, *Sandro mio*, I know you would be sorry that our little Stella should go like the others went."

And she shifted the child she held from one arm to the other, in order to put out the hand that was nearest to him, and try to take his as it hung by his side. It was a piteous, wan, very thin, blue-white hand, long and taper, which had been beautiful once, but which, as it was now, was of itself sufficient to tell a tale of sorrow and long-suffering. The handsome, stalwart man, in the perfection of health and strength, snatched his hand away with a frown and a shrug of his broad shoulders when he felt the touch of the cold frail fingers against his own, as if he had shrunk physically from contact with weakness and failing vitality.

"Could I help their dying?" he snarled savagely. "Was that my fault too? Any way *I* will take care that bad nursing shall not be the death of this one. She shall be sent where she shall be properly taken care of."

"What, little Leonora? That was what I was saying, husband. I would have kept the two of them, if I could; indeed I would."

"Oh, damn your whining! it's enough to put a man into his grave with the everlasting sound of it. No, not little Leonora. That was not what *I* was saying. You say that you are afraid that you may lose your child now, as you have lost three before. I say, therefore, that it shall be sent where it is sure to be properly nursed. You will care less, I presume, about the other brat."

"Oh, Sandro!" cried the poor wife, looking up into his face, with her quivering white lips unclosed, and her large eyes wide opened with alarm; "you don't mean to send away our own little one, our little Stella? You mean the Roman child. You said it should be so, you know. You can't mean to send away our own little child! It is such a beautiful darling! It is your own image, Sandro! It has your own beautiful eyes! Neither of the others was like this! No, you didn't mean that, I know. I am stupid; and I know I don't always understand you."

"Ugh—h—h! what an inundation of words! A priest is nothing to a woman for palaver. Damn'd parcel of stuff. If you don't always understand me, see that you do now; and it shan't be my fault if you don't. Your child, Stella, shall be sent to the Innocenti at Florence, where it is sure to be properly taken care of. Do you understand that? She may have my eyes, and beard too, if you like; but she shall go to the Innocenti for all that. You will then be able to nurse the other child; and if that dies in your hands as the other two did, it will not so much matter, you know."

Lucia for a few moments seemed to be struck dumb by this award of fate. Then she burst into violent weeping.

"Oh, Sandro, Sandro!" she said amid her sobs, "dearest Sandro, my own husband, you will not take her from me. You will not take the child, your own child, away. You promised me, you know; you promised me that the other child should be sent away if I could not nurse it. You know, Sandro, that you said it should be so; and you always do as you say."

"When I said so, I did not know what I now know. What I do is for the advantage of all, yours and the child's above all. I know what I am about. As soon as Il Gufone comes back from Rome, the child will be sent to Florence," said Vallardi doggedly, though speaking with less violence than before.

"But I will try, Sandro; let me try a little longer, and see whether I cannot keep them both. I cannot part with my child, I cannot, Sandro. I will do as you wished, I will keep them both. I beg your forgiveness for saying that I could not. I will try."

"And the child will die, as the others died. Both of them would die, most likely; and that would not suit my book at all. No, it must be as I have told you. You had better make up your mind to it at once. As soon as Il Gufone comes back from Rome, Stella must be sent to Florence. Why, you foolish woman, she will be much better cared for there than you can care for her; you, who have had such bad luck with your other children. Now let me have no more whining. I am going up the hill, and shall not be back till supper-time. See that you have made up your mind to take it quietly by that time."

He turned to leave the house as he spoke, but looked round as he reached the door, paused a moment, and then came back to the place where he had been standing before the fire.

"And, by-the-bye," he said, "there is one other thing which it may be as well to mention at once, to prevent accidents. I mean that it shall be supposed here by all the damned fools who love to meddle with what does not concern them, that the child sent to the Innocenti is the stranger child from Rome. You find that you are unable to nurse the two, and therefore are obliged to send away the nursling, which is a pity and vexes you, because the money paid for the nursing of it is thus lost. Do you understand?"

Lucia was rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair in mute distress, and made no answer.

"Do you hear me?" asked her husband roughly; "and do you understand me? Answer, will you?"

"Yes, Sandro, I understand," said the poor woman submissively.

"Take care then that you do not fail me in this, if you care ever to see my face again. Let me see," he added after a pause, "who is there here who has seen your child sufficiently to know that the other child, which will remain here, is not yours?"

"Giuditta! Giuditta Fermi would know it. She knows the blessed

face of my darling, and would never, never, mistake that dark thing for it," replied the mother.

"Giuditta Fermi! Very well. It shall be Giuditta who shall take the child to the Innocenti; and I will take care that she holds her tongue."

"The Gufone would know too! He knows the difference between the children well enough," added Lucia, with a sort of eagerness that seemed as if she imagined that such a difficulty in the path might suffice to alter her husband's will.

"Bah! Il Gufone! As if he would ever dream of breathing to any human soul what *I* wish to be kept secret. Il Gufone will go to Florence with La Giuditta. She may be afraid to go alone with the child; and it will be better to have an eye on her. So now, then," he added, looking sternly and intently into his wife's face, while she looked up at him with the tears rolling down her thin sunken cheeks, "so now, then, this matter is settled. And I expect that you will never let me hear any word further on the subject, and never hereafter make any reference to the fact that it is your own child who has been sent to Florence instead of the stranger."

And with those words he turned on his heel, and left the house.

Lucia knew her husband well enough to be very sure that there was no shadow of hope remaining for her that the doom she had heard pronounced could be averted or changed. She knew also that it behoved her to be at least silent and acquiescent when he should return in the evening. She took her treasure in her arms, leaving the other child, against which a sort of hatred seemed creeping into her heart, sleeping in its cradle, and carried it up to the upper chamber, and laid it on its back on the pillow, and stood with her two thin hands folded on her swelling bosom, gazing at it as if she had brought it thither for the purpose of thus taking her last look and last farewell. Then she knelt down by the bedside and wept,—not hiding her sad face, but still gazing,—gazing with, oh! such intentness of wistfulness at the little creature, which gave back smiles for her agonising tears. And thus she remained till it was time to think of busying herself in the preparation of her husband's supper.

Thus she prepared herself for obedience to the commands she had received. And when Vallardi came back at eventide, no further word was said as to the fate destined for the little Stella.

CHAPTER VI.

A PLEASANT INVITATION TO SUPPER.

THE next day Vallardi strolled down the hill to Talamone, and entered the dilapidated little tenement in which La Fermi carried on her business when she was not engaged at the houses of any of

her clients. He was fortunate enough to find her at home as it chanced, but he did not deem the sort of little shop, open to the street, in which he found her, well adapted to the opening of the business he had in hand. The surprise of La Giuditta, on her part, was great at receiving the honour of such a visit. It was a very common thing for the Signora Lucia to come down and have a bit of chat, especially at times when her husband was absent, but La Giuditta could not remember that Signor Vallardi had ever done so before. La Giuditta, like most of the other inhabitants of Talamone, mixed a certain quantity of something rather akin to terror with the admiration with which she and they regarded Signor Sandro Vallardi. And he seemed so large in her little bit of a shop, and looked so magnificent in his black velvet jacket and scarlet sash round the waist, that poor little Giuditta was almost too much taken aback to speak the ordinary words of welcome adapted to the occasion.

"I have a few words to say to you, Signora Fermi," said Vallardi, not seeing, or not condescending to notice, her flutter of surprise; "but this seems hardly a good place for the purpose. I have something to propose to you, in fact, which may be advantageous to you; and if you will do me the favour to walk a little way up the hill with me, we can talk better there than here."

"*Ma come!* with pleasure, *mio buon Signore!* I trust the Signora Lucia is well? I was afraid, to tell the truth, when I saw you come in, that there was something the matter with her."

"No, not she! She is much as usual. If you like to come back with me, she will be glad to see you, and, may be, she may have a word or two to say on the matter in hand—women always do have such a lot of talking to do!—and you could have a bit of supper with us, and walk down the hill in the evening."

All this was very singularly gracious from so very fine a fellow as the great and rather terrible Sandro Vallardi, and La Fermi felt not a little mystified in attempting to guess what it might mean. However, it was quite clear that there could be no thought of anything but prompt compliance with so gracious a mandate. And little Giuditta set off in a sort of shuffling amble by the side of her magnificent cavalier, who strode along utterly regardless of the poor little woman's difficulty in keeping up with him.

"You know, I think, Signora," began Vallardi, as soon as they were clear of the few houses which still cluster round the spot where the fort once was, and call themselves the town of Talamone, "you know, I think, about the child that my wife took in to nurse, eh?"

"Si, Signor Sandro, I know. I was afraid that two babies might be too much for her," replied La Giuditta, beginning to guess that her services might be required in some way for getting the stranger child off her friend's hands.

"Ay! that is just it. You were very wise, Signora Giuditta. And it turns out just as you thought," said Vallardi, with a sort of inward smile to himself.

"Well, then, you must send the little stranger away, Signor Sandro; that's all about it. There's always the hospital for such things."

"Just so, Signora Giuditta; you are an understanding woman. But you see my poor wife has lost three children already, and I don't think she makes much of a hand at nursing. Now, at the Innocenti, the great hospital, you know, in Florence, they have the best nurses and the best care that can be had for money. And that's what I want for my child. If it had not been for the luck of this child being sent to her to nurse, I should have been loath to take the child from her, for fear she might be solitary like, and fret over it. But now she will have little Leonora to nurse; and I mean to send our child to the Innocenti."

"What, send away your own child! Well"—— said Giuditta, interrupting herself, and judging it prudent to suppress the remainder of what she had been about to say with a sudden gulp.

"Why, what, in the name of all the saints, can I do better for the child? If I leave it with the mother it will die, two to one, like the others. No, I will have better nursing for it than can be got here—the best of nursing!" said Vallardi, speaking with some degree of irritation, but striving all he could to suppress the appearance of it.

"Well, may be you are right, Signor Sandro. Everybody knows his own business best, and it's not for me to put my say in the matter," said Giuditta, bringing her conscience and her desire to propitiate her companion as much into accord as she could.

"Well, that is just what I say! Everybody knows his own business best; and I am doing the best I can. But I don't like to be interfered with by a parcel of fools—not sensible people like you, Signora Giuditta—who will meddle with what they have no concern with. I can't stand that. And I do not choose therefore that it should be known that I have sent Stella to the hospital. I mean to let it be supposed that it is the other child that has been sent to Florence."

"Ah—h—h!" said Giuditta, drawing a long breath.

"You know all about it, of course. And my wife has that opinion of your judgment that I should not have liked to decide on it without consulting you. Therefore, as you see, I give you my confidence. But there is nobody else who will know the real truth. And I must tell you, Signora Giuditta, that if there is one thing more than another that I can't bear, it is having my confidence betrayed. That I consider the basest thing anybody can do. Why I declare, so help me God!" he said, raising his voice and stopping in his walk, while he faced round and looked at the little woman straight

between the eyes with a terrible expression, "I declare, before all the saints, I should have no more scruple in putting a bullet through the head of anybody, man, woman, or child, who betrayed my confidence, than I should have in crushing that flower!" and he set his heel viciously upon a poor little anemone as he spoke.

Poor little Giuditta shook in her shoes as she saw and heard him.

"I should never think of betraying a confidence that was placed in me," she said at last in a shaking voice; "it is not my principle, and never was."

"Ah! I am so glad to hear that—very glad," said Vallardi, in a voice of great relief; "for what a sad thing it would be for me to be the death of such an old friend as you. But I should do it as sure as fate. I could not help myself. I could not, indeed, if I was to be betrayed. If ever you were to mention to any human being the fact that it is my child Stella that has been sent to the Innocenti, instead of the Roman child Leonora, I should shoot you through the head as sure as you stand there. I should just walk down one night, and kick the door of that old ramshackle place of yours off the hinges, and step up to your bedside, and do the job, without either one or two; but——" and he pulled out a pistol as he spoke, and made as if pulling the trigger of it close to little Giuditta's head, her unspeakable terror. "But there is no fear of that happening," he continued, "for it's very easy for a body to hold her tongue, you know, Signora Giuditta."

"I shall never speak about any babies at all, or any hospital; that will be safest. I shall try not to think of any such things at all," said the poor little woman.

"Brava! I see we shall always be good friends. And now that we have settled that point for good and all, I must tell you that my wife wants you to be so kind as to take the little one for her Florence. Of course you will be at no penny of expense. You will travel comfortably. You will get a visit to Florence—perhaps you never saw Florence? You will have a look at it without putting your hand in your pocket; and you will only just have to carry the child to the tourniquet at the hospital, and give it in to the person that answers the bell. What do you say to it, eh, Signora Giuditta?"

"Well, you know, Signore Sandro, I shall lose more than a good job while I am away. I stand engaged to go over to old Antonio Piccardi, the *fattore's* wife, at Tretorri, on Monday next; and I should be at Caparbio the following Thursday. And it stands to reason, you know, Signor Sandro, that a poor woman like me cannot afford to lose her work. Seeing Florence is all very well for those that can afford it, but a poor widow-woman like me has other things to think of."

Vallardi smiled grimly at her as she heaped up, with the readiness of the true Tuscan peasant, the reasons which went to show that she ought to make as much as possible out of the affair proposed to her.

"It is all very true, Signora Giuditta," he said, "and of course you are right to make the best bargain you can. But if it costs too much, Lucia must go herself, and I and Gufone must do the best we can with the other brat till she comes back. But if a trifle of a couple of Francesconi or so, in addition to all expenses, would make it worth your while to undertake the job, why that should not stand in the way."

"*Faccia lei!* Settle it on your own terms," answered Giuditta in the usual formula of a Tuscan assenting to the conditions proposed to him, the idea in his mind being that it is as well, after having bargained for the uttermost penny to be got, to get also credit for obliging you in the matter. "For me," said the Signora Giuditta, "it is sufficient if I can render any service to you and the Signora Lucia."

"She will be very glad to have the advantage of sending the child under your care. There is only one other thing to be said," continued Vallardi, with the air of a man accustomed to make the wills of other people bend to his own; "mothers don't like parting with their babies even for their own good, much as they profess to love 'em. That seems so selfish to me! However, if Lucia should show any unwillingness to send Stella to Florence,—though she must know it is the only sure way to save her life,—mind you don't encourage her. That might make me very angry. And somehow or other, though really I am one of the most good-natured, easy-going fellows alive, I am apt to get very dangerous when I am made angry. It is the fault of those who make me angry. Don't *you* make me angry, Signora Giuditta. We are such good friends, it would be a pity. So take care you don't say anything to encourage Lucia to think ill of sending the child. You understand me, eh, Signora Giuditta?" he concluded, again looking at her with a glance that made her tremble.

"Si, signore; I understand. When do you intend that I should go with the child, Signor Sandro?" she asked.

"As soon as ever Il Gufone comes home. He is gone upon an errand; and as I mean that he shall go with you to Florence, we must wait for his return; but I expect that he will be here in a day or two."

"Oh!—Il Gufone is to go to Florence with me and the child?" said Giuditta in a rather doubtful tone.

"Yes; that will be much better than going alone, you know. He will take care of you, and be of use to you on the journey. Shan't you be glad to have him with you?"

"Only—only that sometimes Il Gufone is apt to—to be mischievous in a way, as a body may say. He is such an one to play tricks," said poor Giuditta, who would far rather have been left to her own devices.

"Let me catch him playing tricks when he is trusted with an errand by me! He knows too well that I should break his neck for him. You need not be afraid of his tricks when I send him to take care of you. If I was to say, 'Gufone, worry the Signora Giuditta; I have a spite against her;'—ah! then indeed it is like enough that you might begin to find your life a burthen to you. But that is another matter. You will find him a very useful travelling companion, I assure you."

Signora Giuditta answered only by a passive sigh; and they walked on a little while, he striding up the hill, and she trotting in no very comfortable state of either mind or body by his side.

"I begin to be ready for my supper," said Vallardi, as they came near his place of abode, "and I hope you are, Signora Giuditta. You won't be sorry for it after your walk, eh?"

"No, Signor Sandro; I dare say I shall be glad of a bit to eat when I get there. But now I feel more out of breath like," panted the poor little woman.

"What, you don't generally come up the hill so fast, eh?" he answered with a grim smile. "Well, we are nigh at home now. Remember all I have said to you, Signora Giuditta, and we shall have a very pleasant supper."

And with that he pushed open the door of his house, and politely held it open for his visitor to enter. They found the table prepared for supper; but the large room was empty.

"Lucia!" cried Vallardi, going to the foot of the stairs, "here the Signora Giuditta come to sup with you. Come down and let her have something comfortable as quick as you can. The Signora Giuditta has made me walk up the hill at such a pace that I am as hungry as a priest after a twelve o'clock mass."

He spoke in a tone that indicated to his wife's practised ear that he was in high good humour, and she hastened to come down the steep stair from her evening crying, with pale face and lips and swollen eyes, and a child in her arms, prepared to look to the best of her power as nearly cheerful as she had ever looked for many a long year.

"It is very good of you to come up to me, Giuditta. There is Leonora in the cradle up-stairs; would you mind going up and bringing her down? I will have the supper ready directly."

The little woman went on the errand assigned to her with alacrity and as soon as she had done so, Lucia, with her own child still in her arms, was about to go up-stairs again, as if for some need connected

with the preparations for supper. But her husband stopped her with peremptory voice and gesture.

"No; one at a time up-stairs, if you please! If you want anything up-stairs, you may go as soon as she comes down,—not before."

His wife yielded at once without a word of reply, and busied herself, as well as the burthen at her breast would permit her, in getting the materials of the supper placed upon the table.

"I have told her," continued he, with a toss of his head towards the rafters of the room, intended to indicate the person spoken of, "that she is to take Stella to the Innocenti at Florence. She saw, as any sensible woman would see with half an eye, that it is the only way to give the child a chance. I told her, too, that Il Gufone would go with her. She did not seem half to like that; but I am not going to trust her alone."

His wife said nothing; but looked at him with a dull, heavy, imploring eye. But the meaning in the look was sufficient to banish all Sandro's good humour.

"Ah-h-h! let alone a woman for knowing how to make a man's life a burthen to him. Well! I shall not be here many more days; that's the only comfort."

His wife looked into his face again, while her lips began to quiver, and she tried, as she stooped with the child still in her arms to take something from the hearth, to take his hand, which hung behind him as he stood with his back to the fire.

"Bah! Now you'll begin to cry! Well, well! when a man has put a blister on him, I suppose he must bear it till it falls off. This is a very pleasant and cheerful house, Signora Giuditta," he continued, addressing his guest, who then came down the stairs with the other child and the cradle, "a *very* pleasant house, as I dare say you know, to ask anybody to come to. Sit down! Here's something to eat, any way."

The supper was in truth not a very merry one; and the master of the house felt himself as much aggrieved as masters of houses under similar circumstances usually do. The women looked at each other, scarcely daring to utter a word. Giuditta, when directly appealed to, gave it as her decided opinion, and as the result of all experience on the subject, that sending a child to a foundling hospital was the best possible way of securing every kind of advantage, moral or physical, for it, and professed her perfect readiness to carry little Stella to Florence, and her entire satisfaction at the prospect of making the journey under the escort of Il Gufone. She to her supper supported by the reflection that it would be the means of saving for the morrow a plate of beans and oil, which had been prepared for her evening meal at home, and was devoutly thankful as soon as she felt herself able to take her leave of her

terrible host, and trot down the hill, determining, as she went again on any account to let babies, or any question pertain them, form any portion of her frequent gossipings with the population of Talamone.

The two women had been effectually prevented from exchanging a syllable save in the presence of the master of the house. It was understood to be finally arranged that, on the first day of the return of Signor Nanni Scocco, Signora Giuditta and he should start in charge of little Stella with the *procaccia* who performed the journey between Orbetello and Grosseto, the principal town of Maremma, should rest there for the night, resume their journey under the care of another *procaccia*, who journeyed between Grosseto and Sienna, and should thence, after another night's rest, travel with diligence to the capital.

CHAPTER VII.

STELLA STARTS ON HER FIRST JOURNEY.

ON the evening of the second day after Signora Giuditta's party, Il Gufone returned home, and was received with somewhat more kindness than on the occasion of his last visit. He had, as he reported, been entirely successful in his perquisitions.

The Contessa Elena Terrarossa was a widow, who had married so early at a very early age. She had had no child by her husband, Conte Terrarossa, and was by no means rich; was, on the contrary, very poor, the almost entirety of the small property of her husband having gone at his death to a nephew. She was considered, as Il Gufone said, to be a very beautiful woman; and it was said that she might have married more than one rich husband since her first husband's death. But she had refused all offers, and the report was, that she had loved the younger brother of the Marchese Adriano (now deceased) before her marriage with the Conte Terrarossa, and for this reason she remained single, though the ecclesiastical career to which she was destined made their attachment a guilty and, in any proper sense, a hopeless one. She was now living in great seclusion and only visited in Rome; and whether Monsignore Casaloni still visited her, Il Gufone confessed that he had not been able to learn with any satisfactory degree of certainty. One thing, however, he had ascertained, he thought, beyond all doubt, having learned it from an old woman who sold hot chestnuts at the corner of a street near that in which the Contessa Elena lived, and who was the mother of a young girl who kept company with her maid, and this was, that it had been against her own wishes that her child had been sent away from

and that that step had been taken entirely in accordance with the will of Monsignore Casaloni, who was terribly afraid of any scandal that might interfere with his own progress towards the highest dignities of the church.

All this Vallardi heard attentively, but without making any remark on any portion of the information. Then he told his faithful follower that he was to be prepared to accompany the Signora Giuditta and little Stella to Florence on the morrow.

“Stella!” cried Il Gufone, “why, I should have thought——”

“Yes! you would have thought! Why, where are the brains you boast so much about, you shock-headed owl! Don’t you see that I shall have a very pretty card in my hand, to be played some day, when they are least thinking of it, by keeping hold of this countess’s bastard! They fancy that I know no more than the Pope who sent the child to me, or who or what she is; and make sure that they will never hear of her again. Ah! they got hold of the wrong man when they pitched on Sandro Vallardi. They should have some such dunderhead as you to deal with, Gufone mio! But I suppose you have a sort of glimmering now why Stella must go to the Innocenti, and Leonora must remain here, eh man?”

Il Gufone nodded his great head half-a-dozen times very sententially, but said nothing.

“And perhaps, too, you may understand another thing;—that it is absolutely necessary that no soul should know that it is not the Roman child that has gone away. Do you hear me? Giuditta Fermi had seen the other brat, and knew it, so I was obliged to tell her; but I don’t think she’ll say anything,” said he with a meaning smile; “she is a very discreet woman, is Giuditta Fermi, when properly handled. As for you, Gufone, we are old friends, and you know me. I mean that nobody shall have a notion of this change between the two children, *e basta!*”

“All right, Signor Sandro. It is no business of mine, you know,” returned Il Gufone.

“Just so; no business of yours at all,—except so far as to make it necessary for you to hold your tongue to save your neck from being wrung! That’s all!” returned Vallardi with an affectation of carelessness.

“Yes! I know about the kicks; but I am not so clear about the halfpence,” snarled Gufone.

“What! aren’t you full of supper now, you dog? or do you want more meat and drink? And now mark another thing. See that you behave like a decent human being, as far as you can, and not like an imp of hell, on the journey to Florence and back. You are to play no tricks on this woman, nor torment her in any way, do you hear! And talking of tricks, take that, for what you did before starting for

Rome, you cheat-the-hangman hound!" concluded Sandro, hur~~I~~ing a log of wood, which he had taken from the floor, as though to put it on the fire, right at Gufone's head. But Nanni was too practised a player at that game to be worsted at it; and a sudden twist of his little body allowed the wood to fall as harmlessly at the opposite side of the room, as the plate had done on the former occasion.

The next morning, Il Gufone and the Signora Giuditta—the former made as decent as circumstances would allow, with an old jacket and old hat of his patron's, and carrying the colossal umbrella and bundle that constituted the Signora Giuditta's travelling equipage, while that lady herself, who had come up that morning from her own residence for the purpose, carried the baby—started on their walk to Orbetello to join the *procaccia*. The task to be accomplished at Florence was a very simple one. All that was necessary, was that the infant should be carried to the Innocenti Hospital in the Piazza of the Santissima Annunziata in that city,—that a bell which hangs by the side of a sort of little hatch-like half-door in the wall of the building should be pulled, and the child handed in, when the said hatchway should be opened. There were no questions to be asked or answered. But the authorities of the Innocenti do not make a point of cutting off all means of future communication between the child they receive and those who send it there, as is the case in some other institutions founded with a somewhat similar object. On the contrary, any such means as the persons leaving a child may choose to supply, are carefully preserved and registered, so as to be available at any future period for the recognition of the little foundling.

It did not appear to have made any part of Signor Sandro Vallardi's intentions to provide any such means for the future recognition of his child. Nor did his wife dare to suggest that any measure of the kind should be adopted. But at the last moment, while la Giuditta was laying in a supply of food, intended to suffice her till she should reach Grosseto, and Vallardi was giving her during the process some parting directions, Il Gufone, having gone into the wood-house at the back of the house to cut himself a stick, heard himself gently called by a voice he knew very well, from a window above him.

He looked up without speaking, and at the same instant a bit of blue ribbon came fluttering down by the side of him, with a scrap of paper pinned to it. He took it up, and read, "Give this in with the child." Then he saw too that on the riband there was the word "Stella" worked in red letters. He looked up and nodded his ~~green~~ red head once; then put the paper on the earth, and dug it in with his heel; placed the ribbon carefully in the breast-pocket of his jacket; and ran off to join his travelling companion and begin his journey.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE HOMERIC POEMS.

, in spite of all that has been said by those who maintain the
ity of the Iliad and the Odyssey and attribute to their
rratives a historical character, their opponents are not satisfied, it
clear that the question cannot be regarded as settled, unless dog-
atic assertion on the one side is to overbear the patient statement
facts on the other. But, far from being satisfied, not a few who
ve devoted to the subject the labour of a life are daily more and
ore convinced that the popular theories have no foundation in fact;
id the momentous nature of the controversy is becoming more and
ore deeply felt, if not acknowledged in words.

For, if the conclusions of such writers as Mr. Gladstone, Colonel
ure, and Mr. Blackie are to be received, then, on the faith of a
pposed general consent of critics through a long series of centuries,
are bound to believe that the events of which the Homeric poets
ag were historical incidents which materially affected the later
story of the Greeks, in spite of all contradictions in the narrative,
d in spite of all other difficulties which the literature, whether of
a Greeks or of any other people, may force on our attention. We
a not, indeed, told as yet that, the historical foundation of the
rends being established, we are bound to receive all the marvellous
ails of the picture with a ready acquiescence; but the method by
rich the upholders of Homeric history get at their results may
lappal the sober seekers after truth, who see the havoc thus made
those canons of evidence which should guide the statesman and the
lge not less than the scholar. When we have before us narratives
l of extraordinary incidents, and exhibiting throughout a super-
tural machinery—when we see, further, that these narratives con-
dict themselves on vital points, it is our duty, it seems, not to
ect those narratives, but to pare away all that is miraculous or
rd to believe, and then to regard the naked outline as fact.

What the issue of this process is in Mr. Blackie's hands we have
ready seen; ¹ but it cannot be too often or too earnestly repeated,
at with such a method the ascertainment of the truth of facts
comes impossible. Mr. Blackie charges Mr. Grote and Professor
ax Müller with robbing us of large treasures of inherited belief;
it it is not too much to say that his own criticism is far more
settling and destructive, and that it tends to blunt that instinct
truthfulness and that impartial determination to seek truth only,

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1867, p. 567.

without which all criticism is worse than worthless. If we are to hold with him in one place, that there was "a real kingdom of Priam on the coast of the Dardanelles, and a real expedition of the Western Greeks against this kingdom," with a real Achilles, and "a real quarrel between him and the general-in-chief of the Hellenic armament;" and in another, that the impressions left by the facts on the minds of the poets might be "altogether at variance with the incidents as they occurred;" while in a third we are to admit that the historical character of the legend is not affected, even though Agamemnon and Achilles may never have met at all, and no Helen may have existed to give cause to the war,¹—then it is clear that all freedom of judgment is gone, and we must make up our minds that all so-called historical research is but a running after a Will-o'-the-wisp, which may lead us into marshes and bogs, but will never guide us to dry land.

No one can submit to be thus bound who believes that his powers of thought are given to him as a sacred trust, and that, unless he seeks to know facts as they are, he is chargeable with the guilt of wilfully blinding himself. It matters not how great may be the array of authorities on the other side; he dares not to give his assent to these conclusions, if facts, in his judgment, contradict or appear to contradict them. To profess a belief in the proposition that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* moulded the intellectual life of the Greeks from a time long preceding that of Herodotus and Thucydides would be to him an act of sheer dishonesty, if he is not convinced that the proposition is true; and if, after a careful survey of the field, he still retains his doubts, he is bound to state his reasons, and thus to do what he can towards solving the problem.

The attitude of all critics towards this subject ought to be that of patient seekers of the truth, who are quite prepared to receive any conclusions to which the evidence may lead them. If we wish only to ascertain facts, we shall be ready to believe that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were composed by one poet or by twenty; that they were written a few years or many centuries after the incidents which they profess to record; that their narratives are partly historical or wholly mythical, if only the proposition is irrefragably established. But whatever be the result, the statement of the grounds of doubt calls for gratitude rather than blame; and the tone adopted by some who have lately taken part in these discussions is a matter, to say the least, of very grave regret.

Some of the most suggestive papers in the second volume of Mr. Max Müller's "*Chips from a German Workshop*" are reprinted from the pages of the *Saturday Review*. The general drift of these papers is to show that the Greek mythology is closely akin to that of the Rig

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1867, pp. 569, 574.

Veda; that in a large number of instances the same names, with the same characteristics attached to them, are to be found in both; that these names are reproduced or translated, with the same incidents, in the mythology of Northern Europe; and that, as the names of some of the chief actors in the tale of Troy occur also in the oldest Vedic songs which exhibit in outline myths developed in the Iliad and the Odyssey, we cannot regard as historical the quarrel which is said to have been fought out by the hosts of Agamemnon on the shores of the Hellespontos, and can scarcely venture to assert that these poems were composed or thrown into their present shape by a single poet. It is not necessary, and perhaps it is not desirable, that the *Saturday Review*, having published the conclusions of the school of Comparative Mythologists, should henceforth advocate these opinions only; but, to say the least, it has an unseemly look when some other writer in the same journal regards the speculations of such writers as contemptible, and denounces their method as an evil. Yet an admirer of Mr. Valetta's recently published "Life of Homer" does not hesitate to speak of the old Chorizontes as "fons et origo mali," and to affirm that "the thin end of the wedge was inserted when separatists in the Alexandrian epoch began to doubt where antiquity had no doubts, and the evil precedent was followed up at a later date by those who, under the banner of Lachmann, Köchly, and we fear we must add Mr. Grote, would chop up the Iliad into half-a-dozen poems by various hands, thus overshooting their mark, as Mr. Valetta humorously remarks, one condemning one third, another another, and a third the remaining third of the twenty-four books."¹ Assertions so disingenuous can at best gain but a temporary advantage. None who go beneath the surface of the question can fail to see that the critics here censured do not reject each a different portion of the Iliad; that the attribution of the first book of the Iliad to one poet, and of the second book to another, is really no condemnation whatever; and that Mr. Grote, at all events, regards the Iliad as made up of only two poems, both of which he believes to be the work of the same poet. In fact, the points on which these critics fasten are not in each case different. The same difficulties have forced themselves on the attention of all, and some of the most strenuous asserters of Homeric unity are not slow in acknowledging their force. Even Mr. Blackie, as we have seen, admits that Homer composed the Iliad "in piecemeal," and strung his songs together "with a distinct knowledge that they would be used only in separate parts," and that "not only the separate materials, but the general scheme of the Iliad, existed in the Hellenic mind before Homer."² It is hard to see how this position differs materially from that of the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*,³

(1) *Saturday Review*, August 10, 1867, p. 197.

(2) "Homer and the Iliad," i. 206, 222.

(3) No. CCXX., Oct. 1858, p. 503.

who, while maintaining the unitarian hypothesis, asserts "that the text was handed down in fragments from remote antiquity, that the fragments were cast and recast, stitched together, unstitched again, handled by uncritical and unscrupulous compilers in every possible way." Like Mr. Blackie, Colonel Mure allows that "the circumstances under which the texts were transmitted, render it next to impossible but that their original purity must have suffered,"¹ and that Homer was probably "indebted to previous tradition for the original sketch of his principal heroes."² Bishop Thirlwall, while he refused to commit himself to any positive conclusions on the subject, saw long ago, with his usual sagacity, that the unity of Homer, even if universally conceded, would add little or nothing to the value of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* as historical records. In his words, "the kind of history for which Homer invoked the aid of the Muses to strengthen his memory was not chiefly valued as a recital of real events," and "if in detached passages the poet sometimes appears to be relating with the naked simplicity of truth, we cannot ascribe any higher authority to these episodes than to the rest of the poem." With a singular anticipation of the course into which the discussion is now drifting, he adds that "the campaigns of Nestor, the wars of Calydon, the expeditions of Achilles, probably appear less poetical than the battles before Troy, only because they stand in the background of the picture, and were perhaps transferred to it from other legends in which, occupying a different place, they were exhibited in a more marvellous and poetical shape."³ Thus, in Bishop Thirlwall's judgment, every incident nakedly recorded in the *Iliad* received its full clothing of the supernatural in other epic poems not lost, and since to incidents so clothed no credit is to be given, the tissue of wonders in which all are involved puts completely out of sight any possibly historical incidents on which they may have been founded, and makes them for us as though they had never been.

All such considerations are treated with profound contempt by the reviewer of Mr. Valetta's "Life of Homer," who tells us that "the surest clue to Homer's age is the entire silence of his poems as to the return of the Heracleids,—a cause of such thorough change in the Greek dynasties, as well as in Asia Minor, that, had he written after that event, he could not have helped betraying some consciousness of its operation." The reviewer doubtless accepts Mr. Gladstone's conclusion, that Homer wrote within a generation or two of the Trojan war,⁴ as well as the date assigned by Thucydides (I. 12) for the conquest of the Peloponnesus by the Heracleids. Thus the whole *Iliad*

(1) "Critical History of Greek Literature," book ii., ch. iv., § 4.

(2) *Ib.*, book ii., ch. iv., § 5.

(3) "History of Greece," vol. i., ch. 5.

(4) "Homer and the Homeric Age," i. 37.

as we have it now, was composed within eighty years at furthest from the fall of Ilion, and perhaps much earlier. Here then we are enabled to measure at once the value of that ancient tradition "which no Greek author of note has disputed or doubted," when it is submitted to the fast-and-loose method of conservative critics. The whole character of the tradition is essentially changed, if in one statement the poet is a contemporary writer, and in another is separated by a vast interval from the events which he professes to describe. The *Saturday Reviewer* holds that the composition of the *Iliad* within eighty years after the recovery of Helen is indispensable to the historical authority of Homer. Thucydides is not less positive in his statements that Homer lived a very long time after the Trojan war¹; and the poet, who may surely be allowed to tell his own tale, clearly speaks of the actors in the great drama as belonging to an order of men no longer seen upon the earth.² The special pleading of Mr. Gladstone limits the meaning of the phrase to a period of at most forty or fifty years. Few, probably, will attach much weight to the argument. All that Nestor says in the passage on which Mr. Gladstone³ relies for the truth of his interpretation is, that none then living could fight as Peirithoös and other heroes had fought in the days of his youth.⁴ In all the other passages where a like phrase occurs, the poet in his own person ascribes to Ajax, or Hektor, or Æneas the power of hurling boulders, scarcely to be lifted by two men, as easily as a child might throw a pebble.⁵ The change of which Nestor speaks is only one of degree. The poet, had he lived in times so close to the events which he relates, would rather have gloried in the exploits of his new kinsmen, and allowed their fame to shed some portion of its lustre on his living countrymen.

But if the event known as the return of the Herakleids led, as we are told, to such thorough changes in the (historical) dynasties of Eastern and Western Greece, and if this event occurred within a century after the fall of Troy, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being composed in the interval between these two events, the upholders of Homeric unity have fairly established their position. What then is the value of the traditions which relate this so-called historical event? In plain speech, they are narratives which exhibit a singular parallelism with other incidents in the mythical history of Hellas, and from which the residuum of historical fact, if it can be obtained at all, must be extracted by the same method which Thucy-

(1) I. 3. The contradiction cannot be laid to the charge of Thucydides, who clearly regarded Homer as living at a time long subsequent to the return of the Herakleids. A statement so clear can scarcely be set aside with consistency by critics who are eager on all possible occasions to shelter themselves under "the authority of the ancients."

(2) *Iliad*, v. 304.

(3) "Homer and the Homeric Age," i. 37.

(4) *Iliad*, i. 272.

(5) *Iliad*, xii. 383, 449; xx. 287.

dides and Herodotus, Dion Chrysostom,¹ Mr. Blackie, and Mr. Valetta apply to the story of Troy—i.e., by stripping off the whole clothing of the supernatural which has been thrown around it, and by ingenious conjectural arrangement of the little that then remains.

In truth, argument here becomes really superfluous. We may fairly say, and we ought to say at once, that they who talk loudest in support of the historical character of the Iliad have themselves acknowledged that we can get nothing out of it which deserves the name of history. The whole thaumaturgy of Homer they shatter at a blow; and although we are told in one breath that there was a real expedition from Mykênai to Troy, with a real Achilles and a real Agamemnon, whose quarrel was an actual fact, we are told in another that Agamemnon and Achilles may have been leaders of successive expeditions, and may never have met at all; that there may, therefore, have been no quarrel and no Helen to give cause for the war.² This is no caricature: and hence we may say that Mr. Blackie has torn to shreds the historical character of the Iliad. Bishop Thirlwall, while he regards the war as an historical event, has dealt with it not less cruelly. In the passage already cited from his history, he has swept away all belief in the detailed narratives of the Iliad and the Odyssey; and his statements that the incidents cursorily noticed in these poems were exhibited in full mythical garb in other epics, destroy all belief in the remainder. It must, therefore, be emphatically repeated, that, on the historical character of the Trojan war, the unitarians are in substantial agreement with their antagonists. There may have been a war at Ilion, on the Propontis; but as we cannot deny, so we cannot say that there was, and about it we know nothing.

Do we know anything more about the return of the Herakleids? Mr. Grote, it is true, asserts that at this point we pass, as if touched by the wand of a magician, from mythical to historical Greece.³ But he connects the myth with the subsequent historical distribution of the Greek States, only because it happens to come latest in order of sequence, and the story itself he at once banishes to the region of legend. The traditions again are contradictory, and Bishop Thirlwall especially notes that, while one version represents Pamphylos and Dymas as falling in the expedition by which their countrymen made themselves masters of the Peloponnese, another speaks of Pamphylos as still living in the second generation after the conquest. If, then, we say that in Greece, when it becomes historical, we find a certain arrangement of Dorian, Ionian, and other tribes, but that we know nothing of the events which led to it, our conclusion is

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1867, p. 573.

(2) Blackie, "Homer," i. 31, 33, 79.

(3) "History of Greece," part i., ch. xviii., § i.

simply that of Dr. Thirlwall, and Dr. Thirlwall is commonly regarded as free from the scepticism of Mr. Grote. "It is much less probable," in his judgment, "that the origin of the Dorian tribes, as of all similar political forms which a nation has assumed in the earliest period of existence, should have been distinctly remembered, than that it should have been forgotten, and have then been attributed to imaginary persons."

Have we then any adequate grounds for believing that there was any historical reconquest of the Peloponnese by the Herakleids? Mr. Grote, who accepts the fact, although he rejects the legends which profess to account for it, urges that no doubt is expressed about it even by the best historians of antiquity, and that "Thucydides accepts it as a single and literal event, having its assignable date, and carrying at one blow the acquisition of Peloponnesus."¹ But no one has shown more forcibly than Mr. Grote himself the utter worthlessness of the method of Thucydides when applied to the Trojan war, which also has its assignable date, for Thucydides marks it as preceding the return of the Herakleids by eighty years. When, again, Thucydides sets down the expulsion of the Bœotians from the Thessalian Arnê as an event occurring sixty years after the war at Troy, Mr. Grote rejects his statement summarily, on the ground that he "only followed one amongst a variety of discrepant legends, none of which there were any means of verifying."² But this remark applies with equal force to the traditions of the return of the Herakleids; nor would it be easy to lay too much stress on the remark of Mr. Paley, that "the tendency of the Greeks in the historic age to assign definite dates to uncertain events was very likely to lead them into statements not chronologically correct."³ Mr. Paley refers us to the dates assigned by Thucydides to the various immigrations into Sicily, which, he thinks, "must surely be received with great caution." They are, at the least, as trustworthy as the tabulation of Chaldaean and Assyrian chronology by M. Gutschmid and his admirer, Mr. Rawlinson; and they all rest alike on the shifting sands of "ingenious conjecture."

The last argument of Mr. Grote for the historical return of the Herakleids has been refuted by Sir Cornewall Lewis. This event, if it be an event, does not lead us at once from mythical to historical Greece. The whole history of Athens for many centuries later either is a blank, or exhibits a series of fables; and the conclusion is that "it seems impossible to fix any one period for the commencement of authentic history in all the different Greek States." Of the string of dates assigned to the various alleged immigrations from Western Hellas to Asia Minor, some may possibly be correct; but

(1) "History of Greece," part i., ch. xviii., § i.

(2) *Ib.*, § ii.

(3) "The Iliad of Homer" (in the *Bibliotheca Classica*), Introd., xix.

"how far these dates are authentic we have little means of judging = but the colonial legends connected with the early foundations are for the most part fabulous." It follows that "a connected account of the affairs of the principal Greek States begins about a century before the birth of Herodotus. . . . As soon as we ascend beyond the memory of the generation which preceded Herodotus and his contemporaries, we find the chronology uncertain, the dates confused, and the narrative interspersed with legend and fable. As we mount higher, the uncertainty increases, until at last the light of history is almost quenched, and we find ourselves in nearly total darkness."¹

To this region of the Graiai and the Gorgons we must, therefore, assign the return of the Herakleids, with all the incidents which are said to have preceded it, and not a few which are said to have followed it. If any real facts underlie the tradition—if any names of real Achaian or Hellenic chieftains have been preserved in it—we cannot separate them from the fictions beneath which they are buried. To us they are lost beyond recall; and for us, therefore, the tales of Troy and of the return of the Herakleids are not history, and cannot possess any historical value.

Here, then, the inquiry ends, so far as it belongs to the province of historical credibility; and it must never be forgotten that the negative conclusions thus reached are the result of mere historical criticism, and that they can in no way be affected by the failure of any theories which may profess to account for the origin and growth of these traditions, although the fact that their historical character has been disproved already must tend to strengthen any theory which gives a consistent explanation of the whole, and which rests on a comparison of these traditions with the myths of other countries. Professor Max Müller has asserted that "the siege of Troy is a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasures in the West."² Few—rather, we may say, none—will venture to deny that the stealing of the bright clouds of evening by the dark powers, the weary search for them through the long night, the battle with the robbers as the darkness is driven away by the advancing chariot of the lord of light, are favourite subjects with the poets to whom we owe the earliest Vedic songs. How far the names occurring in this most ancient Hindoo literature are found in Hellenic legends, how far the incidents connected with these names are reproduced in the Homeric

(1) Sir G. C. Lewis, "Credibility of Early Roman History," ch. xiv., § xvii.

(2) "Lectures on the Science of Language," Second Series, p. 471. Professor Max Müller, of course, does not stand alone in this opinion, either among English or Continental scholars. Yet Mr. Mozley, assailing the method of Comparative Mythology, quotes the assertion as coming originally from myself, and as worthy, therefore, of no consideration. In the text of the "Manual of Mythology" which Mr. Mozley was examining, the passage was inclosed between inverted commas.

poems, the reader may gather from Mr. Max Müller's analyses of these myths in his "Lectures on the Science of Language,"¹ But whether the old Vedic hymns contain the germ of the Iliad and Odyssey, or whether they do not, it seems impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the whole mythical history of Hellas exhibits an alternation of movements from the West to the East, and from the East back to the West again, as regular as the swayings of a pendulum. In each case either something bright is taken away, and the heroes who have been robbed return with the prize which, after a long struggle, they have regained, or the heroes themselves are driven from their home Eastward, and thence return to claim their rightful heritage. The first loss is that of the golden fleece; and the chieftains led by Iason set forth in the speaking ship on their perilous voyage to the shores of Kolchis. Before the fleece can be regained, there are fearful tasks to be done; but the aid of the wise Medeia enables Iason to tame the fire-breathing bulls, and to turn against each other the children of the dragon's teeth. Then follows the journey homeward, in which Medeia again saves them from the vengeance of Aiêtês, and Iason reigns gloriously in Iolkos after his long wanderings are ended. This tale is repeated again in the story of the wrongs and woes of Helen. She, too, is stolen, like the golden fleece, from the Western land, and carried far away towards the gates of the morning, and a second time the Achaian heroes are gathered together to avenge the disgrace and to bring back the peerless queen whom they have lost. Here again is the weary voyage, lengthened by the wrath of the gods, and the perilous warfare which must precede the ruin of Ilion. But the aid of Athênê, answering to that of Medeia, wins the victory at last for Achilleus, and then follow again the wanderings of the heroes as they return each to his home in the far-off West. Here, too, the help of Athênê, when her first anger has passed away, supports Odysseus on his toilsome pilgrimage and beats down his enemies beneath his feet. With the scene in which Odysseus and Penelopê appear in all the splendour of their youthful beauty after the fall of the suitors, the second Westward movement from the East comes to an end. But the enmity which darkened the life of Herakles continued to cast its shadow over his children; and if we follow the mythographers, we have before us, in a series many times repeated, the expulsion of the Herakleids and their attempts to return and take possession of their inheritance. The so-called Dorian migration is the last in the series of movements from East to West. The legends which profess to relate its history have

(1) The astonishing parallelism which runs through the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Volsunga Saga, and the Nibelungen Lied, I have endeavoured to trace out in some detail in the introductions to "The Gods and Heroes" and "The Tales of Thebes and Argos."

doubtless lost, in great degree, the freshness and charm of the myths which had gathered round the fair-haired Helen and the wise Medeia. This poverty may arise from their comparative nearness to an historical age, and the intermixture of real incidents on which the floating myths of earlier times had fastened themselves. That this may have occurred again and again is a matter not of mere conjecture, but of certainty, although the fact of the intermixture furnishes no ground of hope for those who seek for history in mythology. The real events, whatever they may have been, are disguised, distorted and blotted out as effectually as the stoutest trees in American forests are killed by the parasitical plants which clamber up their sides.

But, meagre as the later myths may be, the ideas and incidents of the older legends not unfrequently reappear in them. The disasters which befall the Herakleid leaders before they gain a footing in the Peloponnese, answer to the troubles and losses which Odysseus undergoes on his homeward voyage. The story of the soothsayer Karkas whose death draws down on them the wrath of Apollôn, carries us to the legend of Chryses in the tale of Troy; and the three sons of Hyllus answer to the three sons of Arkas in the Arcadian stories and to the three sons of Mannus in the mythology of the Teutonic tribes. Whether the Eastward migrations, which are described as the consequences of the return of the Herakleids, represent any real events we cannot tell, although we cannot in terms deny it; but the fact remains that they are movements Eastward, corresponding in many of their features to other movements which are said to have preceded them. All that can be said further about these legends as a whole is, that "matter of fact (if any there be) is so intimately combined with its accompaniments of fiction as to be undistinguishable without the aid of extrinsic evidence;"¹ and no such evidence is forthcoming. The pendulum which had marked the lapse of the mythopœic ages is here arrested in its even beat. The mighty stream which had brought down on its waters the great epical inheritance of mankind is lost in the sands of the barren centuries which intervene between the legendary age and the period of genuine contemporary history.

Thus, then, we have before us a cycle of legends many times recurring, with differences of local colouring, but with a general agreement in essential features. The search for a stolen treasure, and the homeward return either of the conquerors who have smitten the robbers or of the heroes who come to claim their rightful kingdom, form the burden of all. In other words, we are brought back to the favourite theme of the Vedic poets—to the hymns which tell us of the sun-god robbed of his cows in the west, of the mission

(1) Grote, "History of Greece," part i., ch. xviii., § 2.

Saramâ to discover the fastnesses where the thieves have hidden them, of their resistance until Indra draws nigh with his irresistible spear, of his great vengeance and his beneficent victory. Carrying us back yet one step further, these legends resolve themselves into phrases which once described, with a force and vividness never surpassed, the several phenomena of the earth and the heavens. The stream is thus traced to its fountain-head, and at once we are able to account for the beauty and majesty, the grossness and unseemliness, of the great body of legends which make up the genuine mythology of the world. The charge of monotony which some have adduced in summary condemnation of the theory of comparative mythology, may be urged with as much and as little reason against the life of man. If there is monotony in the thought of the daily toil of the man for beings weaker than himself—of his wrath as he hides his face behind the dark cloud, of his vengeance as he tramples on the vapours which crowd around him at his setting, of the doom which severs him from the dawn at the beginning of his journey to restore her at its close—there is monotony, also, in the bare record of birth and love and toil and death, to which all human life may be pared down. But where there are eyes to see, and hearts to feel, there is equal life in both; and we are driven to admit that the real marvel would be, not the multiplication of magnificent epics, but the absence of these epics from a soil on which the seeds had been so lavishly scattered; not the production of characters differing from and resembling each other—as those of Meleagros and Achilles, of Hektor and Paris, of Herakles and Theseus, of Perseus and Apollôn, of Athênê and Dahanâ, of Helen and Io and Medeia—but the absence of such beings from the common stories of the people.

The historical character of the Argonautic and Trojan legends has been swept away; and Comparative Mythology steps in to account for the nature, growth, and extent of the materials which the Homeric poets found ready to their hands. That they worked on some materials provided by ancient tradition, is allowed by all. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, poets may embellish, but they cannot invent.¹ The admission involves momentous consequences. The earliest mythical phrases tell us of a hero whose chariot is drawn by undying horses, and who is armed with an unerring spear; who is doomed to toil for beings meaner than himself, or to die an early death after fighting in a quarrel which is not his own; who must be parted from the woman to whom he has given his heart, to be united to her again only when his days are drawing to an end; in whom may be seen strange alternations of energy and inaction, of vindictiveness and generosity; who, after a long struggle, and just when he seemed

(1) "Homer and the Homeric Age," ii. 9.

to be finally conquered, scatters his enemies on every side, and sin when the battle is ended, into a serene and deep repose.

It is but a vague outline ; but it involves all the essential featu in the career of Achilleus and Odysseus, of Meleagros and Herakl of Perseus, Theseus, and Bellerophôn ; and not only of these, but the great heroes of the lays of the Volsungs and the Nibelun, of the romance of Arthur, and the epic of Firdusi. In so cases the very names are the same, as well as the incidents ; in othe they translate each other. Paris and Pâni, Helen and Saramâ, Erin and Saranyû, the Charites and the Harits, Ahi and Echidna, Bris and Brisaya, Argynnis and Arjunî, are recognised at once ; while Brynhild we discern the equivalent of Iolê and Iokastê, and in Sigur the counterpart of Achilleus, Theseus, and Meleagros. There is thus the closest parallelism between the great epics of the Hellenic and Teutoni tribes, of the Persians and the Hindoos ; and thus also the narrativ of the Trojan war is not only divested of all local historical character but finds its place as one among the many versions of the tal which relates the career of the great mythical heroes of all lands.

At once, then, we are brought round to the conclusion (which Bishop Thirlwall had reached by another path) that a source so rich in mythical elements must yield an abundant harvest of great epic poems, and that our Iliad and Odyssey must be but a very small part of the inheritance left by the mythopœic ages, even if this conclusion were not supported by the general testimony of ancient writers and the phenomena of Greek literature. These great epics at whatever time they may have been brought into their present shape, are but two epics which were not the most popular during the most flourishing period of Greek literature. They are but varying forms of the widespread tradition which has come down from a source common to all the tribes of the Aryan race. A purely historical inquiry stripped them of all historical character ; a philosophical analysis has resolved their materials into the earliest utterances of human thought, when man first became capable of putting into words the impressions made on his mind by the phenomena of the outward world. The method by which these results have been obtained must be either wholly rejected, or carefully followed without the slightest regard to consequences, unless it can be shown in special instances and by tangible evidence to be unsound. The expression of vague fears either is thrown away, or does mischief by encouraging an unscientific and slipshod fashion of looking at a subject which must be handled systematically or not at all. The capricious criticism of Mr. Max Müller's "Essay on Comparative Mythology," in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*,¹ may therefore fairly excite a deeper feeling of regret than the ground

(1) February 1, 1868, p. 147.

dogmatism of Mr. Valetta or the superficial pleadings of his admirer. Nothing can be clearer than that if the name Zeus is confessedly another form of Dyaus, Ouranos of Varuna, Azidahâka of Zohâk, the method which has yielded these results must be applied to all names, nay, to all words; and that, in all instances where the laws which govern the method are not violated, the result must be admitted as established. The child who can swim may dread to plunge into a stream because he thinks that the water may be beyond his depth; the dogmatist may hesitate to admit conclusions which he cannot refute, because he fears that they may lead to other conclusions subversive of his traditional belief; but such evasions are quite unworthy of those who seek only to know the truth of facts. It is, indeed, amazing that one who allows that Dyaus must be Zeus, and Ouranos must be Varuna, "because no sound Greek explanation of either word can be given," should ask why the Greek Charites should be the Vedic Harits, or Eros the Sanskrit Arvat. In either case it is a mere question of fact, and the answer is that the words are etymologically identical, and that Charis and Erinys can no more be explained by any Greek word than can Zeus and Ouranos. Such criticism as this justifies the most earnest protest on the part of all who are anxious that the work of patient and impartial analysis should be carried on without fanciful hindrances and visionary objections.¹ The identification of Erinys and Saranyu, of Argynnis and Arjunî, of Paris and Panî, is more certain than that of Ouranos and Varuna, about which the *Saturday Reviewer* feels no misgiving. It is disheartening to come across the question, "If the Greek Eros is Arvat, what is the Latin Cupido?" It is even irritating to be told that "Apollo is doubtless the Sun; but why should Herakles, Odysseus, Achilleus, Alexander, Œdipus, everybody, be the Sun also?" The *Reviewer* has coupled my name with that of Professor Max Müller in the sentence which follows this question; and for myself I must protest against the charge. I have nowhere said, and have never thought, that all the actors in the great epics of the Hellenic and Teutonic tribes, of the Persians and Hindoos, are solar heroes. Such a statement would strike at the very root of Comparative Mythology, which teaches that the mythical treasures of the Aryan race have been derived from phrases expressing the genuine feelings of mankind about all that they saw,

(1) The unfairness, doubtless unintentional, is the more hurtful, because Professor Max Müller has met the objection with the utmost clearness. "After etymology has assumed an historical and scientific character, a derivation inapplicable to the cognate form of [a word] in Sanskrit is inapplicable to the word itself in Greek." The *Saturday Reviewer* declines to join issue on the principle. He must, therefore, admit that "some of the most plausible Greek etymologies have had to give way before the most unlikely, yet irrefragable, derivation from Sanskrit."—*Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 151.

touched, or heard in the world around them. Assuredly neither Odysseus, Herakles, Œdipus, nor any other, can be the Sun, unless their names, their general character, and their special features carry us to this conclusion. Whether they do so or not can be determined only by an analysis of each legend. It is unphilosophical and manifestly unfair to urge a vague objection, unsupported by a single reason, and ask at the same time for leave to suspend judgment, "to fold our hands and look on." To those who, with the *Saturday Reviewer*, hold that γένος and *cyn* are the same, the identity of Aeshma-Daêva and Asmodeus, of Ormuzd and Ahura-mazdâo, of Arbhu and Orpheus, cannot possibly be a matter of faith. The identification must stand or fall, as it fulfils or violates the canons which determine that the Greek θυγάτηρ and the German *tochter* represent the English *daughter*, the Sanskrit *duhitar*, and the Persian *docht*. It is absurd to make exceptions unless some philological law has been broken.

The gravity of the question may justify remarks which might otherwise have been withheld; and the interests of Homeric study, not less than of Comparative Mythology, call for a plain denial of fallacious statements, the acceptance of which would be fatal to the study of the Homeric poems, and to the science which seems likely in the issue to account for their origin, if it has not done so already. There is a wide difference, the *Saturday Reviewer* tells us, between the position of Comparative Philology and that of Comparative Mythology. "In the one case the phenomena of language are made to explain themselves; in the other case they are made to explain something quite different." The meaning of this is, that Comparative Mythology brings before us a struggle between Phoibos and Python, Indra and Vritra, Sigurd and Fafnir, Achilles and Paris, Œdipus and the Sphinx, Ormuzd and Ahriman, and from the character of the struggle between Indra and Vritra, and again between Ormuzd and Ahriman, infers that a myth, purely physical in the land of the Five Streams, assumed a moral and spiritual meaning in Persia, and, as indicating the fight between the co-ordinate powers of good and evil, gave birth to the dualism which from that time to the present has exercised so mighty an influence throughout the East and the West. Language has thus been made to explain a very difficult problem in moral philosophy, which is something quite different from language; and such an office as this is never discharged by Comparative Philology. The former, therefore, must be regarded with greater suspicion than the latter. Here, again, we are dealing with a mere matter of fact; and how little the *Reviewer's* assertion is in accordance with fact is proved by his own subsequent admission that Comparative Philology "leads us on to certain inferences beyond the immediate range of language," among these

ces being the conclusion that the plough was known to the Greeks, and Teutons, while they still formed one people, words cognate to our *ear* are to be found in all their dialects. When, language is made to throw light on the history of agriculture. We must infer, therefore, either that agriculture is the thing as language, or that the *Reviewer's* distinction between comparative Mythology and Philology is altogether arbitrary. The age of the plough is a fact of history: theories entertained in the past about moral and spiritual evil are also facts of history. In these sciences, then, language is made to explain something about itself,—in one not more than in the other; and the *Reviewer's* proposition stands self-refuted.

There is more of plausibility than of truth in the words of Mr. [?], that "he who seems to impeach the knowledge and sentiment of all former ages, himself runs but an evil chance, and is soon to be found guilty of ignorance and folly."¹ Verdicts unananimously given are not always just, and, in the great battle for the ascertainment of fact, one man is not unfrequently called upon to stand alone in the world, unsupported by any of his own age. Aristarchos of Samothrace opposed his Heliocentric theory of the universe to all others; many a century had yet to pass before that theory superseded the Ptolemaic. In truth, nothing is gained by appeals to majorities or to parties, or by hyperbolical laudation of poems ancient or modern. Whatever may be the beauty or the magnificence of epic poetry, this beauty and magnificence will still remain, whether it be the work of one man or of a hundred men, of one age or of many. Exaggerated theories, springing from exaggerated praises, have rapped the whole field of Homeric inquiry in mists, out of which we cannot easily find our way; and statements are boldly and unhesitatingly accepted, without the faintest misgiving. After all, facts may point in some other direction. In Colonel Bunsen's opinion, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were "the acknowledged record or digest, as it were, of early national history, geography, and mythology."² With a generalisation still more sweeping, Bunsen assures us that "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, especially the former, are the canon regulating the Hellenic mental development in all things spiritual, in faith and custom, worship and religion, and domestic life, poetry, art, science. Homer is not only the greatest poet, but the father of all succeeding poets. The *Iliad* is the sacred groundwork of lyrical poetry no less than of the drama."³ These are either very important facts or very great delusions. Our business is simply with the evidence on which these conclusions are

(1) "Homer and the Homeric Age," i. 2.

(2) "History of Greek Literature," book ii., ch. ii. § 5.

(3) "God in History," book iv., ch. viii.

said to be based, and all impartial and unprejudiced thinkers owe debt of gratitude to Mr. Paley for his very able analysis of the evidence, and for the single-minded honesty which has led him to discuss this question in a book intended especially for young scholars.¹ The cry raised against the unsettlement of their mind is both disingenuous and irrelevant. If the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* really moulded the mental life of Greek lyric and dramatic poets, the fact must be as clear as the sun at noon-day; and counter-statements can but serve to establish that fact more firmly. But, in the first place the composers of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* do not speak of themselves as the first poets. Not only do they tell us of bards who had won their fame at an earlier time, but the *Odyssey* (viii. 72, &c.) shows that an account of the wrath of Achilles, wholly different from that which we have in the *Iliad*, was both current and popular. "If it does not show this," adds Mr. Paley, "it at least shows that there were other ballads on Trojan affairs in existence before the *Odyssey* was composed or compiled."² Colonel Mure naturally lays great stress on the alleged familiarity of later poets with our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*³; and if Baron Bunsen's statement has any measure of truth, the Attic drama must be steeped in the sentiment, if not in the language, of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But, in fact, "although the Greek plays, and two only, are taken directly—the one from the *Iliad*, the other from our *Odyssey*—the allusions to either of the great poems are singularly few, and those few often uncertain, in the writers previous to the time of Plato."⁴ Nay, although these early writers speak not unfrequently of Homeric poems and Homeric subjects, we find in far the larger number of instances, that the epithet is applied to poems which no longer exist, or to subjects which are not treated in our *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. "Out of at least thirty-five such references in Pindar, only about seven have a distinct reference to our present *Iliad* or *Odyssey*;"⁵ and even in some of these the reference is very vague, while the lyric poet speaks of the madness of Ajax, his midnight attack on the herds, and his suicide, Homeric subjects. A line, perhaps two or three lines, in the Hesiod *Theogony* and the *Weeks and Days* may point to our Homer; but the Trojan legend generally "very scant mention is made in the poets preceding Pindar and the Trojan writers."⁶ One of the best passages in Theognis cannot be referred to our *Iliad*, and a fragment of Simonides speaks of Homer "as describing Meleager in the not now occurring in the *Iliad*."⁷ Of the Homeric or Trojan

(1) "The *Iliad* of Homer" (*Bibliotheca Classica*), Introduction.

(2) *Ib.*, Introd., xxx.

(3) "History of Greek Literature," book ii., ch. ii., § 4.

(4) Paley, "Homer," Introd., xxvi.

(5) *Ib.*, xxvii.

(6) *Ib.*, xxx.

(7) *Ib.*, xxxi.

jects carved on the chest of Kypselos, five are not in the Iliad, and some refer to versions wholly different from our Homeric story. Menelâos, sword in hand and about to kill Helen on the taking of Ilium, is not the Menelaos of our Odyssey. Colonel Mure will have it that Tyrtæus was familiar with our Homer. In the only passage which can be cited in proof of this assertion it is hard, indeed, to discover even a distant allusion. Twice only does Herodotus name the Iliad; and although the former of these two passages may be set aside as ambiguous, in the second he distinctly rejects the Homeric authorship of the Cyprian verses on the ground that the latter speak of Paris as reaching Troy on the third day after leaving Sparta, while the Iliad describes his long wanderings to Sidon, Egypt, and other places, for which in our Iliad we look in vain. The reason given by Kleisthenes for the stopping of the rhapsodists at Sikyon Mr. Blakesley regards as "quite inapplicable to the Iliad or the Odyssey." Equally inconclusive are the few references in Thucydides for any evidences in favour of the identity of our Iliad and Odyssey with the Iliad and Odyssey of the age of Perikles. The references of Aristophanes are of the same kind, sometimes tending to prove that passages in our Iliad have been altered since his time, sometimes ascribing to Homer passages which we do not find in our texts.

The case, then, may be stated thus:—A vast number of incidents belonging to τὰ Τρωικά, not mentioned or barely noticed in our Iliad and Odyssey, were treated of in epic poems current in the days of the great Attic tragedians. All these epic poems were "vastly inferior, both in design and execution, to their two prototypes."¹ Nevertheless from this inferior literature Æschylus, Sophokles, and Euripides "drew so largely, that at least sixty of their known plays are taken directly from it, while only two are taken from the Iliad and Odyssey."² We are left to wonder with Mr. Paley "how it came to pass that the Greeks, in the best ages of their poetic genius, preferred to take their themes from the inferior and secondary, to the neglect of the superior and primary," . . . "that the authors of the Cypria, the Little Iliad, the Nosti, should have won all the credit, and left little or none for their great master and predecessor, Homer."

Our Iliad and Odyssey, then, had not, in the days of Æschylus and Sophokles, the popularity which they have since attained; and the theories of Baron Bunsen, Colonel Mure, and Mr. Gladstone fall to the ground. These poems did not "regulate the mental development of the Greeks," nor were they "the acknowledged standard of early national history, geography, and mythology."

The historical character of these poems being definitely disproved,

(1) Mure, "History of Greek Literature," book ii., ch. ii., § 3.

(2) Paley, "Iliad," Introd., xxxvii.

the time of their composition and the method of their transmission, although they remain subjects of great interest, become points of secondary importance. The knowledge of writing (if proved), even from an age earlier than that of the Homeric poets, will explain but very few of the difficulties which surround the question. A few words scratched on stone and wood furnish slender grounds for assuming the existence of voluminous manuscripts during centuries preceding the dawn of contemporary history.¹

The conclusion is this,—that if any real facts underlie the narrative of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, they are so completely buried beneath the mythical overgrowth as to make the task of separation impossible; that the legend of the Trojan war is unhistorical; that we have no grounds for asserting that Agamemnon, Achilles, or any other of the actors in the tale were real persons; that the story of the return of the Herakleids is as mythical as that of the war of Troy; that the sequence of these myths throws no light on the time of the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; that no historical knowledge can be gained from the legends of Hellenic colonisation in Asia Minor; that the mythical history of Greece exhibits a succession of movements from West to East, and from the East back to the West again; that these movements are for the purpose of recovering stolen treasure or a rightful inheritance; that this heritage is the bright land where the sun sinks to rest after his journey through heaven; that the stolen treasure is the light of day carried off by the powers of darkness, and brought back again, after a hard battle in the morning; that the materials of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are taken from the vast stores of mythical tradition common to all Aryan nations; that these traditions can be traced back to phrases indicating physical phenomena of whatever kind; that these phrases furnish an inexhaustible supply of themes for epic poetry; that the growth of a vast epical literature was as inevitable as the multiplication of myths, when the original meaning of the phrases which gave birth to them was either in part or wholly forgotten; that the substance of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* existed from an indefinite early time; that these poems were not composed at once, and are not a coherent whole; that they exercised little influence on the modern development of the Greek lyric and tragic poets; and that their present form cannot be traced to any earlier age than that of Plato.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN

(1) The question is carefully examined in Mr. Paley's Introduction. To carry on controversy without reference to his arguments is disingenuous.

STRAY CHAPTERS FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK ON LABOUR.

V.

WAYS AND MEANS OF TRADES' UNIONS.

WE come now to the means at the disposal of trades' unions for the achievement of their ends. On this part of the subject public opinion has of late made a remarkable advance. Ten or a dozen years ago an apologist for Unionism might still have found himself under the necessity of formally vindicating the abstract right of combination, and of humbly pleading that if every individual workman be at liberty, as he obviously is, to refuse to work except on his own terms, any number of workmen must be equally at liberty collectively to refuse to work except on terms to which, after consulting together among themselves, they may have collectively agreed. Ten or a dozen years ago this plea would have been far from superfluous ; for though combination in support of the pretensions of labour was no longer punishable by law, it was still so generally confounded with conspiracy, that any attempt to distinguish between the two would have been sure to have been looked upon as over-refining or worse. Ours, however, is a proverbially fast age : the revolutionary novelties of yesterday are the conservative common-places of to-day ; and no one now, in speaking of trades' unions, would venture to show himself so far behindhand as to dispute the right of unionists to unite. Every one now concedes to labourers, for the promotion of their common interests, the utmost freedom of collective action not inconsistent with individual liberty. Anti-unionists now confine themselves to alleging that when collective action takes the form of Trades' Unionism, it not only actually does, but necessarily must, interfere very objectionably with individual liberty, both with that of unionists themselves and with that of persons outside the pale of their association. The purpose of the present paper is to determine how much truth there is in the first of these allegations, and whether there be any truth in the second ; but, in order that we may be qualified to answer these questions, we must first acquaint ourselves somewhat particularly with the facts and phenomena to which they relate.

In theory a trades' union is the result of a spontaneous concurrence of atoms. The constituent members are supposed to come together entirely of their own accord, and to remain together solely because it suits them. In theory, too, the constitution is unalloyed democracy. All functionaries are appointed and all laws enacted by universal suffrage, and the same breath which has made unmakes both. Regulations adopted by general consent define the ordinary

routine of procedure, and all extraordinary measures, all deviations from the prescribed course, require an equally popular vote to legalise them. This is the theory, and there must have been a time when the practice corresponded. The first apostles of Unionism could not have been in a position to use any but persuasive arts, and must have been fain to content themselves with discoursing or haranguing on the blessings of concord and unity, and the combative efficacy of fraternisation. It can only have been to conviction or importunity that their earliest proselytes yielded. Others may next have come in, enlisted by fellow-feeling or the strong contagion of example; but no other sort of compulsion either was or could be resorted to, nor was any other force available to secure obedience to rules which were not generally approved. For a while, therefore, voluntarism and equality may have been exhibited in the most perfect form compatible with the inherent imperfectibility of all human things. For a while only, however, and that but a brief one. As members of a press-gang, even though they themselves may have originally volunteered for the service, bring without compunction any amount of pressure to bear bludgeon-wise on the heads of eligible recruits, so are professors of Unionism, in whatsoever manner they may themselves have been converted, accustomed to mingle a good deal of roughness with their zeal to make further converts. As long as they are greatly outnumbered in the shop, or mine, or factory, they may be politic enough to restrict themselves to simple argumentation; but as they grow in numbers, their humility is often exchanged for insolence, and as soon as they find themselves in a sufficient majority they become very apt to play the bully. Sometimes they will not tolerate the presence of a nonconformist minority, refusing positively to let non-unionists work in their company. In some societies this is enjoined by express statute. One rule of the Glasgow bricklayers is that "no member of the society shall serve any master who employs bricklayers that are not members of the society." At Bradford and many other places the plasterers have a rule that "no plasterer be allowed to work in any shop more than six days without giving satisfaction to the shop steward either that he is a member or will join the society." The brickmakers and the house-painters of Manchester have similar rules, and so, too, have the Liverpool upholsterers and shipwrights, the Glasgow bakers, the printers belonging to the Provincial Typographical Association, and the associated collier seamen of the north-eastern ports. In a trade under the influence of one of these societies, a master has to choose between unionists and non-unionists. If he admit any of the latter, the former leave him in a body; generally, however, first letting him know why. "But," continues one of the rules just quoted, "if after being properly warned of his error, and having had the advantages of the society most

citly made known to him, he refuse to desist, then, in that event, the whole of the members in said master's employment are to withdraw directly and come upon the box." To large employers the choice thus allowed may be practically no choice at all; either they may be unable to get as many non-unionist hands as they need, or the hands, if procurable, may not be of the right sort; for it so happens, and the fact is one of which we shall do well to take particular note, that though there are plenty of unionists who are not good workmen, there are comparatively few good workmen who are not unionists. A master in a large way of business can scarcely, therefore, continue in it unless he consent to employ none but unionists, in accordance with their own exclusive law, which is sometimes so rigidly enforced that a master is not permitted to accept the aid of his own nearest relatives in his own handicraft, as, like Mr. Howroyd or Mr. Dixon, master-plasterers of Bradford, is required to discharge his own nephews or his own brothers if they have not joined the union. Employers on a small scale, requiring fewer hands, enjoy more freedom of selection; but this they cannot always exercise without serious risk both to themselves and to any non-unionists whom they may engage. If they happen to be established in or near Sheffield or Manchester, there is no small probability of their having their machinery and stock-in-trade injured or destroyed, and their horses hamstrung, and of their men being robbed of their tools or personally maltreated. There is also at least the possibility that outrage of the latter description may extend to mutilation or murder. It will be recollected that the offence for which poor Fearnough had the room in which he was sleeping taken down up last October twelvemonth was that of having retired from the union of his trade, and then working with an employer from whom non-unionist workmen had been withdrawn.

In other societies, in which there is no written law against the employment of non-unionists, the members can very sufficiently supply the want by being a law unto themselves. Without absolutely refusing to work with non-unionists, they can easily contrive that any exceptional non-unionists working in a shop in which they are themselves a majority shall have but an indifferent time of it. The interlopers are made to understand that they are there only on sufferance, most likely having got in only because there were not a sufficient number of unionist workmen at hand. They know that, if the main body of their mates were to insist on their being discharged, the employer would scarcely dare to refuse. They know that the only chance of their being borne with consists in their themselves bearing all things patiently, and it is sometimes a good deal that is given them to bear. Some of them indeed would not, perhaps, be permitted to enter the union if they wished it, for unionists are not desirous of

having incompetent workmen as associates. They do not want to have the expense of maintaining in idleness persons incapable of earning that minimum rate of wages below which unionists are by their own laws prohibited from working. As a pledge of efficiency, therefore, candidates are generally required to have served an apprenticeship to the trade, or at any rate to have worked at it for a certain number of years. For the same reason, candidates in bad health, or of bad moral character, are frequently rejected. Such, too, as having once belonged to the union, have been expelled as defaulters, would most likely be refused re-admission; and the door is likely to be closed also against those whose allegiance to the alehouse is evidently too exhausting to leave them the means of duly supporting any other institution. Such men, not being desirable associates, are readily exempted from joining; but similar toleration is not extended to any who cannot claim it on the same ground of unworthiness. Eligible members who will not allow themselves to be elected, but stand aloof for conscience' sake, should be prepared to be martyred accordingly. The gentlest comment passed upon their contumacy consists of reproaches of the meanness that shrinks from the expense and responsibility of combination, yet gladly participates in its advantages; and the contempt which their conduct excites usually vents itself in numberless insults and annoyances. Every occasion is taken to snub them; choice nicknames are invented for them; none but recusants like themselves will drink, or smoke, or chat with them; within a society shop there is little peace and less comfort for them. Yet they are loath to leave; for another fact deserving to be specially noted is, that trade is generally brisker, and that wages are generally higher, in society than in non-society shops. They prefer, therefore, to stay where they are, rather than, by going farther, to fare worse pecuniarily. But few who remain continue proof against the unceasing persecution to which they are there subjected, and their own natural disposition to do as all around are doing, and most before long end by joining the union. Their joining sooner or later is indeed so much a matter of course that dilatoriness in the matter is sometimes treated as an offence to be punished retrospectively. One eminent trades' union has the following among its rules: "Any persons, when asked to join this association, being obstinate and causing delegates' deputations or any other expenses to be incurred by their obstinacy, shall pay all such expenses, together with the amount of entrance or re-entrance as the case may be." Nonconformists are thus admonished that they had better come in at once, since the longer they delay the more it will cost them at last.

Thus, although in trades' unions volunteering may be the rule^e pressing, or something nearly akin to it, is an exceedingly frequent exception; and of course recruits who have been brought into

society against their will are not allowed to have altogether their own way in it. At best, they would have to submit to the will of the majority. On whatever policy the greater number of members resolved, in that the smaller number would have to acquiesce, the only alternative for dissidents being to secede from the society, which they would probably be prevented from doing both by the same reasons as induced them to join, and in addition by unwillingness to forfeit the insurance privileges to which their past subscriptions entitled them. Occasionally their submissiveness would be sorely tried, particularly during the continuance of what is technically called "strike." This name, notwithstanding its aggressive sound, indicates, as every one knows, rather passive than active warfare. They do not, except as a rare variation from ordinary practice, come to actual blows with the masters; they simply desert them, taking themselves off in a body, and thereby oftentimes imitating, in more respects than one, the Roman commons, when the latter withdrew to the Mons Sacer, and were taught in consequence duly to appreciate the moral of the "Belly and the Members." Having thus struck work, and having consequently no longer any current wages to live upon, they are thrown for support on their own previously accumulated reserves, and on subsidies from fellow-unionists and sympathising allies. These together are often considerable enough to admit of families drawing subsistence-allowance at the rate of ten, twelve, or fourteen shillings a week; but it is only when the "turnouts," as they are styled, form but a small fraction of the whole society that an exhausting drain on the exchequer can be long continued. If the strike, instead of being confined to a few establishments, extend over the union's whole territorial range, the weekly doles grow rapidly smaller and smaller, and their recipients more and more select, until the former dwindle down to almost nothing. While this is going on, terrible are the straits to which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of families are reduced. They had found it hard enough at first to descend from aggregate earnings of perhaps four or five pounds a week to an alimony of barely twice as many shillings; but when even this pittance fails them they are compelled, in order to keep themselves alive, to part with every article they possess that can be turned into bread. Watches, ear-rings and wedding-rings, tables and chairs, bedding and clothes, all disappear one after the other, each item, as it is given up, diminishing the probability that any good will afterwards result from so many sacrifices. And among those who thus despoil themselves there are always many who are far from satisfied as to the efficiency of the cause for their so doing. Several, from the beginning, may have thought the object either hopeless or not worth the cost of a struggle; others, after brief experience of the bitterness of industrial strife, would be heartily glad to return to their former

peaceful routine. Ask any of these, if you can get them by themselves, and out of hearing of their fellows, why, wanting work and having work within their reach, they do not seize upon it, instead of standing idle all the day long, and you will find few with sufficient faith in the policy they are pursuing to attempt to vindicate it. Rather they will lay the blame of their tacitly-admitted perverseness on "their mates, or the society, or the committee." They will give you to understand that, if they pleased themselves, they would at once resume their wonted labour, and that it is to please their companions that they loiter about doing nothing, starving themselves, and seeing their wives and children starve. Yet, although in such behaviour self-abnegation and abdication of private judgment are carried to an extreme, still, if that were all, there might not be very much to object to; so far there would at least be no proof of undue compulsion. The majority would indeed be having its own way in everything, disposing of all questions with absolute authority; but this would be no more than must needs happen in every society in which a majority in number is conscious of possessing also a superiority of strength. It must needs be that such a majority will govern, and govern absolutely; and if the society be one to which no member has a right to belong without the consent of the rest, it is no more than proper that the majority should govern absolutely, provided only that it govern also equitably, and conform in all its proceedings to laws of perfectly impartial operation, which bear upon all individuals equally. To despotism so tempered no one submits, except in so far that of his own choice he believes it to be more for his interest to submit than to secede. The freest and best-governed countries are never without malcontent inhabitants, the most valuable portion of whose freedom consists in the privilege of freely choosing between staying where they are and leaving. When the general voice of a nation is loudest for war, there are always individuals—all Quakers, to wit—whose cry is for peace. In our last opium quarrel with China, the folly and wickedness of which were so vehemently denounced by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, it cannot have been otherwise than galling to the conscientiousness of those eminent statesmen to reflect that they were contributing towards the expenses of an unjust war, and thereby taking part with the oppressor. Yet an obvious alternative was open to them. No force was used to prevent their expatriating themselves. They, and those who thought with them, might have effectually evaded the payment of war-taxes by breaking up their establishments, winding up their affairs, and transporting themselves and their property to some neutral soil; and this course, it may be presumed, they would have adopted, but that on weighing the advantages against the disadvantages of Briti-

izenship, they found the former preponderate. Quite possibly the quiescence of dissentient unionists in a strike or other measure to which they were averse might be the result of similar calculations. Quite possibly in an union in which a majority governed despotically, a minority who obeyed might yet be an unforced minority, desperately casting in their lot with Unionism, because, in spite of its burdens and restraints, they believed it to do them, on the whole and in the long run, more good than harm.

This would be a perfectly intelligible explanation of unionist apathy, and it is accordingly very commonly put forward by unionist advocates, but it is also one about which a non-unionist public has always been justly incredulous. Observers from without a unionist pale have always taken a more commiserating view of what goes on within. The absolutism of one kind or other which evidently presides there has always been suspected to be that, not a widely-spread and overwhelming many, but of an isolated and unbearing few. On this point there was, until lately, no basis firm enough for more than suspicion; little was certainly known, and most everything had to be guessed; but the fewer the facts the more scope for fancy, and imaginative minds did not fail to make the most of the mystery. The popular notion used to be that the government of a trades' union occupies much the same place in relation to its subjects as Loyola's Holy Office once did in reference to the Romish Church. On the one side was supposed to be an insolent junta sitting apart in gloomy conclave, and from its secret working-place issuing imperious edicts and darting fearful vengeance at the disobedient; on the other, an abject crowd, brought, in the first instance, under the yoke by cajoling or bullying, and then offering themselves to be goaded hither or thither as their drivers pleased, without more thought of swerving from the appointed track than cart-horses have of turning against the carter's whip. Such was the notion inculcated by the *Times* when it was wont to speak of "bands of workmen tamely and ingloriously surrendering their natural liberty, and becoming mere tools and instruments of an inquisitorial despotism, which makes terrible examples whenever its secret and imperious commands are disobeyed." Such was the meaning of the *Edinburgh Review* when, getting into full rhetorical swing, it used to declare that "as the Continent is honeycombed by secret political, so is Great Britain by secret trades' societies, which, enforcing mysterious laws and arbitrary obligations by the hands of responsible agents, exercise a tyranny more oppressive than that of king or kaiser, extinguish the characteristic freedom of the English labourer, not leaving him even the free disposal of the labour by which he lives." Similar was the purport of some of the clever

cartoons exhibited, from time to time, by artists of *Mr. Punch's* school, representing now, perhaps, a lean and tattered unionist accepting alms from a non-unionist at the gate of an union workhouse, and now the bare interior of another unionist dwelling, where a wretched mother crouches with her famished children beside an empty grate, while a puffy delegate is rating the father with the words, "Going to work, are yer? Going to give in, are yer? Not if I know it!"

The exaggeration of such conjectural delineations is patent on the face of them, and would indeed seem to be by this time tacitly admitted by the draughtsmen themselves, who seldom now, in treating the same subject, indulge in quite the same hyperbolical style. Yet overcharged as the pictures are, there is beneath their over-drawing and over-colouring a considerable underlayer of substantial truth. In their most essential particular, that of representing trades' unions to be under subjection to close minorities or cliques, they only require to be somewhat reduced and toned down to be made to conform pretty accurately with the reality. It is not far from what is actually the truth to say that every trade's union is virtually, and either directly or indirectly, ruled by a minority small enough to be called a clique—is either ruled by such a minority plainly and openly, or, if ostensibly ruled by a majority, then by a majority which is itself ruled by a minority. That such is the actual condition of affairs has now been established on evidence, but, previously to being ascertained as a fact, it might have been confidently inferred, for the polity involved in the state of things assumed is precisely that which might have been expected to result from the acknowledged circumstances of the several cases. It is in vain that constitution-mongers are everlastingly trimming the balance, straining their ingenuity to discover some means of maintaining an equipoise of political forces; average human intelligence must rise a good deal higher than it has ever yet done before the nicest arrangement of checks and counter-checks will avail aught against the resolute tendency of political power to concentrate itself in a few hands. The only thing much worth trying for, meanwhile, is to direct power into the hands most likely to wield it for the general good. These are assertions borne out by the experience of all communities, small and great; of trades' unions as well as of nations. In the former, unalloyed democracy is invariably the theory, and in some unions no expedient that the wit of man can devise to maintain democracy in all its purity would seem to have been omitted. As an example may be mentioned the Amalgamated Carpenters, whom I select for the purpose as being likely to be better known to the general reader than most other trades' societies, through the vivid sketch of them which Profes-

easily, in his own savage Salvator Rosa-like style, dashed off some months ago in the pages of this Review.¹

The union in question had, in the early part of last year, 190 ranches or lodges, comprehending 8,260 members. A branch must consist of not less than seven, nor more than three hundred members. Each branch is itself a completely organised body, choosing its own officers, collecting, holding, and disbursing its own funds, and generally managing its own business. Its president and committee-men, if it is large enough to have a full complement of executive functionaries, are elected quarterly, its steward half-yearly, its secretary, treasurer, referee, and trustees annually, all at general meetings at which it is obligatory on every member to attend, on pain of being fined three pence if absent without written excuse. Once a week, for the transaction of ordinary business, the branch holds a general meeting, at which the minutes of any committee meeting held since the last general meeting are submitted for confirmation, and by which appeals are heard from any individuals who, having been aggrieved by branch officers, have already appealed in vain to the branch committee, and who will yet, if they desire it, have one further appeal to an executive council in London. At the same fortnightly meeting the branch decides how much money shall be held by the treasurer for the purposes of the next fortnight, the balance being handed over to the trustees to be banked. The treasurer is required to give security, and is forbidden to disburse money except on written order from the secretary.

The central authority of the society is vested in a general council, consisting of a president and sixteen members, of whom six are elected by the metropolitan branches, and the rest by the country ranches. Half the council retire every six months. But as the country councillors could not conveniently attend frequent meetings in London, the ordinary management is intrusted to the six London members, and to a chairman elected by the London branches, who together comprise what is termed the executive council. This ministerial cabinet is clothed with large but carefully-defined authority. Its business is to see that the branches conform to rules, to maintain the several branches in financial equilibrium, to decide appeals from them, to authorise the establishment of new branches, to initiate, sanction, and terminate strikes. It can require a rich ranch to subsidise a poor one, or can insist on the latter making up its pecuniary deficit by extra levies on its own members. If a branch get its accounts into confusion, or give any other cause for suspicion,

(1) See FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for March, 1867, Art. V. Professor Beesly will not regard the epithet in the text as other than complimentary, if he will recollect the following line in the "Castle of Indolence":—

"Which savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

the executive council can order a special audit, or send a deputation to investigate. If a branch disobey rules or resist lawful requisitions, the same council may lop it off.

But in the discharge of these functions the executive council must adhere as nearly as may be to written law. Where the law is silent it may decide summarily, trusting to a subsequent act of indemnity but it cannot alter or suspend a rule, or make a new one. These things can be done only either by a meeting of branch delegates specially deputed for the purpose, or by the general council, which in cases of adequate emergency, make a general collection of votes in all the lodges. A delegate meeting, being a slow and costly mode of procedure, has been resorted to only twice during the whole term of the society's existence. Usually the business of legislation has passed through the medium of the general council, devolved upon the society at large, to whose decision, likewise, would doubtless be referred any question of practical policy of sufficiently extensive interest to warrant the reference. This would be done, for instance, in the case of a general strike throughout the trade, though industrial warfare has rarely, if ever, as yet, been waged on the scale that would be implied by a rising in mass of one of the larger unions. To the society at large is also, by the Amalgamated Carpenters, reserved supreme appellate jurisdiction. If any branch, by a majority of two-thirds, disputes a decree of the executive council, it has an appeal to the whole community. A statement of each side's case is printed and circulated through all the branches, and a majority finally decides. In short, the proceedings of both branch and central authorities are open to inspection, and liable to be checked at every step. Every thing possible is done to keep the executive officers in their place as mere instruments for giving effect to the popular will.

The Amalgamated Carpenters and the Amalgamated Engineers are model societies, whose excellence of organisation none of the others have yet reached. Their pattern is, however, followed more or less closely by all such of the societies as, like themselves, are framed on a scale of national magnitude, so that the outline just drawn of the Carpenters' scheme of internal management may suffice to indicate the leading principle of the political constitutions of most trades' unions of the first class. Those of a somewhat lower grade, which, as being confined to one or two counties or other considerable districts, instead of ramifying over the whole kingdom, may be classed as provincial, have kept the same constitutional principle in view in the fabrication of their governmental machinery. Indeed the acquisition or exercise by presidential functionaries of irresponsible or discretionary authority would seem to be, if possible, still more difficult in the "provincial" than in the "national" societies. In the former, the executive and general councils are still more frequent

led by general meetings, and large questions of practical are referred, not exceptionally, but systematically and habitually to universal suffrage. Now, practical politics, when the word is used in connection with trades' unions, is commonly more than an euphemism for strikes, and a strike in which an affair of national dimensions engages is seldom or never extensive enough to involve all the associated branches in active operations. The actual "turnout" is confined to one or to a few districts, while the others participate in the strife chiefly by contributing the material aid necessary for its maintenance. Strikes on the part of the larger unions are consequently almost always local, among the Amalgamated Carpenters, and probably amongst societies of national rank, it is the executive council that decides whether a local strike shall take place. But the largest of "provincial" societies is not too large nor too much scattered to allow of the whole striking together, or otherwise engaging simultaneously in a united and combined scheme. In order, however, that the whole should be thus committed, their laws provide that the whole should be consulted. According to Mr. Beesly's graphic description of the mode of procedure, before a general or other important question is determined on, regular voting papers are sent round to all members of the society. The step is discussed night after night at every separate lodge, and being one with the character of which each voter is familiar, and which "touches his comfort, his family, his future in the most vital manner," is doubtless discussed with the same individual earnestness as so multitudinous an assemblage is capable of in discussing anything. Occasionally deliberation is facilitated by the deputation of delegates from every lodge, by whom district conferences are held, often followed by fresh appeals to the general assemblies. The discussions, which are sometimes prolonged for days, are practically public, and the result is at length ascertained by a simple comparison of votes.

According to this programme, a fair share in the conduct of affairs is accorded to every individual who is willing to accept it. Each associate has a potential voice, not merely in the choice of the society's officers, but in the determination of the society's policy. Selected men are placed in charge of the rudder, but the whole ship's crew shout out collectively how the vessel is to be steered. Every member is consulted before any law can be passed—before any course of action is resolved upon. He belongs to a commonwealth resembling, in its looseness of texture, the freest of ancient republics. It seems itself less pains seem to have been taken to insure universal consent and equal distribution of political privileges. In Athens democracy was not so absolute or so little mitigated even by representative assemblies. If mere forms and institutions could

suffice to create and to preserve spirit and substance, what M. Comte terms "sociocracy" would here be flourishing in full development,—that latest and grandest conception of advanced reformers, "a government of all by all and for all," would here be completely realised. Unfortunately, very similar contrivances have signally failed in very nearly analogous cases elsewhere, and it cannot be said that signal success has attended those tried here. Railway boards of direction, not less than the executives of trades' unions, are hedged in on every side by constitutional checks. Their members likewise are elected by universal suffrage, hold their offices during pleasure, are required periodically to give account of their stewardship, and are liable to be summarily dismissed if they fail to give a good one. Yet we all know, and many of us to our cost, how easily and habitually railway directors overleap the barriers set to keep them in, playing ducks and drakes with their constituents' money, and sacrificing their public trust to some silly crotchet or personal pique or private end of their own. The shareholders have only to interpose in order at once to put a stop to these malpractices; yet they generally prefer to let things take their course, looking quietly on, or more probably not looking at all, while landowners and lawyers, contractors and engineers, in league with the directors, are fattening at their expense. Scarcely ever except when, Beelzebub dividing against himself, some offended member of the board turns informer against his colleagues, and exposes their and his own malpractices, will the shareholders bestir themselves sufficiently to turn out the old and call in a new dynasty, most likely thereby merely inaugurating a fresh era of misrule.

Now, on no account would I do the office-bearers of a specimen trades' union like the Amalgamated Carpenters the injustice of supposing them to be on the same low level in point of morals as the generality of railway directors; but there can be no offence in suggesting that the former exercise an authority acquired in much the same manner, and much the same in nature and extent, as that which the latter so shamefully abuse. Both sets of functionaries owe their elevation to the same cause—their well or ill deserved reputation. Trades' unionist council or committee men are, in the first instance, like the first batch of railway directors, appointed because they are believed to be the fittest persons for their situations, and for the same reason they are subsequently continued in office, or from time to time re-elected. Mr. Applegarth, the estimable secretary of the Amalgamated Carpenters, has occupied his post for six years uninterruptedly, and if, his constituents are wise, will be continued in it as long as he may be willing to retain it. Half the councillors with whom he is associated are understood to retire at the end of every six months; but probably, like railway directors, they are immediately re-eligible, and in general are re-elected accordingly. If so, council

and secretary may exercise concurrent jurisdiction. If not, then new and inexperienced councillors will, as such, be all the more disposed to follow the guidance of an experienced secretary. But whether the secretary avowedly take the lead with the council backing him, or whether he more modestly concur with the council in the prosecution of measures of his own prompting, there can be no reasonable doubt that even in a trade society as jealously framed as the Amalgamated Carpenters, the office-bearers of the society—those appointed to be its servants or ministers—have, like ministers in general, the virtual direction of affairs. On this point it is permissible to theorise somewhat confidently: no special knowledge of the facts, only some general acquaintance with human nature, is required to convince us that one or more master-minds must be the motive spirits of trade societies as of all other associations.

Of course the associated mass need not be moved against its will—of course it may act for itself, if it please; but acting for oneself implies thinking for oneself, and there is scarcely any operation of which most men are so anxious to be saved the trouble. Ninety-nine out of every hundred met together for the express purpose of comparing thoughts will generally let the hundredth do all the real thinking, if he offers. In the noisiest assembly the echoes are always out of all proportion to the voices. When Solomon spoke of there being wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, he was clearly either joking or thinking only of that sort of sagacity which a parliamentary leader sometimes shows in educating his party, even to the following him in a leap down Niagara in the dark. Mankind must become very different from what they either are or ever have been, before they will cease to permit themselves to be led like sheep. In Athens, when Athens was freest, the chief use which the collective citizens made of their freedom was to determine whether Pericles or Cleon, Demosthenes or Æschines, should lead. To follow their own devices was an idea that seldom entered their heads; and as seldom, in all probability, do the Amalgamated Carpenters take much greater liberty than that of similarly choosing between Mr. Applegarth and his colleagues and some knot of rival aspirants seeking to supplant them. In every trade's union, the actual occupants of office, provided only they be tolerably firmly seated, are almost certainly in possession of quasi-dictatorial authority. They must be presumed to have been selected from their fellow-unionists because they were more generally esteemed and trusted than any others, and in due proportion to the confidence reposed in them will be their influence with respect to any question coming under discussion. They can, if they please, have the immense advantage of the initiative; and whatever proposal or opinion they put forward will, simply as coming from them, be likely to be favourably received by the district branches.

The members of each of these are indeed free to form an independent judgment, but the judgment of many of them will at once be that which the central council think best: in this conclusion many more will agree because they see others agreeing, and more still from modest and unwillingness either to run counter to the general feeling or to put themselves forward in what is as much everybody else's business as theirs. In this manner is commonly made up the majority which in all the larger trades' unions ostensibly rules, but which, though in certain sense it may be said to take its own course quietly, permits select minority to determine what that course shall be.

So it is that things are managed in unions of national or provincial rank. But there is also a third class, consisting of those which do not extend beyond the limits of one or two towns, and which even within those limits are not perhaps the only unions of their respective trades. In unions of this description, which we may distinguish "urban," the members are comparatively both few in number and closely packed. In them, therefore, there are greater facilities than in the others for a government of all by all; but it is in them, nevertheless, that there is the greatest concentration of the governing power. Universal suffrage might in them easily insist on being appealed to as constant referee in all matters, small and great; but instead of doing so, universal suffrage may occasionally in the smaller unions be found evincing its not unfrequent predilection for imperialism, by really leaving everything to be settled by one single individual. We paid some of the "national" unions the compliment of comparing them to the Athenian commonwealth. If we would find parallels for the "urban" also in the ancient world, we must turn to those small democracies of early Greece which, as an apparent consequence of their diminutiveness, degenerated rapidly into aristocracies or autocracies. When those petty republics were being constituted, the most capable, or otherwise most influential, citizens were naturally installed in all places of trust: because of the capacity or influence, they were subsequently left a good deal to themselves in the discharge of their functions, very little watched and still less interfered with; for the same reason they were continued permanently in office, and were, moreover, allowed to fill vacancies among themselves by nominations of their own. In degrees the prerogatives thus habitually exercised acquired the sanction of prescription, so that men who had begun as servants and agents of democracy ended by transforming themselves into an irresponsible self-elected oligarchy. If among these oligarchs one should make his appearance of more force of character than his colleagues he might thereby acquire supremacy over the rest, and assume the same relation to them as they were bearing to the rest of the fellow-citizens. Very possibly, if our knowledge of the subject were

sufficiently detailed, we might find that it was by a process like this that Orthagoras became tyrant of Sicyon, and Theagenes of Megara, and Kypselus, and after him Periander, of Corinth; and our knowledge of circumstances does actually warrant our asserting that it was in this way that Mr. William Broadhead became tyrant of the Sheffield Saw-grinders. This last-named celebrity would seem to be a sort of genius in his own evil way, and to have been enabled, by his peculiar talents, to attain to an autocratic sway which no other unionist functionary has succeeded in reaching. Evidently he lorded it over his colleagues as completely as he and they together lorded it over their union. But though the ruling junta to which he and they belonged may have been a phenomenon almost unique in some particulars, still, reasoning from analogy, we may confidently assume that in most "urban" trades' unions there are corresponding juntas bearing considerable resemblance to it in functional attributes, however dissimilar in the personal characters of the members. We shall, at any rate, not be far wrong in concluding that the concentration of governing power which we have perceived to be tolerably close in "national" and "provincial" unions is in "urban" unions still closer, and still more incompatible with the existence of any really governing majority.

Here the inexorable laws of supply and demand constrain me to leave off abruptly. What has been said may suffice to show that there is no mistake in supposing the presiding authorities of trades' unions to be in possession of very considerable means of coercion and compulsion. In what way they commonly use those means still remains to be seen. But Mr. Morley's arbitrary limitation of space requires that this topic should be reserved for another article, in which I propose to complete the statement of what the procedure of unionist authorities actually is, and to submit what I conceive to be an adequate justification of the greater part of that procedure.

W. T. THORNTON.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS.

No. II.¹—THE AGE OF CONFLICT.

“THE difference between progression and stationary inaction,” says one of our greatest living writers, “is one of the great secrets which science has yet to penetrate.” I am sure I do not pretend that I can completely penetrate it; but it undoubtedly seems to me that the problem is on the verge of solution, and that scientific successes in kindred fields by analogy suggest some principles which wholly remove many of its difficulties, and indicate the sort of way in which those which remain may hereafter be removed too.

But what is the problem? Common English, I might perhaps say common civilised thought, ignores it. Our habitual instructors, our ordinary conversation, our inevitable and ineradicable prejudices tend to make us think that “Progress” is the normal fact in human society, the fact which we should expect to see, the fact which we should be surprised if we did not see. But history refutes this. The ancients had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea; they did not even entertain the idea. Oriental nations are just the same now. Since history began they have always been what they are. Savages, again, do not improve; they hardly seem to have the basis on which to build, much less the material to put up anything worth having. Only a few nations, and those of European origin, advance; and yet these think—seem irresistibly compelled to think—such advance to be inevitable, natural, and eternal. Why then is this great contrast?

Before we can answer, we must investigate more accurately. No doubt history shows that most nations are stationary now; but it affords reason to think that all nations once advanced. Their progress was arrested at various points; but nowhere, probably not even in the hill tribes of India, not even in the Andaman Islanders, not even in the savages of Terra del Fuego, do we find men who have not got some way. They have made their little progress in a hundred different ways; they have framed with infinite assiduity a hundred curious habits; they have, so to say, *screwed* themselves into the uncomfortable corners of a complex life, which is odd and dreary, but yet is possible. And the corners are never the same in any two parts of the world. Our record begins with a thousand unchanging

(1) Perhaps I may be allowed to say that the break of many months in this series is owing to a long and exhausting illness.—W. B.

es, but it shows traces of previous building. In historic times has been little progress; in prehistoric there must have been

solving, or trying to solve, the question, we must take count is remarkable difference, and explain it, too, or else we may be our principles are utterly incomplete, and perhaps altogether and. But what then is that solution, or what are the principles and tend towards it? Three laws, or approximate laws, may, I be laid down, with only one of which I can deal in this paper, all three of which it will be best to state, that it may be seen I am aiming at.

First. In every particular state of the world, those nations which strongest tend to prevail over the others; and in certain marked localities the strongest tend to be the best.

Secondly. Within every particular nation the type or types of character then and there most attractive tend to prevail; and the most attractive, though with exceptions, is what we call the best character.

Thirdly. Neither of these competitions is in most historic conditions intensified by extrinsic forces, but in some conditions, such as are now prevailing in the most influential part of the world, both are intensified.

These are the sort of doctrines with which, under the name of "natural selection" in physical science, we have become familiar; and as every great scientific conception tends to advance its boundaries to be of use in solving problems not thought of when it was first introduced, so here, what was put forward for mere animal history may, with a change of form, but an identical essence, be applied to human history.

At first some objection was raised to the principle of "natural selection" in physical science upon religious grounds; it was to be expected that so active an idea and so large a shifting of thought would seem to imperil much which men valued. But in this, as in other cases, the objection is, I think, passing away; the new principle is more and more seen to be fatal to mere outworks of religion, not to religion itself. At all events, to the sort of application here made of which only amounts to searching out and following up an analogy suggested by it, there is plainly no objection. Every one now admits

that human history is guided by certain laws, and all that is here wanted is to indicate, in a more or less distinct way, an infinitesimally small portion of such laws.

The discussion of these three principles cannot be kept quite apart from pedantry; but it is almost exclusively with the first—that the competition between nation and nation, or tribe and tribe (for we must use these words in their largest sense, and so as to include

every cohering aggregate of human beings)—that I can deal now; ~~and~~ even as to that I can but set down a few principal considerations.

The progress of the military art is the most conspicuous, I ~~would~~ about to say the most *showy*, fact in human history. Ancient civilisation may be compared with modern in many respects, and plausible arguments constructed to show that it is better; but you cannot compare the two in military power. Napoleon could indisputably have conquered Alexander; our Indian army would not think much of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. And I suppose the improvement has been continuous: I have not the slightest pretence to special knowledge; but, looking at the mere surface of the facts, it seems likely that the aggregate battle array, so to say, of mankind—the fighting force of the human race—has constantly and invariably grown. It is true that the ancient civilisation long resisted the “barbarians,” and was then destroyed by the barbarians. But the barbarians had improved. “By degrees,” says a most accomplished writer,¹ “barbarian mercenaries came to form the largest, or at least the most effective, part of the Roman armies. The body-guard of Augustus had been so composed; the prætorians were generally selected from the bravest frontier troops, most of them Germans.” “Thus,” he continues, “in many ways was the old antagonism broken down; Romans admitting barbarians to rank and office; barbarians catching something of the manners and culture of their neighbours. And thus, when the final movement came, the Teutonic tribes slowly established themselves through the provinces, knowing something of the system to which they came, and not unwilling to be considered its members.” Taking friend and foe together, it may be doubted whether the fighting capacity of the two armies was not as great at last, when the Empire fell, as ever it was in the long period while the Empire prevailed. During the middle ages the combining power of men often failed; in a divided time you cannot collect so many soldiers as in a concentrated time. But this difficulty is political, not military. If you added up the many little hosts of any century of separation, they would perhaps be found equal or greater than the single host, or the fewer hosts, of previous centuries which were more united. Taken as a whole, and allowing for possible exceptions, the aggregate fighting power of mankind has grown immensely, and has been growing continuously since we knew anything about it.

Again, this force has tended to concentrate itself more and more in certain groups which we call “civilised nations.” The *literati* of the last century were for ever in fear of a new conquest of the barbarians, but only because their imagination was overshadowed and frightened by the old conquests. A very little consideration would

(1) Mr. Bryce.

have shown them that, since the monopoly of military inventions by cultivated states, real and effective military power tends to confine itself to those states. The barbarians are no longer so much as vanquished competitors; they have ceased to compete at all.

The military vices, too, of civilisation seem to decline just as its military strength augments. Somehow or other, civilisation does not make men effeminate or unwarlike now as it once did. There is an improvement in our fibre—moral, if not physical. In ancient times city people could not be got to fight—seemingly could not fight; they lost their mental courage, perhaps their bodily nerve. But now-a-days in all countries the great cities could pour out multitudes wanting nothing but practice to make good soldiers, and abounding in bravery and vigour. This was so in America; it was so in Prussia; and it would be so in England too. The breed of ancient times was impaired for war by trade and luxury, but the modern breed is not so impaired.

A curious fact indicates the same thing probably, if not certainly. Savages waste away before modern civilisation; they seem to have held their ground before the ancient. There is no lament in any classical writer for the barbarians. The New Zealanders say that the land will depart from their children; the Australians are vanishing; the Tasmanians have vanished. If anything like this had happened in antiquity, the classical moralists would have been sure to muse over it; for it is just the large solemn kind of fact that suited them. On the contrary, in Gaul, in Spain, in Sicily—everywhere that we know of—the barbarian endured the contact of the Roman, and the Roman allied himself to the barbarian. Modern science explains the wasting away of savage men; it says that we have diseases which we can bear, though they cannot, and that they die away before them as our fatted and protected cattle died out before the rinderpest, which is innocuous, in comparison, to the hardy cattle of the Steppes. Savages in the first year of the Christian era were pretty much what they are in the 1800th; and if they stood the contact of ancient civilised men, and cannot stand ours, it follows that our race is presumably tougher than the ancient; for we have to bear, and do bear, the seeds of greater diseases than those the ancients carried with them. We may use, perhaps, the unvarying savage as a metre to gauge the vigour of the constitutions to whose contact he is exposed.

Particular consequences may be dubious, but as to the main fact there is no doubt: the military strength of man has been growing from the earliest time known to our history, straight on till now. And we must not look at times known by written records only; we must travel back to older ages, known to us only by what lawyers call *real* evidence—the evidence of things. Before history

began, there was at least as much progress in the military art as there has at all been since. The Roman legionaries or Homeric Greeks were about as superior to the men of the shell mounds and the flint implements as we are superior to them. There has been a constant acquisition of military strength by man since we know anything of him, either by the documents he has composed or the indications he has left.

The cause of this military growth is very plain. The strongest nation has always been conquering the weaker; sometimes even subduing it, but always prevailing over it. Every intellectual gain, so to speak, that a nation possessed was in the earliest times made use of—was *invested* and taken out—in war; all else perished. Each nation tried constantly to be the stronger, and so made or copied the best weapons; by conscious and unconscious imitation each nation formed a type of character suitable to war and conquest. Conquest improved mankind by the intermixture of strengths; the armed truce, which was then called peace, improved them by the competition of training and the consequent creation of new power. Since the long-headed men first drove the short-headed men out of the best land in Europe, all European history has been the history of the superposition of the more military races over the less military—of the efforts, sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful, of each race to get more military; and so the art of war has constantly improved.

But why is one nation stronger than another? In the answer to that, I believe, lies the key to the principal progress of early civilisation, and to some of the progress of all civilisation. The answer is that there are very many advantages—some small and some great—every one of which tends to make the nation which has it superior to the nation which has it not; that many of these advantages can be imparted to subjugated races, or imitated by competing races; and that, though some of these advantages may be perishable or inimitable, yet, on the whole, the energy of civilisation grows by the coalescence of strengths and by the competition of strengths.

II.

By far the greatest advantage is that on which I observed before—that to which I drew all the attention I was able by making the first of these essays an essay on the Pre-economic Age. The first thing to acquire is, if I may so express it, the *legal fibre*; a polity first—what sort of polity is immaterial; a law first—what kind of law is secondary; a person or set of persons to pay deference to—though who he is, or they are, by comparison scarcely signifies.

“There is,” it has been said, “hardly any exaggerating the difference between civilised and uncivilised men; it is greater than the

between a tame and a wild animal," because man can more. But the difference at first was gained in much the same way. The taming of animals as it now goes on among savage nations and as travellers who have seen it describe it, is a kind of

The most wild are killed when food is wanted, and the tame and easy to manage kept, because they are more agreeable to indolence, and so the keeper likes them best. Captain Selous has often seen strange scenes of savage and of animal life, and he describes the process:—"The irreclaimably wild members of the flock would escape and be utterly lost; the wilder of those retained would assuredly be selected for slaughter whenever it was necessary that one of the flock should be killed. The tamest of those which seldom ran away, that kept the flocks together, and which lead them homeward—would be preserved alive longer than the others. It is, therefore, these that chiefly become the basis of stock and bequeath their domestic aptitudes to the herd. I have constantly witnessed this process of selection among the pastoral savages of South Africa. I believe it to be a very old one on account of its rigour and its regularity. It must have existed from the earliest times, and have been in continuous operation, generation after generation, down to the present day."*

being the strongest of all animals, differs from the rest; he had to be his own domesticator; he had to tame himself. The way in which it happened was, that the most obedient, the most docile tribes are, at the first stage in the real struggle of life, the most conquered and the conquerors. All are very wild then; the animal nature of the savage virtue of the race has died out in none, and all have lost sight of it. But what makes one tribe—one incipient tribe, differ from another—to differ from another is their relative faculty of organisation. The slightest symptom of legal development, the least intimation of a military bond, is then enough to turn the scale. The more organised tribes win, and the compact tribes are the tamest. Civilisation begins because the beginning of civilisation is a military advantage. Only if we had historic records of the ante-historic ages—if some superhuman power had set down the thoughts and actions of those ages before they could set them down for themselves, we should find that this first step in civilisation was the hardest step. But as it comes to history as it is, we are more struck with the difficulty of the next step. All the absolutely incoherent men—all the "barbarians"—have been cleared away long before there was an account of them. And the least coherent only remain on the "frontier" parts of the world, as we may call them. Ordinary civilisation begins near the Mediterranean Sea; the best, doubtless, of the ante-historic civilisations were not far off. From this centre a conquering swarm—for such it is—has grown and grown; has

• **Ethnological Society's Transactions**, vol. iii. p. 137.

widened its subject territories steadily, though not equably, in age. But geography long defied it. An Atlantic Ocean, an Indian Ocean, an Australian Ocean, an unapproachable interior Africa, inaccessible and undesirable hill India, were beyond its range; such remote places there was no real competition, and on the inferior half-combined men continued to exist. But in the era of rivalry—the regions where the better man pressed upon the man—such half-made associations could not last. They disappeared, and history did not begin till after they were gone. The difficulty which history records is not that of the first step, but of the second step. What is most evident is not the difficulty of getting a fixed law, but getting out of a fixed law; not of creating a custom (as upon a former occasion I phrased it) a cake of custom, but breaking the cake of custom; not of making the first press of habit, but of breaking through it, and reaching something better.

This is the precise case with the whole family of arrested civilisations. A large part, a very large part, of the world seems ready to advance to something good—to have prepared all the way to advance to something good,—and then to have stopped, as if they had advanced. India, Japan, China, almost every sort of Oriental civilisation, though differing in nearly all other things, are in this position. They look as if they had paused when there was no reason for pausing—when a mere observer from without would say they were not to pause.

The reason is, that only those nations can progress which preserve and use the fundamental peculiarity which was given by nature to man's organism as to all other organisms. By a law of which we know no reason, but which is among the first by which Providence guides and governs the world, there is a tendency in descendants to be like their progenitors, and yet a tendency also in descendants to differ from their progenitors. The work of nature in making generations is a patchwork—part resemblance, part contrast. In some respects each born generation is not like the last born; and in other respects it is like the last. But the peculiarity of a civilisation is to kill out varieties at birth almost; that is, in childhood, and before they can develop. The fixed custom, the public opinion alone tolerates is imposed on all minds, whether it suits them or not. In that case the community feel that this is the only shelter from bare tyranny, and the only security for which they value. Most Oriental communities live on land which in its nature is the property of a despotic sovereign, and neither they nor their families could have the elements of decent existence unless they obtained the land upon some sort of fixed terms. Land in that state of nature is (for all but a petty skilled minority) a necessary of life, and unincreasable land being occupied, a man who is turned out

holding is turned out of this world, and must die. And our notion of written leases is as out of place in a world without writing and without reading as a House of Commons among Andaman Islanders. Only one check, one sole shield for life and good, is then possible;—usage. And it is but too plain how in such places and periods men cling to customs because customs alone stand between them and starvation.

A still more powerful cause co-operated, if a cause more powerful can be imagined. Dryden had a dream of an early age, “when wild in woods the noble savage ran;” but “when lone in woods the cringing savage crept” would have been more like all we know of that early, bare, painful period. Not only had they no comfort, no convenience, not the very beginnings of an epicurean life, but their mind within was as painful to them as the world without. It was full of fear. So far as the vestiges inform us, they were afraid of everything; they were afraid of animals, of certain attacks by near tribes, and of possible inroads from far tribes. But, above all things, they were frightened of “the world;” the spectacle of nature filled them with awe and dread. They fancied there were powers behind it which must be pleased, soothed, flattered, and this very often in a number of hideous ways. We have too many such religions, even among races of great cultivation. Men change their religions more slowly than they change anything else; and accordingly we have religions “of the ages”—(it is Mr. Jowett who so calls them)—of the “ages before morality;” of ages of which the civil life, the common maxims, and all the secular thoughts have long been dead. “Every reader of the classics,” said Dr. Johnson, “finds their mythology tedious.” In that old world, which is so like our modern world in so many things, so much more like than many far more recent, or some that live beside us, there is a part in which we seem to have no kindred, which we stare at, of which we cannot think how it could be credible, or how it came to be thought of. This is the archaic part of that very world which we look at as so ancient; an “antiquity” which descended to them, hardly altered, perhaps, from times long antecedent, which were as unintelligible to them as to us, or more. How this terrible religion—for such it was in all living detail, though we make, and the ancients then made, an artistic use of the more attractive bits of it—weighed on man, the great poem of Lucretius, the most of a nineteenth-century poem of any antiquity, brings before us with a feeling so vivid as to be almost a feeling of our own. Yet the classical religion is a mild and tender specimen of the preserved religions. To get at the worst, you should look where the destroying competition has been least,—at America, where sectional civilisation was rare, and a pervading coercive civilisation did not exist; at such religions as those of the Aztecs.

At first sight it seems impossible to imagine what conceivable function such awful religions can perform in the economy of the world. And no one can fully explain them. But one use they assuredly had: they fixed the yoke of custom thoroughly on mankind. They were the prime agents of the pre-economic era. They put upon a fixed law a sanction so fearful that no one could dream of not conforming to it.

No one will ever comprehend the arrested civilisations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all, and lived in confused tribes, hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty. Those who surmounted that difficulty soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not. And then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline, which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society the propensities to variation which were the principle of progress.

Experience shows how incredibly difficult it is to get men really to encourage the principle of originality. They will admit it in theory, but in practice the old error—the error which arrested a hundred civilisations—returns again. Men are too fond of their own life, too credulous of the completeness of their own ideas, too angry at the pain of new thoughts, to be able to bear easily with a changing existence; or else, *having* new ideas, they want to enforce them on mankind—to make them heard, and admitted, and obeyed before, in simple competition with other ideas, they would ever be so naturally. At this very moment there are the most rigid Comtists teaching that we ought to be governed by a hierarchy—a combination of *sarans* orthodox in science. Yet who can doubt that Comte would have been hanged by his own hierarchy; that his *essor matériel*, which was in fact troubled by the “theologians and metaphysicians” of the polytechnic school, would have been more impeded by the government he wanted to make? And then the secular Comtists, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Beesly, who want to “Frenchify the English institutions”—that is, to introduce here an imitation of the Napoleonic system, a dictatorship founded on the proletariat—who can doubt that if both these clever writers had been real Frenchmen they would have been irascible anti-Bonapartists, and have been sent to Cayenne long ere now! The wish of these writers is very natural. They want to “organise society,” to erect a despot who will do what they like, and work out their ideas; but any despot will do what he himself likes, and will root out new ideas ninety-nine times for once that he introduces them.

Again, side by side with these Comtists, and warring with them—at least with one of them—is Mr. Arnold, whose poems we know by heart, and who has, as much as any living Englishman, the genuine

impulse ; and yet even he wants to put a yoke upon us—and than a political yoke, an academic yoke, a yoke upon our and our styles. He, too, asks us to imitate France ; and what we say than what the two most thorough Frenchmen of the e did say ?—“ Dans les corps à talent, nulle distinction ne fait e, si ce n'est pas celle du talent. Un duc et pair honore émie Française, qui ne veut point de Boileau, refuse la Bruyère, endre Voltaire, mais reçoit tout d'abord Chapelain et Conrart. ne nous voyons à l'Académie Grecque le vicomte invité, Coräi é, lorsque Jormard y entre comme dans un moulin.” Thus Paul-Louis Courier in his own brief inimitable prose. And greater writer—a real Frenchman, if ever there was one, and many critics would have denied to be possible) a great poet by of his *most* French characteristics—Béranger, tells us in verse :—

“ Je croyais voir le président
Faire bâiller—en répondant
Que l'on vient de perdre un grand homme ;
Que moi je le vauz, Dieu sait comme.
Mais ce président sans facon ¹
Ne pérone ici qu'en chanson :
Toujours trop tôt sa harangue est finie.
Non, non, ce n'est point comme à l'Académie ;
Ce n'est point comme à l'Académie.

“ Admis enfin, aurai-je alors,
Pour tout esprit, l'esprit de corps ?
Il rend le bon sens, quoi qu'on dise,
Solidaire de la sottise ;
Mais, dans votre société,
L'esprit de corps, c'est la gaiété.
Cet esprit là règne sans tyrannie.
Non, non, ce n'est point comme à l'Académie ;
Ce n'est point comme à l'Académie.”

lums of common-place, he hints, academies must ever be. But sentence is too harsh ; the true one is—the academies are as of the ideas and the tastes of the last age. “ By the time,” e heard a most eminent man of science observe, “ by the time of science attains eminence on any subject, he becomes a ice upon it, because he is sure to retain errors which were in when he was young, but which the new race have refuted.” are the sort of ideas which find their home in academies, and their dignified windows pooh-pooh new things.

ay seem to have wandered far from early society, but I have not red. The true scientific method is to explain the past by the it—what we see by what we do not see. We can only compre- why so many nations have not varied, when we see how hateful ion is ; how everybody turns against it ; how not only the conser- s of speculation try to root it out, but the very innovators invent

(1) Désaugiers.

most rigid machines for crushing the "monstrosities and anomalies"—the new forms, out of which, by competition and trial, the best is to be selected for the future. The point I am bringing out is simple:—one most important pre-requisite of a prevailing nation is that it should have passed out of the first state of civilisation into the second stage—out of the stage where permanence is most wanted into that where variability is most wanted; and you cannot comprehend why progress is so slow till you see how hard the most obstinate tendencies of human nature make that step to mankind.

Of course the nation we are supposing must keep the virtues of its first stage as it passes into the after stage, else it will be trodden out; it will have lost the savage virtues in getting the beginning of the civilised virtues; and the savage virtues which tend to war are the daily bread of human nature. Carlyle said, in his graphic way, "The ultimate question between every two human beings is, 'Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me?'" History is strewn with the wrecks of nations which have gained a little progressiveness at the cost of a great deal of hard manliness, and have thus prepared themselves for destruction as soon as the movements of the world gave a chance for it. But these nations have come out of the "pre-economic stage" too soon; they have been put to learn while yet only too apt to unlearn. Such cases do not vitiate, they confirm, the principle—that a nation which has just gained variability without losing legality has a singular likelihood to be a prevalent nation.

No nation admits of an abstract definition; all nations are beings of many qualities and many sides; no historical event exactly illustrates any one principle; every cause is intertwined and surrounded with a hundred others. The best history is but like the art of Rembrandt; it casts a vivid light on certain selected causes, on those which were best and greatest; it leaves all the rest in shadow and unseen. To make a single nation illustrate a principle, you must exaggerate much and you must omit much. But, not forgetting this caution, did not Rome—the prevalent nation in the ancient world—gain her predominance by the principle on which I have dwelt? In the thick crust of her legality there was hidden a little seed of adaptiveness. Even in her law itself no one can fail to see that, binding as was the habit of obedience, coercive as use and wont at first seem, a hidden impulse of extrication *did* manage, in some queer way, to change the substance while conforming to the accidents—to do what was wanted for the new time while seeming to do only what was directed by the old time. And the moral of their whole history is the same: each Roman generation, so far as we know, differs a little—and in the best times often but a *very* little—from its predecessors. And therefore the history is so continuous as it goes, though its two ends are so unlike. The history of many nations is like the stage of the English drama: one scene is

succeeded on a sudden by a scene quite different,—a cottage by a palace, and a windmill by a fortress. But the history of Rome changes as a good diorama changes; while you look, you hardly see it alter; each moment is hardly different from the last moment; yet at the close the metamorphosis is complete, and scarcely anything is as it began. Just so in the history of the great prevailing city: you begin with a town and you end with an empire, and this by unmarked stages. So shrouded, so shielded, in the coarse fibre of other qualities was the delicate principle of progress, that it never failed, and it was never broken.

One standing instance, no doubt, shows that the union of progressiveness and legality does not secure supremacy in war. The Jewish nation has its type of progress in the prophets, side by side with its type of permanence in the law and Levites, more distinct than any other ancient people. Nowhere in common history do we see the two forces—both so necessary and both so dangerous—so apart and so intense: Judæa changed in inward thought, just as Rome changed in exterior power. Each change was continuous, gradual, and good. In early times every sort of advantage tends to become a military advantage; such is the best way, then, to keep it alive. But Jewish gain never did so; beginning in religion, contrary to a thousand analogies, it remained religious. *For* that we care for them; *from* that have issued endless consequences. But I cannot deal with such matters here, nor are they to my purpose. As respects this essay, Judæa is an example of combined variability and legality; not investing itself in warlike power, and so perishing at last, but bequeathing nevertheless a legacy of the combination in imperishable mental effects.

It may be objected that this principle is like saying that men walk when they do walk, and sit when they do sit. The problem is, why do men progress? And the answer suggested seems to be, that they progress when they have a certain sufficient amount of variability in their nature. This seems to be the old style of explanation by occult qualities. It seems like saying that opium sends men to sleep because it has a soporific virtue, and bread feeds because it has an alimentary quality. But the explanation is not so absurd. It says: "The beginning of civilisation is marked by an intense legality; that legality is the very condition of its existence, the bond which ties it together; but that legality—that tendency to impose a settled customary yoke upon all men and all actions—if it goes on, kills out the variability implanted by nature, and makes different men and different ages facsimiles of other men and other ages, as we see them so often. Progress is only possible in those happy cases where the force of legality has gone far enough to bind the nation together, but not far enough to kill out all varieties and destroy nature's perpetual tendency to change." The point of the solution is not the invention of an imaginary

agency, but an assignment of comparative magnitude to two known agencies.

III.

This advantage is one of the greatest in early civilisation—of the facts which give a decisive turn to the battle of nations but there are many others. A little perfection in *political institutions* may do it. Travellers have noticed that among savage tribes those seemed to answer best in which the monarchical power was most predominant, and those worst in whom the “rule of many” was in vigour. So long as war is the main business of nations, temporary despotism—despotism during the campaign—is indispensable. Macaulay justly said that many an army has prospered under a commander, but no army has ever prospered under a “debate society;” that many-headed monster is then fatal. Despotism grows in the first societies, just as democracy grows in more modern societies; it is the government answering the primary need, and congenial to the whole spirit of the time. But despotism is unfavourable to the principle of variability, as all history shows. It tends to keep nations in the customary stage of civilisation; its very fitness for that stage unfits it for the next. It prevents men from passing into the stage of progress—the *very* slowly and *very* gradually improving stage. Some “standing system” of semi-free discussion is as necessary to break the thick crust of custom and begin progress as it is in later ages to carry on progress when begun; probably it is even more necessary. And in the most progressive races we find it. I have spoken already of the Jewish prophets, the life of that nation, and the principle of all its growth. But a still more progressive race—that by which secular civilisation was once created, by which it is now mainly administered—had a still better instrument of progress. “In the very earliest glimpses,” says Mr. Freeman, “of Teutonic political life, we find the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic elements already clearly marked. There are leaders with or without the royal title; there are men of noble birth, who are entitled to a pre-eminence in every way; but beyond them there is a free and armed people, in whom it is clear that the ultimate sovereignty resides. Small matters are decided by the chiefs alone; great matters are submitted by the chiefs to the assembled nation. Such a system is far more than Teutonic; it is a common Aryan possession; it is the constitution of the Homeric Achæans on earth and of the Homeric gods on Olympus.” Perhaps, and indeed probably, this constitution may be that of the primitive tribes which Romans left to go one way, and Greeks to go another, and the Teutons to go a third. The tribe took it with them, as the English

like the common law with them, because it was the one kind of polity which they could conceive and act upon; or it may be that the emigrants from the primitive Aryan stock only took with them a good aptitude—an excellent political nature, which similar circumstances in distant countries were afterwards to develop into like forms. But anyhow it is impossible not to trace the supremacy of Teutons, Greeks, and Romans in part to their common form of government. The contests of the assembly cherished the principle of change; the influence of the elders insured sedateness and preserved the mould of thought; and, in the best cases, military discipline was not impaired by freedom, though military intelligence was enhanced with the general intelligence. A Roman army was a free body, at its own choice governed by a peremptory despotism.

The *mixture of races* was often an advantage, too. Much as the old world believed in pure blood, it had very little of it. Most historic nations conquered pre-historic nations, and though they massacred many, they did not massacre all. They enslaved the subject men, and they married the subject women. No doubt the whole bond of early society was the bond of descent; no doubt it was essential to the notions of a new nation that it should have had common ancestors; the modern idea that vicinity of habitation is the natural cement of civil union would have been repelled as an impiety if it could have been conceived as an idea. But by one of those legal fictions which Mr. Maine describes so well, primitive nations contrived to do what they found convenient, as well as to adhere to what they fancied to be right. When they did not beget they *adopted*; they solemnly made believe that new persons were descended from the old stock, though everybody knew that in flesh and blood they were not. They made an artificial unity in default of a real unity; and what it is not easy to understand now, the sacred sentiment requiring unity of race was somehow satisfied: what was made did as well as what was born. Nations with these sort of maxims are not likely to have unity of race in the modern sense, and as a physiologist understands it. What sorts of unions improve the breed, and which are worse than both the father-race and the mother, it is not very easy to say. The subject has just been reviewed by M. Quatrefages in an elaborate report upon the occasion of the French Exhibition, of all things in the world. M. Quatrefages quotes from another writer the phrase that South America is a great laboratory of experiments in the mixture of races, and reviews the different results which different cases have shown. In South Carolina the Mulatto race are not very prolific, whereas in Louisiana and Florida they decidedly are so. In Jamaica and in Java the Mulatto cannot reproduce itself after the third generation; but on the continent of America, as everybody knows, the mixed race is now most numerous, and spreads generation

after generation without impediment. Equally various likewise in various cases has been the fate of the mixed race between the white man and the native American; sometimes it prospers, sometimes it fails. And M. Quatrefages concludes his description thus: "En acceptant comme vraies toutes les observations qui tendent à faire admettre qu'il en sera autrement dans les localités dont j'ai parlé plus haut, quelle est la conclusion à tirer de faits aussi peu semblables? Evidemment, on est obligé de reconnaître que le développement de la race mulâtre est favorisé, retardé ou empêché par des circonstances locales; en d'autres termes, qu'il dépend des influences exercées par l'ensemble des conditions d'existence par le *milieu*." By which I understand him to mean that the mixture of race sometimes brings out a form of character better suited than either parent form to the place and time; that in such cases, by a kind of natural selection, it dominates over both parents, and perhaps supplants both, whereas in other cases the mixed race is not as good then and there as other parent forms, and then it passes away soon and of itself.

Early in history the continual mixtures by conquest were just so many experiments in mixing races as are going on in South America now. New races wandered into new districts, and half killed, half mixed with the old races. And the result was doubtless as various and as difficult to account for then as now; sometimes the crossing answered, sometimes it failed. But when the mixture was at its best, it must have excelled both parents in that of which so much has been said; that is, variability, and consequently progressiveness. There is more life in mixed nations. France, for instance, is justly said to be the mean term between the Latin and the German races. A Norman, as you may see by looking at him, is of the North; a Provençal is of the South, of all that there is most Southern. You have in France Latin, Celtic, German, compounded in an infinite number of proportions: one as she is in feeling, she is various not only in the past history of her various provinces, but in their present temperaments. Like the Irish element and the Scotch element in the English House of Commons, the variety of French races contributes to the play of the polity; it gives a chance for fitting new things which otherwise there would not be. And early races must have wanted mixing more than modern races. It is said, in answer to the Jewish boast that "their race still prospers, though it is scattered and breeds in-and-in," "You prosper *because* you are so scattered; by acclimatisation in various regions your nation has acquired singular elements of variety; it contains within itself the principle of variability which other nations must seek by intermarriage." In the beginning of things there was certainly no cosmopolitan race like the Jews; each race was a sort of "parish race," narrow in thought and bounded in range, and it wanted mixing accordingly.

But the mixture of races has a singular danger as well as a singular advantage in the early world. We know now the Anglo-Indian suspicion or contempt for "half-castes." The union of the Englishman and the Hindoo produces something not only between races, but *between moralities*. They have no inherited creed or plain place in the world; they have none of the fixed traditional sentiments which are the stays of human nature. In the early world many mixtures must have wrought many ruins; they must have destroyed what they could not replace,—an inbred principle of discipline and of order. But if these unions of races did not work thus; if, for example, the two races were so near akin that their morals united as well as their breeds, if one race by its great numbers and prepotent organisation so presided over the other as to take it up and assimilate it, and leave no separate remains of it, *then* the admixture was invaluable. It added to the probability of variability, and therefore of improvement; and if that improvement even in part took the military line, it might give the mixed and ameliorated state a steady advantage in the battle of nations, and a greater chance of lasting in the world.

Another mode in which one state acquires a superiority over competing states is by *provisional* institutions, if I may so call them. The most important of these—slavery—arises out of the same early conquest as the mixture of races. A slave is an unassimilated, an undigested atom; something which is in the body politic, but yet is hardly part of it. Slavery, too, has a bad name in the later world, and very justly. We connect it with gangs in chains, with laws which keep men ignorant, with laws that hinder families. But the evils which we have endured from slavery in recent ages must not blind us to, or make us forget, the great services that slavery rendered in early ages. There is a wonderful presumption in its favour; it is one of the institutions which, at a certain stage of growth, all nations in all countries choose and cleave to. "Slavery," says Aristotle, "exists by the law of nature," meaning that it was everywhere to be found—was a rudimentary universal point of polity. "There are very many English colonies," said Edward Gibbon Wakefield, as late as 1848, "who would keep slaves at once if we would let them," and he was speaking not only of old colonies trained in slavery, and raised upon the products of it, but likewise of new colonies started by freemen, and which ought, one would think, to wish to contain freemen only. But Wakefield knew what he was saying; he was a careful observer of rough societies, and he had watched the minds of men in them. He had seen that *leisure* is the great need of early societies, and slaves only can give men leisure. All freemen in new countries must be pretty equal; every one has labour, and every one has land; capital, at least in agricultural countries (for pastoral countries are very

different), is of little use ; it cannot hire labour ; the labourers go and work for themselves. There is a story often told of a great English capitalist who went out to Australia with a shipload of labourers and a carriage ; his plan was that the labourers should build a house for him, and that he would keep his carriage, just as in England. But (so the story goes) he had to try to live in his carriage, for his labourers left him, and went away to work for themselves.

In such countries there can be few gentlemen and no ladies. Refinement is only possible when leisure is possible ; and slavery first makes it possible. It creates a set of persons born to work that others may not work, and not to think in order that others may think. The sort of originality which slavery gives is of the first practical advantage in early communities ; and the repose it gives is a great artistic advantage when they come to be described in history. The patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob could not have had the steady calm which marks them, if they had themselves been teased and hurried about their flocks and herds. Refinement of feeling and repose of appearance have indeed no market value in the early bidding of nations ; they do not tend to secure themselves a long future or any future. But originality in war does, and slave-owning nations, having time to think, are likely to be more shrewd in policy and more crafty in strategy.

No doubt this momentary gain is bought at a ruinous after-cost. When other sources of leisure become possible, the one use of slavery is past. But all its evils remain, and even grow worse. "Retail" slavery—the slavery in which a master owns a few slaves whom he well knows and daily sees—is not at all an intolerable state. The slaves of Abraham had no doubt a fair life, as things went that day. But wholesale slavery, where men are but one of the investments of large capital, and where a great owner, so far from knowing each slave, can hardly tell how many gangs of them he works, is an abominable state. This is the slavery which has made the name revolting to the best minds, and has nearly rooted the thing out of the best of the world. There is no out-of-the-way marvel in this. The whole history of civilisation is strewn with creeds and institutions which were invaluable at first, and dead afterwards. Progress would not have been the rarity it is if the early food had not been the late poison. A full examination of these provisional institutions would need half a volume, and would be out of place and useless now. Venerable oligarchy, august monarchy, are two that would alone need large chapters. But the sole point here necessary is to say that such preliminary forms and feelings at first often bring many graces and many refinements, and often tend to secure them by the preservative military virtue.

There are cases in which some step in *intellectual* progress gives

early society some gain in war; more obvious cases are when a kind of *moral* quality gives some such gain. War both needs and generates certain virtues; not the highest, but what may be called the preliminary virtues, as valour, veracity, the spirit of obedience, the habit of discipline. Any of these, and of others like them, when possessed by a nation, and no matter how generated, give them a military advantage, and make them more likely to prevail in the race of nations. The Romans probably had as much of the efficacious virtues as any race of the ancient world,—perhaps as much as any race in the modern world too. And the success of nations which possess these martial virtues has been the great cause by which their continuance has been secured in the world, the destruction of the opposite vices insured also. Conquest is the missionary of valour, and the hard impact of military virtues drives meanness out of the world.

In the last century it would have sounded strange to speak, as I am now going to speak, of the military advantage of *religion*. Such an expression would have been opposed to ruling prejudices, and would hardly have escaped philosophical ridicule. But the notion is but a commonplace in our day, for a man of genius has made it his own. Mr. Carlyle's books are deformed by phrases like "infinities and varieties," altogether are full of faults, which attract the very young and repel all that are older. In spite of his great genius, after a long career of writing, it is a question still whether even a single work of his can take a lasting place in high literature. There is a want of consistency in their manner which throws a suspicion on their substance (though it is often profound); and he brandishes one or two theories, of which he has himself a high notion, but which plain people will always detect and deride. But whatever may be the result of his fame, Mr. Carlyle has taught the present generation many lessons, and one of these is that "God-fearing" armies are the best armies. Before his time people laughed at Cromwell's saying, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry." But we now know that the trust was of as much use as the powder, if not of more. A high concentration of steady feeling makes men dare everything and do anything.

This subject would run to an infinite extent if any one were competent to handle it. Those kinds of morals and that kind of religion which tend to make the firmest and most effectual character are sure to prevail, all else being the same, and creeds or systems that conduce to a soft limp mind tend to perish, except a hard extrinsic force keep them alive. Thus Epicureanism did not prospered at Rome, but Stoicism did; the stiff, serious character of the great prevailing nation was attracted by what looked like a confirming creed, and deterred by what looked like a

relaxing creed. The inspiring doctrines fell upon the ardent character, and so confirmed its energy. Strong beliefs win strong men, and then make them stronger. Such is no doubt one cause why Monotheism tends to prevail over Polytheism; it produces a higher, steadier character, calmed and concentrated by a great single object; it is not confused by competing rites, or distracted by miscellaneous deities. Polytheism is religion *in commission*, and it is weak accordingly. But it will be said the Jews, who were monotheist, were conquered by the Romans, who were polytheist. Yes, it must be answered, because the Romans had other gifts; they had a capacity for politics, a habit of discipline, and of these the Jews had not the least. The religious advantage *was* an advantage, but it was counter-weighed.

No one should be surprised at the prominence given to war. We are dealing with early ages; nation *making* is the occupation of man in these ages, and it is war that makes nations. Nation *changing* comes afterwards, and is mostly effected by peaceful revolution, though even then war, too, plays its part. The idea of an indestructible nation is a modern idea; in early ages all nations were destroyable, and the further we go back, the more incessant was the work of destruction. The internal decoration of nations is a sort of secondary process, which succeeds when the main forces that create nations have principally done their work. We have here been concerned with the political scaffolding; it will be the task of other papers to trace the process of political finishing and building. The nicer play of finer forces may then require more pleasing thoughts than the fierce fights of early ages can ever suggest. It belongs to the idea of progress that beginnings can never seem attractive to those who live far on; the price of improvement is, that the unimproved will always look degraded.

But how far are the strongest nations really the best nations? how far is excellence in war a criterion of other excellence? I cannot answer this now fully, but three or four considerations are very plain. War, as I have said, nourishes the "preliminary" virtues, and *this* is almost as much as to say that there are virtues which it does *not* nourish. All which may be called "grace" as well as virtue it *does not* nourish; humanity, charity, a nice sense of the rights of others it certainly does not foster. The insensibility to human suffering which is so striking a fact in the world as it stood when history first reveals it, is doubtless due to the warlike origin of the old civilisation. Bred in war, and nursed in war, it could not revolt from the things of war, and one of the principal of these is human pain. Since war has ceased to be the moving force in the world, men have become more tender one to another, and shrink from what they used to inflict without caring; and this not so much because men are *less*

proved (which may or may not be in various cases), but because they have no longer the daily habit of war,—have no longer formed their notions upon war, and therefore are guided by thoughts and feelings which soldiers as such—soldiers educated simply by their trade—are too hard to understand.

Very like this is the contempt for physical weakness and for women which marks early society too. The non-combatant population is sure to fare ill during the ages of combat. But these defects, too, are cured or lessened; women have now marvellous means of winning their way in the world; and mind without muscle has far greater force than muscle without mind. These are some of the after-effects in the interior of nations, of which the causes must be scrutinised, and I now mention them only to bring out how many after-growths have now half-hidden the old and harsh civilisation which war made.

But it is very dubious whether the spirit of war does not still colour our morality far too much. Metaphors from law and metaphors from war make most of our current moral phrases, and a nice examination would easily explain that both rather vitiate what both often illustrate. The military habit makes man think far too much of definite action, and far too little of brooding meditation. Life is not a set campaign, but an irregular work, and the main forces in it are not overt resolutions, but latent and half-involuntary promptings. The mistake of military ethics is to exaggerate the conception of discipline, and so to present the moral force of the will in a barer form than it ever ought to take. Military morals can direct the axe to cut down the tree, but it knows nothing of the quiet force by which the forest grows.

What has been said is enough, I hope, to bring out that there are many qualities and many institutions of the most various sort which give nations an advantage in military competition; that most of these and most warlike qualities tend principally to good; that the constant winning of these favoured competitors is the particular mode by which the best qualities wanted in elementary civilisation are propagated and preserved.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By JOHN STUART MILL. London : Longman & Co. 1868.

MR. MILL has in his time written and said a good many startling and unpopular things, but nothing that he ever before said or wrote gave such general offence as the forty-four pages which he has just issued under the above title. By the bulk of the reading public they have been received with feelings little short of indignation and disgust. The author's reputation has availed little to bear up the pamphlet; rather the pamphlet seems calculated to bear down the author. Most critics by profession fall foul of it without mercy. The *Times*, forgetting its accustomed staidness of demeanour, flares up into something like Billingsgate in abuse of it. The Rhadamanthus-like *Saturday Review* condemns it with more than Rhadamanthine sternness. The gentler *Pall Mall Gazette*, confessing to one of those touches of infirmity that make the whole world kin, intimates that, like the Athenian who tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, it is glad of so good an excuse for doubting whether Mr. Mill really deserves to be thought wise. Even the *Economist* turns Judas, and insinuates heresy against the acknowledged master of its own peculiar sect. The example of the professionals emboldens amateurs. Scarcely any one speaks to you of the pamphlet without contemptuous pity or contemptuous exultation, while in the House of Commons even one of the minor Whiglings ventures on an ignorant sneer at the philosopher who would neutralise the effects of three land-confiscations by instituting a fourth. When a man is hardest pressed then does it most become what friends he has left to press forward to the rescue; and being myself one of the minority of Englishmen who regard the doctrine of "England and Ireland" as substantially sound, and as increasing the claims of the teacher on the gratitude of his country and of mankind, I am not going to shrink from speaking out my thought.

That the proposals which the pamphlet embodies have been so ill received affords no presumption against them. At least as well, on the contrary, might this be taken as a proof of their possessing some peculiar merit. In order to have met with immediate acceptance they ought to have been less original, less bold, less apposite. Other writers ought to have gone before with suggestions more or less like Mr. Mill's in order to have prepared the way for his. But those who have gone farthest in the same direction have gone little farther than timidly to inquire what might possibly be done for the Irish tenant. He is the first to show that the true matter for consideration is, what is to be done with the Irish landlord. How can those who have never had the true blot pointed out to them be expected to see immediately that the blot has been fairly hit? How, while still mistaking the character of the disease, can they recognise the appropriate remedy? And because Mr. Mill tells his readers that their not seeing, and not recognising, is the real essence of the Irish difficulty, the *Times*, getting into a passion, charges him with calling his readers fools or knaves. But is not this very anger of the *Times* a proof of the ver-

ness against the imputation of which the *Times* protests? No mirror could more faithfully reflect the average English mind than the *Times* does, does the *Times* itself affect to be able to see what Mr. Mill points out? Now, what is it in the tract before us that, on the one hand, bids fair to give the author of half the honour in which—prophet as he is—he has hitherto been held by the mass of his countrymen; and, on the other, causes there one of them to regard him with, if possible, increased respect? and the same reply will serve for both branches of the twofold question. What Mr. Mill proposes to do for Ireland is, with no greater difference than the difference of circumstances renders imperative, the very same thing as that, by which for Prussia, Stein and Hardenberg have gained universal and unimpaired renown as the regenerators of their country. The Prussian legislators freed the peasant bound to the soil, but connected with it by no ties but those of feudal bondage. Of these ties they made as short work as men of kindred hands always do of Gordian knots. By one stroke of the pen they transformed the serfs into independent peasant proprietors of land purchased from its former lords at its full value in perpetual annuities. The English statesman places the Irish peasant in a state, not indeed of serfdom, but in one for which the Prussian serfdom would be a blessed exchange, and he seeks to raise him to the level of the emancipated Prussian serf at no more expense to the landlord than that to which the Prussian landlord was subjected. For the sake of regenerating a whole people he proposes less interference with vested interests than the legislature every year sanctions for the sake of furthering the dirty job of railway speculators. Here is the whole head and front of Mr. Mill offending. This it is for which the bulk of his audience hiss and a few occasional eccentrics cheer him. Of course the Prussian landlords, although they paid in full for every acre taken from them, raised a furious outcry about expropriation; and of course perfervid Irish landlords and their sympathisers, at the mere idea of similar treatment, raise an outcry more furious still. *Cela va dire*. And it is equally plain why exceptional Englishmen, untainted by landlordism, who, when travelling through north-eastern and central Germany, have sighed despairingly over the contrast between the smiling home of a German boor and the half-hut half-pigsty of an Irish cottier, look with admiration on a scheme which shows how the inmates of the one can be placed in all social respects on a par with those of the other, not only without violence, but without detriment to any one. That which was Stein and Hardenberg's condemnation in the eyes of large classes of their contemporaries has become their glory in the eyes of all classes of their posterity, as it would be Mr. Mill's glory likewise if his case, instead of being judged by compatriot contemporaries, were referred to contemporary posterity in the shape of a jury verdict.

The allegiance due from a disciple to his master must not, however, prevent me from observing that an alien jury in the case supposed would probably give more in eulogy of Mr. Mill than I should myself be prepared to follow. Since, instead of being, as I fancy would be more in accordance with my deserts, placed on the same dock with Mr. Mill to be tried on the same charge as an accessory before the fact, I find the greatness thrust on me of a seat on the judicial bench before which he is arraigned, I must needs say that I hesitate a moment to pass upon his latest outpouring a sentence of absolutely unqualified

approval. The remedy prescribed by him for the woes of Ireland does certainly seem to me by far the best that has been suggested; but I am not equally convinced that nothing short of it might serve the turn. He himself admits it to be revolutionary, and he would scarcely deny that it is both very delicate and very violent. It is, in truth, so delicate, that, unless very skilfully applied, might very possibly prove fatal; and it is violent in this sense, and to this extent that it interferes with property in land in a way which I, at least, consider that no necessity, however great, would justify, were it not for certain essential differences between property in land and all other kinds of property. What those differences are cannot here be explained, for to do so adequately would require more pages than I should be allowed lines for the purpose. I can only spare room to say that they are such as even to one with my own almost superstitious reverence for property in general, seem sufficient to justify the public in resuming property in land whenever the public good may appear to render such a step expedient. The violence of Mr. Mill's specific is not necessarily, therefore, any objection to it, and still less is its delicacy; for Mr. Mill, like every other practitioner, of course assumes that the operation he prescribes will be performed with all proper precautions, and will not be intrusted to such botchers and bunglers as have for the last half-century been wrangling over Ireland's sick body—wrangling alternately with their patient and with each other.

But though there be nothing about Mr. Mill's plan to prevent its being the most efficacious that can be adopted, there may be good reasons for scrupling to adopt it except as a last resource. Lithotomy is the most effectual cure for the stone, yet is only resorted to in extreme cases. If the millstone that hangs round Ireland's neck can be got rid of in no other way, let it by all means be cut away. But I am loath to believe that there are no other ways, and Mr. Mill himself once certainly thought there were. There was a time when he would have been content with the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, the enactment of such a Tenant Right or Tenants' Improvements Bill as Lord Kimberley could frame and Lord Dufferin would not disapprove, and such an application of Irish waste lands as was recommended in a certain "Plea" which was put forward by myself twenty years ago, and which, if the legislature would condescend to listen to it now, they might possibly regret not having listened to somewhat earlier. To these measures I would venture to add the partition of Irish Church revenues rateably among the clergy of the three chief denominations, and the equalisation in dignity as well as emoluments of Protestant and Catholic bishops, either by their impartial exclusion from, or by their equal admission into, the House of Peers and the Privy Council. By these measures together with those previously enumerated, and coupled with a vigorous enforcement of governmental authority, and the instant suppression of both the practice and the preaching of treason by whatever severities might be required for the suppression, I conceive it to be still possible that Ireland's traditional hatred to England might be gradually extinguished, and complete reconciliation between the two sisters effected, without which there can be no well-grounded hope for Ireland's future. Of some of my recommendations, however, Mr. Mill would certainly not approve; and with regard to the rest he would probably think that the time for half-measures has gone by. I should be unwilling to think that in this he is right, but where he doubts it is not for others to dogmatise.

W. T. THORNTON

THE LIFE OF DAVID GARRICK, FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY PAPERS, AND
NUMEROUS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED SOURCES. By PERCY FITZ-
GERALD, M.A., F.S.A. Two Volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

GERMANS are often charged with writing ponderous and exhausting works, yet the most laboured German book is light reading when compared with a biography by a modern English bookmaker. Indeed, there are few among our younger writers who avoid the blunder of confounding a big book with a great work. They delight in committing as authors all the faults with which Haydon and the pre-Raphaelites are chargeable as artists. They glory in the huge canvas and the minute elaboration of insignificant details. Hence, when they present us with the story of a man's life, it is difficult to detect the man's personal peculiarities, so entirely are his salient and essential points overlaid with disquisitions on things in general. Mr. Fitzgerald has sinned in this respect. He has re-told the story of Garrick's career with a minuteness which would be commendable were it not so wearisome. He has made of Garrick a hero whom we might honour and admire, were it not that by so doing we should have to accept as facts what are merely ingenious speculations. It is a pity that so much industry should have been expended to such little purpose, and that such a mass of interesting material should have been accumulated in order to crush the man it was designed to exalt. What is least bearable are the indiscriminating eulogiums on Garrick and unjustifiable censures on his contemporaries. At page 13 of the first volume the tap of eulogy is turned on, and the stream flows in a "weak, washy" flood till the end of the second one. When eleven years old Garrick was offered a place in his uncle's office at Lisbon. This offer being accepted, he was "despatched on this distant expedition. Even in this step we see a certain character and sense, as it was not every lad of his years could be sent off in those days of difficult travel on so long a voyage." On his return home he is said to have acted with unparalleled consideration and kindness as the guardian of his mother during his father's absence. Then, after he goes to town and becomes immersed in the so-called gaieties of the metropolis, he still displays in the pages of his new biographer extraordinary self-restraint:—"Such a course of life for one so young—he was then but twenty-three—would have infallibly shipwrecked any of the youths of the day. But these were sallies of pure enjoyment and honest good spirits; and in every stage of David Garrick's life we find the correcting restraint of calm good sense, which others, with less command of themselves, chose to translate into selfishness, 'nearness,' 'knowingness,' and such unpleasant qualities." Again, when Mrs. Woffington, Macklin, and Garrick lived together, and took charge of the housekeeping in turns, "Mr. Garrick's month was said to be very economically conducted. This was only the beginning of the favourite stock charges of 'meanness,' 'stinginess,' and the like, which it was the delight of every histrionic cur—to whom he might have once used a crust—to yelp out noisily all over the town. From a certain thrift in less, always odious to those who are themselves extravagant in trifles, but regards in large matters, he was not free; but if he seemed to look after the purse, it was that he might give away pounds. Such a character is quite intelligible." Mr. Fitzgerald forgets that all misers are noted for being lavish on certain occasions. If he thought it right to notice such accusations, and prompt to answer them, he should have been a little more precise in his statements and logical in his conclusions.

It would be as profitless to expose the shortcomings of this biographer as it is tedious to peruse the stilted praises of his hero. He would not have committed the mistakes of which he is guilty had he but treated his subject in a manner at once natural and rational. What this generation wishes to know is the kind of man Garrick was both as an actor and interpreter of Shakspeare's plays. Not one man in ten thousand cares anything about him as manager of Drury Lane Theatre. It is the intellectual, and not the commercial, side of such a man's character on which we prefer to gaze in order to appreciate. In so far as his conduct as manager illustrates this, that conduct merits notice and discussion; but, after all, it is a secondary consideration whether or not he was always on good terms with those he employed, and to whose assistance he was indebted for his wealth. It is sufficient for us to conclude that he must have been a thrifty and skilful man of business to learn that he amassed more money than any one who has filled a similar post, dying worth one hundred thousand pounds.

As one of the notable personages of his time he has a place in English history which is not high, but is still enviable. With unusual natural abilities, and a fair intellectual training, he seemed fitted to raise the status of an actor to an eminence which it had not previously attained in England. He found actors in the estimation of the public, as well as in the eye of the law, considered as "vagrants," and he left them in a position to claim the rank of gentlemen, provided they showed their desire to strive for the honour. He preferred the society of the polished and the high-bred to that of the rough jesters who delighted to riot in taverns and alehouses. Indeed, he was only too prone to sue for the recognition of those who had titles and influence. He loved a lord as dearly as Tom Moore did. But it was no mean success to cause the nobility to welcome and treat him with a consideration to which none of his class had been accustomed. A more fortunate man never trod the boards or prided himself on being a servant of the public. Mr. Fitzgerald reiterates the phrase that he was persecuted throughout his whole life. If Garrick were really the victim of persecution, then such persecution is not to be dreaded, but, on the contrary, is to be desired.

The best things in these bulky volumes are contained in the short epilogue. They relate to the present condition of the English stage, and are telling condemnations of the wretched plays which, thanks to the scene-painter and machinist, the praises of a press which has ceased to be critical, the applause of a public which has lost the faculty of discriminating dramatic dress from ore, and the general demand for bad puns, absurd dances, senseless songs, and the display of half-naked girls, have become the opprobrium of the English stage and the scandal of the day. If the whole work had been written in the spirit of the epilogue it would have deserved unstinted praise. Mr. Fitzgerald has filled 918 pages with materials for a good life of Garrick. Such a life he might write if he were capable of being impartial, and of telling his story within the compass of 300 pages.

W. F. RA

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. By HENRY WHITE. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1868.

THE too common notion in England about the Bartholomew Massacre is, that it was a cruel and bloody plot, which had been many months or years hatch-

the extirpation of a mild, tolerant, industrious, and pacific sect. This mission is at length in a fair way for being removed. The attention which popular historians draw to the odious intolerances of the Scotch Presbyterians in the seventeenth century, and of the Irish Protestants in the eighteenth, works along with other things to persuade people that persecution is the especial characteristic of the older religion, but is the natural outcome of theological opinion under certain social and intellectual conditions, irrespective of any speciality of doctrine or discipline. Mr. White's book will contribute to the extension of this enlightenment. Not being weighted with dogmatism, for which the general reader seldom has any fancy, and containing many new descriptions of episodes of gorgeous pageantry on the one hand, and ghastly bloodshed on the other, it is likely to be popular enough to induce a large number of people to revise a very erroneous opinion. Mr. White has worked his ground with more than ordinary diligence, has gone to original sources for his facts, and has used his mind upon them with a success which the occasional intrusion of a bit of astounding commonplace does not very materially impair. It would have been better if he had left out altogether the occasional allusions to "Rome keeping men ignorant that she may keep them free," but he has done the next best thing in sparing to use them oft, and on the whole his judgments are sufficiently impartial. He recounts the atrocious cruelties and torture employed by the Catholics against the Protestants, but he does not flinch from telling us in the next page of the equal horrors inflicted by the Protestants upon the Catholics. This impartiality may not be in any connection with a quality that is much less laudable in an historian, namely, to sum up two views; to make up his mind about the relative probability of one being true than of the other; to decide positively whether Catherine de Médicis was a decently good woman, as the times went, or a woman more unscrupulous and dark than could be accounted moral in any age; whether Coligny may be suspected of a previous cognizance of Poltrot's design to murder the Duke of Guise; whether the civilisation of France would have been advanced or delayed by the success of the Protestants. Speaking of the League, for example, he says that "those who admire the Scottish Covenant will not find fault with a Romish League which brought two kings of France to a bloody end." Yet he says in another passage, that "the Huguenots were the truly national party—the stout defenders of national independence." If the latter be true, why should we have even a half and indirect sympathy for the League? Besides, no historical student admires the Scottish Covenant because it brought kings to a bloody end, but because its aims are judged to have conduced to the welfare of the country. We do not find in Mr. White's book any decisive estimate of the comparative claims of the two parties to our approval. The casual statement, moreover, in one place that the Huguenots were the national party, does not perfectly satisfy a reader who has read in another place in the same book of their negotiations with Spain. If the League was ready to call in Spain, it would be satisfactory to know how much less ready their enemies were to invoke the aid of England. The history of the Massacre itself might have properly begun from the Peace of Vervins, made in 1630, when both Catholics and Huguenots were properly exhausted, and when consequently the counsels of the moderate party—politicians, or Atheists, as they were indifferently called—had a better chance

of being listened to. The question with reference to this cessation in the partisan warfare which had distracted France since the massacre of Protestants at Vassy by Guise eight years before, is, whether the Court was sincere, or "only playing a part to entice the Huguenots into a trap, and so get rid of them at a blow." Mr. White is strongly of opinion that the king and his mother were both perfectly sincere in their wishes for a pacification of the realm, that the great massacre two years later was "the accidental result of a momentary spasm of mingled terror and fanaticism, caused by the unsuccessful attempt to murder Coligny;" and that Catherine's motive in suggesting the assassination of Coligny was not prompted so much by hatred of his creed, as by jealousy of his political influence with the king. For this conclusion he gives a great many excellent reasons, founded mainly on an examination in due course of the various incidental facts and sayings with which the existence of so deadly a plot would have been thoroughly inconsistent. But the force of all this would have been indescribably weakened if the author had confined himself to the transactions of the two years which immediately preceded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's. To understand the relations of the two parties, the characters of their leaders, the temper of the times, and their issue, it is indispensable to have gone over all the ground since the then leaders had come to the front, and since the turbulent violence of partisan feeling had actually broken out in open war. Although Mr. White seems scarcely to have full competence to enter with system and confidence into the higher investigation of this crisis in the history of French civilisation, he has given the facts as satisfactorily as they can well be given without their largest interpretation.

Comte considers that Protestantism in France, as in England, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, was a retrograde influence, as lending its support to that element in the provisional system of the period which was eventually destined to succumb. In France, he thinks, it lent support to the aristocracy in their struggle with the Crown, and that it encouraged local aristocratic government. It is hard to admit this, because the aristocratic League which asserted the decaying and retrograde feudal principle most violently and decisively was composed precisely of those nobles who adhered to the old creed. The weakening of Protestantism by the great massacre of 1572 was almost immediately discovered by Catherine herself to have been a blunder as well as a crime, as it threw her into the hands of the Guises—the most powerful representatives of the feudal party. If she had sided with the Protestants as the weaker of the two great contending aristocratic factions, would she not have most effectually depressed their rivals, and raised the power of the Crown on the weakness thus produced by the divisions of both? Such a policy was then practicable, and it would have been a much surer preparation for the decisive achievements of Richelieu in weakening the political power of the nobles. Indeed, this was the policy actually pursued by Catherine, so far as she could, until the fatal moment when jealousy of Coligny's power with Charles IX. made her plot his assassination. This alone is a strong argument, among others, in favour of the view that the massacre was the result of an accidental panic.

EDITOR.

IDEAS OF THE DAY ON POLICY. By CHARLES BUXTON, M.A., M.P. Third Edition. London: Murray.

WE have here a new edition, with much new matter, of this very novel little book. We may almost say of an author, "Hath he no feeling of his business?" when he condenses three hundred and seventy-five "ideas" into a thin volume of one hundred and fifty-one pages. A bookmaker must regard with a sigh such a wanton unuse, if we may coin the word, of first-rate raw material. As our readers are probably aware, Mr. Buxton's plan was to collect, during many years of observation and thought, the main "formative" ideas of the day on policy—that is, ideas affecting the action of the Government on the course of legislation. Since the first and second editions appeared, he has received hints from Lord Cranborne, Sir Stafford Northcote, Dean Stanley, and other distinguished men, some unnamed, and in consequence the collection is considerably enriched. It seems to us that on some questions Mr. Buxton omits some of the later developments of idea. In recording divergent ideas on Church and State he omits the opinion held by some, that the State ought to recognise and encourage all churches and sects as, not to speak it profanely, auxiliaries to the police—indirect preservers of order, decorum, and public peace. In touching on the proposed "revision of the Bible," he states the idea against it not that for it—the admitted inaccuracy of the authorised version. In his section on Irish Education Mr. Buxton says, "The State refuses aid if specific doctrinal teaching be a necessary part of the school course in school hours." This is not correct, as the Commissioners give grants to convent schools, where doctrinal teaching runs through almost every lesson given by the nuns. In stating the ideas on the Redistribution of Seats, he entirely omits the main principle of Mr. Harcourt's scheme—the delocalisation of constituencies. Amongst the arguments for the Ballot he omits one—that it is a rapid, easy method of registering votes. He refers in a few lines to Trades' Unions, but does not notice the idea—surely formative—that the artisan classes are a kind of brotherhood, a nation within a nation, and ought to make sacrifices for one another. In touching on the Permissive Bill we think he should have touched on the kindred branches of policy—the suppression of gambling-houses: those who approve of repression in the one case, and oppose it in the other, have surely something to say for the distinction. On the subject of Purchases in the Army Mr. Buxton does not do full justice to one argument in its favour. He says, "It is defended on the idea that else it would be seniority not merit that would give advancement." He should have explained that promotion by seniority retains an injurious proportion of old officers in the army, and that purchase, whatever other defects it has, causes a desirable succession of young men through the service. The argument (p. 93) in favour of Protection would have been more clearly stated if it were put—"The idea that, by making the nation produce what she consumed, she was saved from a dependence—*perilous time of war*." The Protectionists were greatly laughed at for calling a customer "dependent" on the man who supplied him; but in prospect of a war causing an interruption to commerce, the "dependence" is plainly seen to be awkward, and perhaps perilous. There is also a social argument for the self-dependence of each nation, the kernel of much Protectionist trash, in the inability of a nation arising from a variety of industries carried on in the same community. In the section on Foreign Policy (p. 100) it might have been better to say that "the holding of Rome by France is a trespass on the rights

of the Romans," not "of the Italians." Rome has a right to give her to Italy, not Italy to take Rome. We do not note these omissions on what to us minor errors with any cavilling intent; it is only surprising that ranging over so many topics, Mr. Buxton should have been so happy expressing the main ideas of the time. Some topics he entirely omits, and confess that we cannot see why. For example, Sunday legislation, Martial Laws regulating Labour, Sanitary legislation, Laws of Marriage, Proper Married Women, Functions of the State, the Co-operative *versus* the Competitive Principle, and Standing Armies. (1) On Sunday legislation, we have the idea that the State is religiously bound to prohibit amusement and toil; the opposite idea that it ought to encourage innocent recreations, and a distinct idea that Sunday laws and customs should be left as they are, on account of the secular utility of a day of rest. (2) On so-called Martial Law, we have the idea that in time of insurrection it is wise to have justice administered, not by judges and juries, nor according to Act of Parliament, but by men who will try quickly and punish promptly, and thus deter revolt; and the opposed idea that martial law is dangerous, because men may be unjust and cruel in panic and haste. (3) As regards Laws regulating Labour, we have the idea embodied in all factory legislation, that it is right for Government to prevent men working many hours in the day, and to prevent women and children being in any way overtasked or set to unsuitable occupations; while there is the opposite idea that we should not interfere with the process of any industry or trade. On Sanitary legislation, it has been lately upheld that we have a right, in the interests of all, to prohibit over-crowding and other unsanitary evils in lodging, and even in private houses. The antagonist idea is, that Englishmen have a right to keep their houses dirty if they like. (4) On Marriage, we have the Roman Catholic idea of its utter indissolubility; the modern English idea of its dissolubility on the adultery of the wife or cruelty and desertion of the husband, curiously coupled with the idea of indissolubility if both parties in the idea acted on in some German and American States, of dissolution on minor faults, or, as likewise in old Rome and revolutionary France, by mutual consent. (5) We have, as regards Property of Married Women, the idea held in France, also held elsewhere, that a married woman can have property independent of her husband's control; the English idea that she cannot, but that it can be held for her use by trustees, who guard it, not alone from her husband, but for her children, from herself. (6) On the proper Functions of the State, we hold that it should simply repress crime, preserve order in our streets, represent us abroad, and manage our wars; while others hold that not only should it initiate legislation, and carry all our letters, as it does, but should educate universally, aid churches, fulfil for the country several useful tasks—such as managing telegraphs and railways, preventing adulteration of medicine and food, auditing the accounts of joint-stock companies, &c., &c. (7) The Co-operative movement proceeds on the idea that, to secure cheap distribution of wholesome food and genuine goods of all kinds, we must employ our own salaried servants, who will have no interest in cheating us, and cannot charge us; while the Competitive Principle is, that to secure customers, competitive retailers will supply pure goods at the lowest possible rates. (8) On Standing Armies there is the former French idea of an army trained to long service to perfect military precision; and opposed to it, the Prussian practice of making the whole nation the army, by passing all its young men a short time successively through its ranks.

J. HERBERT STANLEY

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XVII. NEW SERIES.—MAY 1, 1868.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

Owing to causes which lie tolerably near the surface, the remarkable Catholic reaction which took place in France at the beginning of the present century, has never received in England the attention it deserves, not only for its striking interest as an episode in the history of European thought, but also for its peculiarly forcible and complete presentation of those ideas with which what is called the modern spirit is supposed to be engaged in deadly war. For one thing, the Protestantism of England strips a genuinely Catholic movement of speculation of that pressing and practical importance which belongs to it in countries where nearly all spiritual sentiment, that has received any impression of religion at all, unavoidably runs in Catholic forms. With us the theological reaction against the ideas of the eighteenth century was not and could not be other than Protestant. The defence and reinstatement of Christianity in each case was conducted, as might have been expected, with reference to the dominant creed and system of the country. If Coleridge had been a Catholic, his works, thus newly coloured by an alien creed, would have been read by a small sect only, instead of exercising as they did a wide influence over the whole nation, reaching people through the usual conduits of press and pulpit, by which the products of philosophic thought are conveyed to unphilosophic minds. As naturally in France, hostility to all those influences which were believed to have brought about the Revolution—to sensationalism in metaphysics, to atheism in what should have been theology, to the notion of the sovereignty of peoples in politics—inevitably sought a rallying point in renewed allegiance to that prodigious spiritual system which had fostered the germs of order and social feeling in Europe, and whose name remains even now, in the days of its ruin, as the most permanent symbol and exemplar of stable organisation. Another reason for English in-

difference to this movement is the rapidity with which here, as elsewhere, dust gathers thickly round the memory of the champions of lost causes. Some of the most excellent of human characteristics, intensity of belief, for example, and a fervid anxiety to realise aspirations, unite with some of the least excellent of them, to make us to habitually forget that the best adherents of a fallen standard in philosophy, in religion, in politics, are usually next in all good qualities of understanding and sentiment to the best of those who lead the van of the force that triumphs. Men are not so anxious they should be, considering the infinite diversity of effort that goes to the advancement of mankind, to pick up the fragments of truth and positive contribution, that so nothing be lost, and as a consequence the writings of antagonists with whom we are believed to have nothing in common, lie unexamined and disregarded.

In the case of the group of writers who, after a century of criticism, ventured once more with an intrepid confidence, differing fundamentally from the tone of preceding apologists in the Protestant camp, who were nearly as critical as the men they refuted, to vindicate not the bare outlines of Christian faith, but the entire scheme in its extreme manifestation of the most ancient and severely maligned of all Christian organisations, this apathy is very much to be regretted on several grounds. In the first place, it is impossible to see intelligently to the bottom of the momentous spirit of Ultramontanism, which is the deepest difficulty of continental Europe, and which, touching us in Ireland, is perhaps already one of our own deepest difficulties, without comprehending in its best shape the theory on which Ultramontanism rests; and this theory it is impossible to seize at all thoroughly without some knowledge of the ideas of its most efficient defenders in its earlier years. Secondly, it is among these ideas that we have to look for the representation in their most direct, logical, uncompromising, and unmistakable form, of those theological ways of regarding life and prescribing right conduct, whose more or less rapidly accelerated destruction is the first condition of the further elevation of humanity, as well in power of understanding as in morals and spirituality. In all contests of this kind, there is the greatest and most obvious advantage in being able to see your enemy full against the light. Thirdly, in one or two respects, the Catholic reactionaries at the beginning of the century insisted very strongly on principles of society which the general thought of the century before had almost entirely dropped out of sight, and which we, who, in spite of many differences, still sail down the same great current, and are propelled by the same great tide, are accustomed almost equally either to leave in the background of speculation, or else deliberately to deny and suppress. Such we may account the importance which they attach to Organisation; and the value they place

upon a common spiritual faith and doctrine as a social basis. That the form which the recognition of these principles is destined to assume will at all correspond to their hopes and anticipations, is one of the most unlikely things possible; this, however, need not detract from the worth, for our purpose, of their exposition of the principles themselves. Again, the visible traces of the impression made by the writings of this school on the powerful and illustrious founder of the Positivist system, are sufficiently deep and important to make some knowledge of them of the highest historical interest, both to those who accept and those who detest that system; because, accepted or detested, Positivism is being every day more and more clearly perceived to be the great battle-field of modern philosophic and social controversy.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were three chief schools of thought,—the Sensational, the Catholic, and the Eclectic; or as it may be put in other terms, the Materialist, the Theological, and the Spiritualist. The first looked for the sources of knowledge, the sanctions of morals, the inspiring fountain and standard of æsthetics, to the outside of men, to matter, and the impressions made by matter on the corporeal senses. The second looked to divine revelation, authority, and the traditions of the Church. The third, steering a middle course, looked partly within and partly without, relied partly on the senses, partly on revelation and history, but still more on a certain internal consciousness of a direct and immediate kind, that is the supreme and reconciling judge of the reports alike of the senses, of history, of divine revelation.¹ Each of these schools had many exponents. The three most conspicuous champions of revived Catholicism were De Maistre, De Bonald, and Chateaubriand. The last of them, the author of the “*Génie du Christianisme*,” was effective in France because he is so deeply sentimental, but he was too little trained in speculation, and too little equipped with knowledge, to be fairly taken as the best intellectual representative of their way of thinking. De Bonald was of much heavier calibre; he really thought, while Chateaubriand only felt, and the “*Législation Primitive*” and the “*Pensées sur Divers Sujets*” contain much that an enemy of the school will find it worth while to read, in spite of an artificial, and—if a foreigner may judge—detestable style. De Maistre was the greatest of the three, and deserves better than either of the others to stand as the type of the school, for many reasons. His style is so marvellously lucid, that, notwithstanding the mystical, or, as he said, the illuminist side of his mind, we can never be in much doubt about his meaning, which is not by any means the case with Bonald. To say nothing of his immensely superior

(1) See Damiron's “*La Philosophie en France au XIXème Siècle*.” Introduction to Vol. I. (Fifth edition.) See also Mr. Lewes's new edition of the “*History of Philosophy*,” at the conclusion of Vol. II.

natural capacity, his extensive reading in the literature of his foes was a source of remarkable strength, which might indeed have been thought indispensable, if other persons had not attacked the same people as he did, without knowing much or anything at first-hand about them. Then, he goes over the whole field of allied subjects, which we have a right to expect to have handled by anybody with a systematic view of the origin of knowledge, the meaning of ethics, the elements of social order and progressiveness, the government and scheme of the universe. And above all, his writings are penetrated with the air of reality and life which comes of actual participation in the affairs of that world with which social philosophers have to deal. Lamennais had in many respects a finer mind than De Maistre, but the conclusions in which he was finally landed, no less than his liberal aims, make him a less completely satisfactory example of the truly Catholic reaction. He in fact represented the Revolution, or the critical spirit, within the Catholic limits, while De Maistre's ruling idea was, in his own trenchant phrase, "absolument tuer l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle." On all these accounts he appears to be the fittest expositor of those conceptions which the anarchy that closed the eighteenth century provoked into systematic existence.

I.¹

Joseph de Maistre was born at Chambéry in the year 1754. His family was the younger branch of a stock in Languedoc, which about the beginning of the seventeenth century divided itself into two, one remaining in France, the other establishing itself in Piedmont. It is not wonderful that the descendants of the latter, settled in a country of small extent and little political importance, placed a high value on their kinship with an ancient line in the powerful kingdom of France. Joseph de Maistre himself was always particularly anxious to cultivate close relations with his French kinsfolk, partly from the old aristocratic feeling of blood, and partly from his intellectual appreciation of the gifts of the French mind, and its vast influence as an universal propagating power. His father held a high office in the Government of Savoy, and enjoyed so eminent a reputation that on his death both the Senate and the King of Sardinia deliberately recorded their appreciation of his loss as a public calamity. His mother is said to have been a woman of lofty and devout character, and her influence over her eldest son was exceptionally strong and tender. He used to declare in after life that he was as docile in her hands as the youngest of his sisters.

(1) The facts of De Maistre's life I have drawn from a very meagre biography by his son, Count Rodolphe de Maistre, supplemented by two volumes of "Lettres et Opu- cules" (Fourth edition. Paris: Vaton. 1865.), and a volume of his Diplomatic Correspondence, edited by M. Albert Blanc.

Among other marks of his affectionate submission to parental authority, we are told that during the whole time of his residence at Turin, where he followed a course of law, he never read a single book without previously writing to Chambéry to one or other of his parents for their sanction. Such traditions linger in families, and when he came to have children of his own, they too read nothing of which their father had not been asked to express his approbation. De Maistre's early education was directed by the Jesuits; and as might have been expected from the virtuous susceptibility of his temper, he never ceased to think of them with warm esteem. To the end of his life he remembered the gloom which fell upon the household, though he was only nine years old at the time, when the news arrived of the edict of 1762, abolishing the Society in the kingdom of France. One element of his education he commemorates in a letter to his favourite daughter. "Let your brother," he says, "work hard at the French poets. Let him learn them by heart, especially the incomparable Racine; never mind whether he understands him yet or not. I didn't understand him when my mother used to come repeating his verses by my bedside, and lulled me to sleep with her fine voice to the sound of that inimitable music. I knew hundreds of lines long before I knew how to read; and it is thus that my ears, accustomed betimes to this ambrosia, have never since been able to endure any sourer draught."

After his law studies at the University of Turin, then highly renowned for its jurisconsults, the young De Maistre went through the successive stages of an official career, performing various duties in the public administration, and possessing among other honours a seat in the Senate, over which his father presided. He led a tranquil life at Chambéry, then as at all other times an ardent reader and student. Unaided he taught himself five languages. English he mastered so perfectly, that though he could not follow it when spoken, he could read a book in that tongue with as much ease as if it had been in his own. To Greek and German he did not apply himself until afterwards, and he never acquired the same proficiency in them as in English, French, Italian, Latin, and Spanish. To be ignorant of German then, it will be remembered, was not what it would be now—to be without one of the literary senses.

Like nearly every other great soldier of reaction, he showed in his early life a decided inclination for new ideas. The truth that the wildest extravagances of youthful aspiration are a better omen of a vigorous and enlightened manhood than the decorous and ignoble faith in the perfection of existing arrangements, was not belied in the case of De Maistre. His intelligence was of too hard and exact a kind to inspire him with the exalted schemes that present themselves to those more nobly imaginative minds who dream dreams

and see visions. He projected no Savoyard emigration to the banks of the Susquehanna or Delaware, there to found a millennial community on pantisocratic principles. These generous madnesses belong to men of more poetic temper. But still, in spite of the deadening influences of officialism and relations with a Court, De Maistre had far too vigorous and active a character to subside without resistance into the unfruitful ways of obstruction and social complacency. It is one of the most certain marks, we may be sure of a superior spirit, that the impulses earliest awakened by its first fresh contact with the facts of the outer world, are those which quicken a desire for the improvement of the condition of society, the increase of the happiness of men, the amelioration of human destiny. With this unwritten condition of human nature De Maistre like other men of his mental calibre, is found to have complied. He incurred the suspicion and ill-will of most of those by whom he was immediately surrounded by belonging to a Reform Lodge at Chambéry. The association was one of a perfectly harmless character, but being an association, it diffused a tarnishing vapour of social disaffection and insurgency over the names of all who ventured to belong to it, and De Maistre was pointed out to the Sardinian Court as a man with leanings towards new things, and therefore one of whom it were well to beware. There was little ground for apprehension. In very small countries there is never room enough for the growth of a spirit of social revolution; not at least until some great and dominant country has released the forces of destruction. For that there is needed a huge momentum and impetus, that is only to be acquired over a vast field. Small states have usually been the most tenacious of old institutions, unless some violent hostility of race or caste is at work. So, when the menacing sounds of the approaching hurricane in France grew heavy in the air, the little lodge at Chambéry voluntarily dissolved itself, and De Maistre was deputed to convey to the king, Victor Amédée III., the honourable assurance of its members that they had assembled for the last time.

In 1786, at the age of thirty-two, De Maistre had married, and when the storm burst which destroyed all the hopes of his life, he was the father of two children. In one of his gay letters to a venerable lady who was on intimate terms with them both, he has left a picture of his wife, which is not any less interesting for what it reveals of his own character. "The contrast between us two is the very strangest in the world. For me, as you may have found, I am the *pococurante* senator, and above all things very free in saying what I think. She, on the contrary, will take care that it is not before allowing that the sun has risen, for fear of committing herself. She knows what must be done or must not be done on the tenth of October, 1808, at ten o'clock in the morning, to avoid some inc-

ence which otherwise would come to pass at midnight between fifteenth and sixteenth of March, 1810. ‘But, my dear husband, pay attention to nothing; you believe that nobody is thinking my harm. Now I know, I have been told, I have guessed, I see, I warn you,’ etc. ‘Come now, darling, leave me alone. I am only wasting your time: I foresee that I shall never foresee anything: that’s your business.’ She is the supplement to me, and when I am separated from her, as I am now, I suffer absurdly in being obliged to think about my own affairs; I would rather go to chop wood all day My children ought to kiss her steps; for my part, I have no gift for education. She has that I look upon as nothing less than the eighth gift of the 7 Ghost; I mean a certain fond persecution by which it is given to torment her children from morning to night to do something, to do something, to learn,—and yet without for a moment losing her tender affection for her. How ever does she manage? I cannot give it out a bit.” She was laughingly called by himself and her friends, Madame Prudence. It is certain that few women have had more necessity for the qualities implied in this creditable name.

They had not been married many years before they were overthrown by irreparable disaster. The French Revolution broke out, Savoy was invaded by the troops of the new Republic. Count de Maistre, with his wife and children, fled from Chambéry across the mountains to Aosta. “Ma chère amie,” he said to his wife, by the side of a great rock which he never afterwards forgot, “the step that we are taking to-day is irrevocable; it decides our lot for life;” and the sentiment was true. Soon the *Loi des Allobroges* was promulgated, which enjoined upon all who had left their homes in Savoy to return immediately, under pain of confiscation of all their property. It was in the very depth of winter. Madame de Maistre was in the ninth month of her pregnancy. She knew that her husband would endure anything rather than expose her to risk by such a journey in such a season. So, urged by a desire to save something from the wreck of her fortune by compliance with the French decree, she seized the opportunity of her husband’s absence at Turin, and started for Savoy without acquainting him with her design. She crossed the Great St Bernard in the beginning of January on the back of a mule, accompanied by her two little children wrapped in blankets. The Count, on his return to Aosta two or three days afterwards, forthwith set off on his steps, in the trembling expectation of finding her dead or dying in some Alpine hovel. But the favour of fate and a stout heart brought her safe to Chambéry, where shortly afterwards she was joined by her husband. The authorities vainly tendered him the oath, vainly asked him to inscribe his name on the register of citizens; and when

they asked him for a contribution to support the war, he replied curtly that he did not give money to kill his brothers in the service of the King of Sardinia. As soon as his wife was delivered of their third child—whom he was destined not to see again for nearly twenty years—he quitted her side, abandoned his property and his country, and took refuge at Lausanne, where, in time, his wife and his two eldest children once more came to him.

Gibbon tells us how a swarm of emigrants, escaping from the public ruin, was attracted by the vicinity, the manners, and the language of Lausanne. "They are entitled to our pity," he reflected, "and they may claim our esteem, but they cannot in their present state of mind and fortune contribute much to our amusement. Instead of looking down as calm and idle spectators on the theatre of Europe, our domestic harmony is somewhat embittered by the infusion of party spirit." Gibbon died in London almost at the very moment that De Maistre arrived at Lausanne, but his account of things remained true, and political feuds continued to run as high as ever. Among the people with whom De Maistre was thrown was Madame de Staël. "As we had not been to the same school," he says, "either in theology or in politics, we had some scenes enough to make one die of laughter, still without quarrelling. Her father, who was then alive, was the friend and relative of people that I love with all my heart, and that I would not vex for all the world. So I allowed the *émigrés* who surrounded us to cry out as they would, without ever drawing the sword." De Maistre thought he never came across a head so completely turned wrong as Madame de Staël's, the infallible consequence, as he took it to be, of modern philosophy operating upon a woman's nature. He once said of her, "Ah! si Madame de Staël avait été catholique, elle eût été adorable, au lieu d'être fameuse." We can believe that his position among the French *émigrés* was not particularly congenial. For though they hated the Revolution, they had all drunk of the waters of the eighteenth-century philosophy, and De Maistre hated this philosophy worse than he hated the Revolution itself. Then, again, they would naturally vapour about the necessities of strong government. "Yes," said the Savoyard exile, "but be quite sure that, to make the monarchy strong, you must rest it on the laws, avoiding everything arbitrary, too frequent commissions, and all ministerial jobberies." We may well believe how unsavoury this rational and just talk was to people who meant by strong government a system that should restore to them their old prerogatives of anti-social oppression and selfish corruption. The order that De Maistre vindicated was a very different thing from the deadly and poisonous order which was the object of the vows of incorrigible royalists around him.

After staying three years at Lausanne, De Maistre went to Turin,

but, shortly afterwards the Sardinian king, after a long struggle, was forced to succumb to the power of the French, and to abandon all his territory on the mainland. The unrivalled Italian campaign of the young Napoleon needs no words here. The French entered Turin, and De Maistre, being an *émigré*, had to leave it. Furnished with a false passport, and undergoing a thousand hardships and dangers, he made his way, once more in the depth of a severe winter (1798), to Venice. He went part of the way down the Po in a small trading ship, crowded with ladies, priests, monks, soldiers, and a bishop. There was only one small fire on board, at which all the cooking had to be done, and where the unhappy passengers had to keep themselves warm as they could. At night they were confined each to a space about three planks broad, separated from neighbours by pieces of canvas hanging from a rope above. Each bank of the river was lined by military posts—the left by the Austrians, and the right by the French; and the danger of being fired into was constantly present to aggravate the misery of overcrowding, scanty food, and bitter cold. Even this wretchedness was surpassed by the hardships which confronted the exiles at Venice. The physical distress endured here by De Maistre and his unfortunate family exceeded that of any other period of their wanderings. He was cut off from the Court, and from all his relations and friends, and reduced for the means of existence to a few fragments of silver plate, which had somehow been saved from the general wreck. This slender resource grew less day by day, and when that was exhausted the prospect was a blank. The student of De Maistre's philosophy may see in what crushing personal anguish some of its most sinister growths had their roots. When the cares of beggary come suddenly upon a man in middle life, they burn very deep. Alone, and starving for a cause that is dear to him, one might encounter the grimness of fate with a fortitude in which there should be many elevating and consoling elements. But the destiny is intolerably hard which condemns a man of humane mould, as De Maistre certainly was, to look helplessly on the physical pains of a tender woman and famishing little ones. The anxieties that press upon his heart in such calamity as this are too sharp, too tightened, and too sordid for him to draw a single free breath, or to raise his eyes for a single moment of relief from the monstrous perplexity that chokes him. The hour of bereavement has its bitterness, but the bitterness is gradually transfused with soft reminiscence. The grip of beggary leaves a dark and deep mark on such a character as De Maistre's which no prosperity of after days effaces. The seeming inhumanity of his theory of life, which is so revolting to comfortable people like M. Villemain, was in truth the only explanation of his own cruel sufferings in which

he could find any solace. It was not that he hated mankind, but that his destiny looked as if God hated him, and this was a horrible moral complexity out of which he could only extricate himself by a theory in which pain and torment seem to stand out as the main facts in human existence.

To him, indeed, prosperity never came. Hope smiled on him momentarily, but, in his own words, "*ce n'était qu'un éclair dans la nuit.*" While he was in Venice, the armies of Austria and Russia re-conquered the north of Italy, and Charles Emanuel IV., in the natural anticipation that the allies would at once restore his dominions, hastened forward. Austria, however, as De Maistre had seen long before, was indifferent or even absolutely hostile to Sardinian interests, and she successfully opposed Charles Emanuel's restoration. The king received the news of the perfidy of his nominal ally at Florence, but not until after he had made arrangements for rewarding the fidelity of some of his most loyal adherents.

It was from Florence that De Maistre received the king's nomination to the chief place in the government of the island of Sardinia. During the short time of his administration here, he was overwhelmed with vexations only a little more endurable than the physical distresses which had weighed him down at Venice. During the war, justice had been administered in a very irregular manner. Hence, people had taken the law into their own hands, and retaliation had completed the round of wrongdoing. The taxes were collected with great difficulty. The higher class, after the manner of their order, exhibited an invincible repugnance to paying their debts. Some of these difficulties in the way of firm and orderly government were insuperable, and De Maistre vexed his soul in an unequal and only partially successful contest. In after years, amid the miseries of his life in Russia, he wrote to his brother thus: "Sometimes in my moments of solitude that I multiply as much as I possibly can, I throw my head back on the cushion of my sofa, and there with my four walls around me, far from all that is dear to me, confronted by a sombre and impenetrable future, I recall the days when in a little town that you know well," he meant Cagliari, "with my head resting on another sofa, and only seeing around our own exclusive circle (good heavens, what an impertinence!), little men and little things, I used to ask myself, 'Am I then condemned to live and die in this place, like a limpet on a rock?' I suffered bitterly; my head was overloaded, wearied, flattened by the enormous weight of Nothing."

But presently a worse thing befell him. In 1802, he received an order from the king to proceed to St. Petersburg as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the Russian Court. Even from this bitter proof of his devotion to his sovereign he did

not shrink. He had to tear himself from his wife and children, without any certainty when so cruel a separation would be likely to end; to take up new functions which the circumstances of the time rendered excessively difficult; while the petty importance of the power he represented, and its mendicant attitude in Europe, robbed him of that position of that public distinction and dignity which may richly console a man for the severest private sacrifice. It is a kind of destiny which veils their future from mortal men. Fifteen years passed before De Maistre's exile came to a close. From 1802 until 1817, he did not quit the inhospitable latitudes of barbarous Russia.

De Maistre's letters during this desolate period furnish a striking picture of his manner of life, and his mental state. We see in them the most prominent characteristics strongly marked. Not even the fulness of the writer's situation ever clouds his intrepid and vigorous spirit. Lively sallies of gallant humour to his female friends, sagacious judgments on the position of Europe to political people, and of learned criticism for erudite people, tender and playful chat with his two daughters, all these alternate with one another with the most delightful effect. Whether he is writing to his little girl whom he has never known, or to the King of Sardinia, or to some author who sends him a book, or to a minister who has found fault with his diplomacy, there is in all alike the same constant and remarkable glow of a bright and penetrating intellectual light, coloured by a humour that is now and then a little sardonic, but more often is genial and lambent. There is a certain semi-latent quality of hardness lying at the bottom of De Maistre's style, both in his letters and in his more elaborate compositions. His writings seem to recall the vigour and bouquet of some of the fortifying and stimulating wines of Burgundy, from which time and warmth have not yet drawn out that certain native roughness that lingers on the palate. This hardness, one must give the quality a name that only imperfectly describes it, sprang not from any original want of impressionableness or sensibility of nature, but partly from the relentless buffetings which he had to endure at the hands of fortune, and partly from the preponderance which had been given to the rational side of his mind by long habits of sedulous and accurate study. Few men knew so perfectly as he did how to be touching without ceasing to be masculine, nor how to go down into the dark pits of human life without getting the broad sunlight, nor how to keep habitually close to the visible and palpable fact while eagerly addicted to speculation. His contemplations were perhaps somewhat too near the ground; they led him into none of those sublimer regions of subtle feeling where the rarest human spirits have loved to travel; we do not think of his mind among those who have gone

“Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.”

If this kind of temper, strong, keen, frank, and a little hard and mordant, brought him too nigh a mischievous disbelief in the dignity of men and their lives, at least it kept him well away from morbid weakness in ethics, and from beating the winds in metaphysics. But of this we shall see more in considering his public pieces than can be gathered from his letters.

The discomforts of De Maistre's life at St. Petersburg were extreme. The dignity of his official style and title was an aggravation of the exceeding straitness of his means. The ruined master could do little to mitigate the ruin of his servant. He had to keep up the appearance of an ambassador on the salary of a clerk. "This is the second winter," he writes to his brother in 1810, "that I have gone through without a pelisse, which is exactly like going without a shirt at Cagliari. When I come from Court a very sorry lackey throws a common cloak over my shoulders." The climate suited him better than he had expected; and in one letter he vows that he was the only living being in Russia who had passed two winters without fur boots and a fur hat. It was considered indispensable that he should keep a couple of servants; so for his second De Maistre was obliged to put up with a thief whom he rescued under the shelter of ambassadorial privilege from the hands of justice, on condition that he would turn honest. The Austrian ambassador, with whom he was on good terms, would often call to take him out to some entertainment. "His fine servants mount my staircase groping their way in the dark, and we descend preceded by a servant carrying *luminare minus ut præset nocti*." "I am certain," he adds pleasantly, "that they make songs about me in their Austrian patois. Poor souls, it is well they can amuse themselves."

Sometimes he was reduced so far as to share the soup of his valet, for lack of richer and more independent fare. Then he was constantly fretted by enemies at home, who disliked his trenchant diplomacy, and distrusted the strength and independence of a mind which was too vigorous to please the old-fashioned ministers of the Sardinian Court. These chagrins he took as a wise man should. They disturbed him less than his separation from his family. "Six hundred leagues away from you all," he writes to his brother, "the thoughts of my family, the reminiscences of childhood, transport me with sadness." Visions of his mother's saintly face haunted his chamber; almost gloomier still was the recollection of old intimates with whom he had played, lived, argued, and worked for years, and yet who now no longer bore him in mind. There are not many glimpses of this melancholy in the letters meant for the eye of his beloved *trinité féminine*, as he playfully called his wife and two daughters. "A quoi bon vous attrister," he asked bravely, "sans raison et sans profit?" Occasionally he cannot help letting out to them how far

mind is removed from composure. "Every day as I return I find my house as desolate as if it was yesterday you left me. Anxiety the same fancy pursues me, and scarcely ever quits me." , as might be surmised in so sensitive a nature, drove him wild by its mysterious power of intensifying the dominant emotion. Whenever by any chance I hear the harpsichord," he says, melancholy seizes me. The sound of the violin gives me such a merry heart, that I am fain to leave the company and hasten home." He tossed in his bed at night, thinking he heard the sound of singing at Turin, making a thousand efforts to picture to himself the looks of that "orphan child of a living father" whom he had never known, wondering if he ever should know her, battling with a host of black phantoms that seemed to rustle in his curtains. "But M. le Chevalier," he said apologetically to the correspondent to whom he told these dismal things, "you are a father, you know the dreams of a waking man; if you were not of the profession, I would not allow my pen to write you this jeremiad." As De Maistre was accustomed to think himself happy if he got three hours' sound sleep in the night, these terrible and sombre vigils were ample ground to excuse him if he had allowed them to overshadow all other things. But the vigour of his intellect was too strenuous, his curiosity and interest in every object of knowledge too inexhaustible. "After all," he said, "the only thing to do is to put a good face, and to march to the place of torture with a few friends to console you on the way. This is the charming image under which I picture my present situation. Mark you," he added, "I always count books among one's consoling friends."

In one of the most gay and charming of his letters, apologising to a friend for the remissness of his correspondence, he explains that his idleness and books occupy every moment. "You will admit, I think, that there is no possibility of one's shutting up books entirely. On the contrary, more than ever, I feel myself burning with the feverish thirst for knowledge. I have had an access of it which I cannot describe to you. The most curious books literally run after me, and hurry impatiently to place themselves in my hands. As soon as diplomacy allows me a moment of breathing-time, I rush headlong to that fertile pasture, to that ambrosia of which the mind can never have enough,—

" 'Et voilà ce qui fait que votre ami est muet.' "

He thinks himself happy if, by refusing invitations to dinner, he can pass a whole day without stirring from his house. "Je lis, j'écris, je fais des études; car enfin il faut savoir quelque chose." In his hours of depression, he fancied that he only read and worked, not for the sake of the knowledge, but to stupefy and tire himself out if that was possible.

As a student De Maistre was indefatigable. He never belonged to that languid band who hope to learn difficult things by easy methods. The only way, he warned his son, is to shut your door, to say that you are not within, and to work. "Since they have set themselves to teach us how we ought to learn the dead languages, you can find nobody who knows them; and it is amusing enough that people who don't know them should be so obstinately bent on demonstrating the vices of the methods employed by us who do know them." He was one of those wise and laborious students who never read without a pen in their hands. He never shrank from the useful toil of transcribing abundantly from all the books he read, everything that could by any possibility eventually be of service to him in his inquiries. His note-books were enormous. As soon as one of them was filled, he carefully made up an index of its contents, numbered it, and placed it on a shelf with its unforgotten predecessors. In one place he accidentally mentions that he had some thirty of these folios over the head of his writing-table.

"If I am a pedant at home," he said, "at least I am as little as possible of a pedant out of doors." In the evening he would occasionally seek the society of ladies, by way of recovering some of that native gaiety of heart which had hitherto kept him alive. "I blow on this spark"—to use his own words—"just as an old woman blows among the ashes to get a light for her lamp." A student and a thinker, De Maistre was also a man of the world, and he may be added to the long list of writers who have shown that, to take an active part in public affairs and to mix in society, give a peculiar life, reality, and force to all scholarship and speculation. It was computed at that time that the author of a philosophic piece could not safely count upon more than a hundred and fifty readers in Russia; and hence, we might be sure, even if we had not De Maistre's word for it, that away from his own house he left his philosophy behind. The vehemence of his own convictions did not prevent him from being socially tolerant to others who hated them. "If I had the good fortune to be among his acquaintances," he wrote of a heretical assailant, "he would see that among the people with convictions it would be hard to find one so free from prejudice as I am. I have many friends among the Protestants, and now that their system is tottering, they are all the dearer to me." In spite of his scanty means, his shabby valet, his threadbare cloak, and the humbleness of his diplomatic position, the fire and honesty of his character both combined with his known ability to place him high in the esteem of the society of St. Petersburg. His fidelity, devotion, and fortitude, mellowed by many years and by meditative habits, and tinged perhaps by the patrician consciousness of birth, formed in him a modest dignity of manner which men respected, perceiving it

to be no artificial assumption, but the outward image of a lofty and self-respecting spirit. His brother diplomatists, even the representatives of France, appear to have treated him with marked consideration. His letters prove him to have been a favourite among ladies. The Emperor Alexander showed him considerable kindness, of the cheap royal sort, conferring on his brother, Xavier de Maistre, a post in one of the public museums, while to the Sardinian envoy's son he gave a commission in the Russian service.

The first departure of this son for the campaign of 1807 occasioned some of the most charming passages in De Maistre's letters, both to the young soldier himself and to others. For, though without a touch of morbid expansiveness, he never denied himself the solace of opening his heart to a trusted friend, and a patrician reserve with strangers did not hinder a humane and manly confidence with intimates. "Ce matin," he wrote to his stripling, soon after he had joined the army, "j'ai éprouvé un grand serrement de cœur lorsque *Biribi*"—a pet dog—"est entré en courant, et qu'il est sauté sur votre lit où vous n'êtes plus. Il a tout bien compris son erreur, et il a dit très clairement à sa manière, *Je me suis trompé; où est-il donc?* Quant à moi j'ai senti tout ce que vous sentirez si jamais vous exercez ce grand emploi de père. . . . Souvenez vous que vous êtes toujours devant mes yeux comme mes paupières." And he then begs of his son if he should find himself with a tape line in his hand, that he will take his exact measure and forward it. Then came the news of the battle of Friedland, and the unhappy father thought he read the fate of his son in the face of every acquaintance he met. And so it was in later campaigns, as De Maistre records in correspondence that glows with tender and healthy solicitude. All this is worth dwelling upon, for two reasons. First, because he has been too much regarded and spoken of as a man of cold sensibility, and little moved by the hardships which fill the destiny of our unfortunate race. And, secondly, because his own keen acquaintance with mental anguish helps us to understand the zeal with which he attempts to reconcile the blind cruelty and pain and torture endured by mortals with the benignity and wisdom of the immortal. "After all," he used often to say, "there are only two real evils—remorse and disease." This is true enough for an apophthegm, but as a matter of fact it never for an instant dulled his sensibility to far less supreme forms of agony than the recollection of irreparable pain struck into the lives of others.

Having had this glimpse of De Maistre's character away from his books, we need not linger long over the remaining events of his life. In 1814 his wife and two daughters joined him in the Russian capital. Two years later an outburst of religious fanaticism caused the sudden expulsion of the Jesuits from Russia, to De Maistre's deep mortification.

Several conversions had taken place from the orthodox to the faith, and these inflamed the orthodox party, headed by the Galitzin, the Minister of Public Worship, with violent theolog De Maistre, whose intense attachment to his own creed known, fell into suspicion of having connived at these conversions. The Emperor himself went so far as to question him. "I told De Maistre says, " that I had never changed the faith of a subjects, but that if any of them had by chance made me a their confidence, neither honour nor conscience would have me to tell them they were wrong." This kind of dialogue a sovereign and an ambassador implied a situation ple favourable to effective diplomacy; the envoy obtained his r after twenty-five years' absence returned to his native country. On his way home, it may be noticed, De Maistre passed a in Paris, and, thus, for the first and last time, one of eminent of modern French writers found himself on French

The king accorded De Maistre an honourable reception, upon him a high office and distinguished rank and a sma money, and lent his ear to other counsellors. The philosophe insisting on declaring his political opinions, then, as a waveringly anti-revolutionary, threw himself mainly u literary composition which had been his solace in yet more than these. It was at this time that he gave to the v supreme fruit of nearly half a century of study, meditations contact with the world, in "Le Pape," "Les Soirées de Saint bourg," and "L'Eglise Gallicane." Their author did not to enjoy the vast discussion which they occasioned, nor the tion they have since conferred upon his name. He died in 1821,—after such a life as we have seen. In a second paper examine the lessons which he drew as the sum of the men riences of this life.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANISATIONS OF ENGLISH DISSENT.

Among the forces which are shaping the ecclesiastical future of this country, the Nonconformist communities occupy a most important place. While internal divisions are weakening the Established Church, and producing a general conviction that its whole constitution and policy will have to be reconsidered in the Reformed Parliament, the very increase of the popular power gives to those who do not conform to the present system a vast if not controlling influence over its reconstruction. It is obvious therefore, that if, with a view to forecast the future, we inquire what are the ecclesiastical tendencies of the English people, we must look in the direction of those free communities which are themselves the expression of those tendencies. The ecclesiastical organisation of the Established Church is a foreign importation. It was brought into this country by a foreign ecclesiasticism, and has come down to us alongside with feudalism from the days when Europe owned the undisputed sway of the Roman Church. But the ecclesiastical organisations of Nonconformity are all of them indigenous to the soil. They may have taken their peculiar forms from the circumstances in which they have been placed, but they have taken their predominant characteristics, and imbibed the whole spirit of their administration, from the national characteristics of the English people. Congregationalism and Methodism were born in England. They flourish only among the English race; but wherever that race is they are to be found. Presbyterianism, on the contrary, was a half-foreign importation, which has never acclimatised itself in England, and after two centuries of effort is only kept alive by the zeal of patriotic Scotchmen, who never forget their national worship, but love to sing their Church's song in a strange land. The spontaneous action of English Christianity, whether it be in the Great West, in the Australian bush, in the Canadian wilds, or in the neglected portions of our own country, nearly always puts on either Congregational or a Methodistic form. Other forms may be imported—these, and these only, grow naturally from the soil. But this is one of the facts to which the aristocratic classes have hitherto shut their eyes. The "two nations" whom a Reformed Parliament will have to weld into one have had two forms of ecclesiastical organisation; and the problem of their union will puzzle the statesmen of the coming time. The one is aristocratic—the other democratic. The one is ancient, venerable, ornate, like the stately structures of its worship; the other, like its humbler habitations, is modern, utilitarian.

tarian and commonplace; but the one, like aristocracy, possesses the past, the other, like democracy, inherits the future.

There is therefore peculiar interest at this juncture, in the study of the democratic side of our national religious life. Its organisations are unattractive in external appearance, and are likely to be profoundly misunderstood by superficial observers who are wanting in popular sympathy, but they are nevertheless of supreme importance to our ecclesiastical future. Aristocratic society passes them by, and only learns anything about them from novelists, who describe them to suit the prejudices of aristocratic patrons. Such persons have no faculty by which to appreciate them. Spiritual phenomena must necessarily escape the analysis which deals only with social manifestations. The life which animates these organisations cannot be perceived by worshippers of social distinction, to whom outward appearances are everything and inward realities are nothing. The clever authoress of *Salem Chapel* is one of the strongest examples of this inability. She gave us a picture of an Independent community which had all the charm of brilliant execution, and all the misleading effect of superficial study. It had just likeness enough to make caricature. It took the ugly features and left out every line of comeliness, hit off the prominent weaknesses and omitted all strength, and made a distinct contribution to that mutual misunderstanding between "Society" and the people, which is the chief problem of the hour. Popular earnestness is sure to clothe itself in vulgar and sometimes repulsive shapes, and the very object of the ecclesiastical organisations of Nonconformity is to give expression to popular earnestness, and to develop popular zeal. Those organisations are an answer to the description of popular government, as being of the people, for the people, and by the people. They contrast therefore with the older ecclesiasticisms, just as American Republicanism contrasts with Australian democracy, and the Australian democracy contrasts with patrician rule in England under the ancient Whigs. It is, of course, characteristic of them that they exhibit diversity rather than uniformity. It was an Act of Uniformity which laid the foundations of Dissent. But it is also a not unworthy fact that amid all their diversity of form two types of ecclesiastical organisation are very distinctly observable. With exceptions so few as to have no influence on the result, all the Nonconformist congregations may be classified as belonging ecclesiastically to one of two species. They are either Congregational in the true and wide sense of the word,—or Wesleyan in the ecclesiastical sense of the word. That is to say, each congregation is governed in and by itself without the recognition of any external authority at all,—or the congregations are affiliated under some general government, and ruled, with more or less of local liberty, from a common centre. The Methodist sects belong to the latter category—Conference, I

formed, New Connexion, and Primitive ; to the former belong all the Independent, Baptist, Unitarian, and old English Presbyterian congregations. The whole of the Nonconformity which inherits the traditions of the seventeenth century is, amid all its variations, true to the Congregational type;—while that which traces its historical development from the revival movements of the eighteenth century is of Methodist organisation.

It is not difficult to account for the ecclesiastical forms of the earlier dissent. The Reformation was everywhere characterised by its intense scripturalism. The revolt against the authority of the Pope was organised in the name of the higher authority of the written word. The claim of apostolical succession was met by the greater claim of apostolical example. The new churches confronted the antiquity of the Roman episcopacy by going back to the very earliest times of Christianity, and forming their organisation on the most ancient pattern. The old episcopacy claimed to enfold its sanction in itself. It was not formed after the pattern of a divine original—it was that original. It quoted no precedent, for it needed none. It was the Melchisedek of churches, owning no mortal original, and claiming for itself an everlasting priesthood. The old Nonconformity, on the other hand, claimed the sanction of divine revelation for its ecclesiastical organisation. The pattern had been shown at Jerusalem, at Corinth, and at Rome ; in the apostolic churches were to be found apostolic precedents, and not to be content with them was to be wise above what had been revealed. But what was the form of church government which had this apostolic sanction ? The Presbyterian claimed it for a system which the greatest of the Independents declared to be but “old priest writ large.” The Independent claimed it for his unlimited democracy ; and if some hints in the Acts, and some phrases in the Epistles to Timothy, sanctioned the one—the admitted organisation of the Church at Corinth more than sanctioned the other. But this attempt to revive the organisations of the first century amid the changed circumstances of the seventeenth could only possibly be attended with partial success. Probably it was from political causes that Presbyterianism utterly failed in England. Presbyterian congregations were formed all over the country after the rupture of 1662, but, with the sole exception of the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire, nothing in the shape of a presbytery or of Presbyterian church government got even a foothold on this side of the border. English Presbyterianism was only another form of Independency, with a less definite organisation, and therefore a less vigorous life. It was, in fact, a system of pure Congregationalism, with liberal theological leanings, aristocratic tendencies, and a great taste for learned ministrations. It became in consequence an aristocracy of dissent, and starved upon its

dignity. But Independency proper was from the first distinguished by its popular methods, its disdain for book-learning, and its theological narrowness. It was a system of pure democracy, but a democracy of the saints. It recognised all disciples as equal; but it recognised none but disciples. In the Church there was neither young nor old, neither great nor little, neither master nor servant; all were one in Christ; but none were admitted to the Church till they had given the Church good reason to be satisfied that they were in Christ in the Calvinistic sense. Men and women were admitted to be members of the body of Christ by the votes of the other members. The doors of the kingdom of heaven were opened or shut by universal suffrage. The same principle of democracy was applied to the ministry. The minister was in no sense a priest; he was only one of themselves, set apart for sacred duties by the call of his brethren, elected by them to be their head, their captain, their spiritual leader, not to have dominion over their faith, but to be a helper of their joy. But this denial of any divine authority to the ministerial function was exactly the ecclesiastical correlative of the denial of divine right to kings. It shows that the political ideas of the time unconsciously moulded its religious action. The new doctrine that all power originates with the people, is bestowed by them, and may be resumed by them, thwarted in its political application, found expression in the democratic constitution of the Independent Churches. But if those Churches showed in their internal organisation the influence of seventeenth-century liberalism, they showed, in their relation to the outer world, the influence of seventeenth-century Calvinism. Power in the affairs of the Church and participation in the sacraments went together, and were both conferred by vote. The communion was the privilege of the elect, and was only to be granted to those who had given proof that they had made their "calling and election sure." There must be no Judas at the Lord's table if it could be helped. Men must not be left to examine themselves, and so eat of the bread and drink of the cup; they must be examined by the deacons, and must be found and declared and even voted worthy, before they could be permitted to share with the elect the privilege of communion and fellowship. Every Independent Church was, therefore, a close corporation, self-constituted, self-contained, and self-renewed. It could impose what shibboleths it chose. It could keep uniformity of faith by the rigid exclusion of all who did not come up to the standard of belief which was tacitly acknowledged by its members. It needed no articles, required no subscription, pronounced no creeds; but it gained the end which subscription to articles and recital of creeds more clumsily attain, by the personal examination of every candidate for communion by tried and trusted men. Every such candidate told the representatives of the

Church the history of his conversion, detailed his experiences of the **grace** of God, satisfied them of his "state," and incidentally and **inferentially**, or, in any case of doubt, by direct confession, gave **proof** of "soundness" in the fundamentals and essentials of the **faith**. Nor was any important change of opinion tolerated in those who had been, after such examination, formally admitted to the Church. The machinery of admission worked equally well as an instrument of exclusion, and discipline was exercised with a resolution that admitted of no weakness. Theological change might go on unnoticed while popular attention was directed to other subjects; but whenever anything occurred to bring such change to the surface its development was checked at once. Not only the orthodoxy, but the Calvinism of the Independent Churches, was thus preserved, and each one of them became, in the language of one of their favourite hymns,—

"A garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

The Independent Churches of the present day differ but little from those of the seventeenth century. There are, however, one or two matters in which some modification has taken place. The division between Independents and Baptists, is, of course, merely one on the question of Infant or Adult Baptism, and a Baptist Church differs in no respect in its ecclesiastical organisation from an Independent Church. It is perhaps a little less strict in its examination of candidates for admission, but only because a willingness to comply with the requirement of public baptism is itself almost a sufficient proof of the zeal, the earnestness, and the orthodoxy of the candidate. But the progress of religious liberty has brought out in a very marked way both the strength and the weakness of this form of ecclesiastical organisation. During the struggles of early times only those persons were likely to desire to join in the worship or work of an Independent or Baptist congregation, who were so won to it by a deep religious sympathy that they would naturally become members of the Church. In the present day, however, there are large numbers of persons in constant attendance at the places of worship of these influential bodies who are not disposed to take the step called "joining the Church." They may be seat-holders and subscribers to all the religious institutions of the place, may consider themselves members of the denomination, and may appear to the world to be in every respect identified with it, and yet so far as the government and communion of the society are concerned they may still be in the outer courts. In every such congregation there are, therefore, two distinct bodies,—the seat-holders who pay, and the church-members who rule. Of course,

most of the church-members are seat-holders, but they are not necessarily so, and they may sometimes be found sitting in the free seats. Poverty is no bar to membership in these Churches, is not even a hindrance to the full and equal exercise of all the powers and privileges of membership. There is probably no existing organisation in which it makes so little difference whether a man is rich or poor. Theoretically, all are equal in the Church; men and women meet there solely on the ground of membership of the body of Christ,—brethren and sisters elect in Him,—and the practice is, in a very remarkable degree, in accordance with the theory. But the congregation, as a congregation, has neither power nor rights. The seat-holders, merely as seat-holders, exert no influence in the government. Unless they have “joined the church” they are mere lookers on, outsiders, eating the crumbs which fall from the children’s table. They may bring their children to be baptized, but the eucharistic sacrament is not for them. They may sit and look on while the Church commemorates its Master, but they will be affectionately appealed to as still outside the pale, halting between two opinions, unwilling to confess their Lord and to cast in their lot with his people. This line of demarcation between the two classes extends to every part of the organisation. There is a strong disposition on the part of many ministers and churches to confine all participation in Christian work—even such work as Sunday-school teaching—to church-members; and it is a very exceptional thing indeed for any influence to be exerted in the government of the congregation by those who are not members. If the wealthiest man in the congregation is not a communicant, his influence in its management is simply that which a non-elect may exert in parliamentary elections. The Church is the governing body, and the congregation is a mere appendage to it. It elects the minister who becomes its permanent chairman and spiritual head. It confers on two or more of its members the title of deacon, and commits to them the duty of administering its finances and of assisting the minister in that part of the spiritual superintendence of the flock which has to do with the life and organisation of the Church. It disposes of all the funds contributed by the congregation, and governs itself and the congregation with unquestioned authority. It legislates *en masse* at meetings regularly held and presided over by the minister,—men, women, and usually minors, voting on equal terms,—and there is no appeal from the decision of the majority. It may constitute but one half, or even less than half of the congregation, but it is the ruling section, and all the rest is an unenfranchised mass. Of course, it is entirely the fault of the other members of the congregation if they remain unenfranchised. Just as the poor man has only to move into a town and take a house to get a vote, so the member of the congregation has only to “join the Church” to

a share in its government. Nor is there any unwillingness to let him,—there is, on the contrary, anxiety to do so. Independents measure their prosperity not by the numbers of chapel-goers, but by the numbers of church-members. The test of ministerial success is not crowded audiences and well-lit pews, but in the increase of the church. The way into the governing body is therefore very easy to members of the congregation, and considerable pressure is brought to bear upon the young people to get them in. Indeed the rather formidable ceremony of asking admission to the Church and of being formally received at the Communion, takes the place among the young people of the Independent and Baptist denominations which Confirmation or First Communion holds among the Protestants of Europe. It is the step by which the catechumen passes

from a state of tutelage, or the convert from a position of outer communion, to the full enjoyment of the franchises and privileges of church life. But it distinctly divides the congregation into two classes, the Israelites indeed who enter the temple, and the Gentiles who worship in the outer courts.

It is clear that the whole organisation of the Independent Churches is based on this fundamental distinction of classes. Their theology divides mankind into the world and the saints; and their ecclesiastical organisation gives the saints the rule. This organisation derives its justification and its power from the evangelical theory, and, apart from that theory, the organisation becomes effete.

Every individual is specially called by a fiat of the Divine Will to a state of grace, if every "conversion" is a separate miracle, and the strict separation between the Church and the world, and the individualisation of the process by which the converts pass over to Church life, are not only justified, but are rendered essential.

If, on the contrary, the religious life is that into which those who are brought up religiously grow as naturally as well-nurtured children grow into a healthy manhood and womanhood, the sharp line of demarcation cannot be retained, and the personal examination and confession of the candidates for Church communion and fellowship must be dropped. Yet, if it is dropped, the system dies. There is nothing to take its place, no means of marking the time when the catechumen emerges into the communicant, no method of distinguishing between those who are and those who are not members of the Church. Hence, in all rationalistic congregations the idea of the Church has been lost and scarcely any traces of spiritual discipline remain. The condition of membership in such congregations is a money subscription or "pew-rent." Their government, in some cases, is in the hands of the trustees of the building; in other cases, into the hands of the subscribers to their funds; in yet other cases, into the hands of their wealthiest men. The administration of

their affairs tends, consequently, to be entirely secular, and as no spiritual organisation exists, and there is no marked period when the young people take up the responsibilities and privileges of membership, the hold of the congregation upon them is loose and feeble. The poor man, of course, feels out of place. Where pecuniary subscription constitutes membership, wealth and the willingness to subscribe largely constitute influence, and the poor man, though equally willing, is not equally able, and hides, in consequence, his diminished head. In short, the Church ceases to be in any respect a common ground for rich and poor, ceases to be a refuge from the social inequalities of the outer world, and therefore ceases to perform its chief social function. The world conquers the Church; but, unlike conquered Greece, the Church fails to conquer its conqueror.

The close organisation of Independency is therefore in some respects the source of its strength. The fundamental requirement of a spiritual qualification for membership of a spiritual organisation is the very life of these Churches. The principle thus fundamentally applied is consistently carried out. In all such Churches, as a rule, men are elected to office on the ground of spiritual service and fitness. What is this but saying that they are elected for reasons connected with their function and not extraneous to it? But it must be evident that in all institutions this is the condition of efficiency. A Conservative minority gives its leadership to its ablest man, and rules; a Liberal majority, obliged by Whig traditions to choose a leader for reasons extraneous to the leadership, is divided and ruled. Just so with a Church. If it appoints its officers for other reasons than their fitness for the service it requires, it gives itself over to inefficiency; but if it considers fitness, and only fitness, it will be nobly served, and will go on conquering and to conquer. It has been the strength of Evangelical Nonconformity that it has been able to do this. It has given its leadership to its strongest men. It has conferred spiritual office, not on social superiority, but on spiritual ability. In doing this it has often sacrificed social advantages and seemed to make a vulgar choice, but it has gained in spiritual efficiency and popular power. It has carried this principle even into its choice of ministers; and seeing that the function of a preacher is to preach, it has esteemed and cultivated in its ministers the gift of preaching rather than the acquirement of theological learning. It has thus secured, not only efficient administration of all the departments of the Church, but a wide and general interest in its affairs by all its members. Each is made to feel that he is a member of the body; that he has his place to fill, and his part to play; and as it is the place which fits him and the part he prefers, he enters into it with interest. Of course this interest frequently becomes sectarianism. But the life of any institution is in the

rest which its members take in its affairs—it is the limitation of that interest, the exaggeration of the importance of those affairs which constitute sectarianism. Sectarianism is certainly a weakness of Evangelical Congregationalism, but it is simply the exaggeration into weakness of that living interest which constitutes its strength. It derives its motive power from within itself. It enfolds its own lives. It is an organisation which exactly expresses the life which animates it—a body which well fits its soul.

The term Congregational, which the Independent body has lately adopted, suggests a weakness of the Independent system. That term is probably recommended by its freedom from association with the union of Congregational Churches into Baptist and Pædobaptist. But it is actually a *lucus a non lucendo*. The Church government is not Congregational, since it is only part of the Congregation—the part called the Church—which has any share in its management.

Is there any indication of a movement to make the government respond to its new name. Independency rightly perceives that it changes its character at once when it becomes pure Congregationalism. There is increasing difficulty in keeping up the line of demarcation between the Congregation and the Church. The predominance of men among Church members is a fact widely admitted and lamented. Among men there is an increasing indisposition to make confession of religious experience which is the usual preliminary to Church-membership. As culture more and more permeates the middle-class, this objection increases in strength. There is consequently in a large number of Congregational places of worship a growing disproportion between the Congregation and the Church. More and more of the culture, the wealth, and the manhood of the congregation remains unconnected with the Church, and consequently disfranchised as regards its government; while in the Church, and therefore in the government, the female and the less cultivated elements become more and more to predominate. The revival movement of the last twenty years has especially tended to this result, sweeping the impressionable and the ignorant into the Church, and leaving the intellectual and cultivated outside. Nor has the rationalistic movement of the age been without its effect in the same direction. It has made it more difficult to keep up the theory of special grace and has increased the reluctance of young men to profess to have received special grace. Its whole tendency is to obliterate the demarcating line between the Church and the world, on the sharpness and ascertainableness of which Independency so essentially depends. Of course if the theory of the Evangelicals is true, this will be a merely temporary deviation, and Congregationalism has the future. But if that theory is proved to be false, and the rationalist theory takes its place, the present organisation of Independency cannot be retained. Let it be

granted that the young grow naturally into their religious life, and they must be allowed to grow as naturally into Church-membership. A special election to that membership stands or falls with the doctrine of a special call to that life of which the membership is the outward and visible sign. But if that special election is abandoned, what is to take its place? To make the reception of the sacraments the condition of membership is to go back to the sacramental system; to introduce the qualification of a money subscription is to steer upon the rock on which Unitarian and Rationalist Congregations have made shipwreck. The Independent Churches will probably, in the long run, become Congregationalist, and some means will be found of identifying the Church and the Congregation, as at first, without exacting a revelation of experience or a confession of faith from men, who will be increasingly reluctant to give it, and without throwing membership open to all who can pay, and closing it to those who cannot. Congregationalism will then justify its name, but it will have changed its nature.

Other weaknesses of the system are inherent in the Congregational principle. The entire independence of each congregation hinders common action in the promotion of congregational welfare, and prevents the efficient distribution of denominational strength. There is no organisation which makes the many congregations one body. The Congregational and Baptist Unions are without authority, and the denominational societies can do but little to bring the superfluous strength of large congregations to the help of weaker ones, or to spread among them a sense of the *solidarité* of all. The congregations flourish in large towns under the ministry of men of culture and power, but in small towns and villages they linger on under a ministry which is doomed to inefficiency by the very conditions of its being. The home missions, which represent the evangelistic work of the denominations, are committed to men of inferior education and ability, so that the missionary is regarded as an inferior order of minister. The best men are therefore not sent to the front to carry on the aggressive war against ignorance and unbelief, they are retained for the more domestic work of ministering to wealthy congregations—work which is more highly esteemed and better paid. Nor does any means exist of preventing the intrusion into the ministry of unqualified men. Ordination is nothing but the recognition by neighbouring ministers of one who has been called to the pastorate by the free choice of the congregation to whom he is to minister. Their freedom of choice is absolute, and the right of the man of their choice to the style and title of their minister is unquestionable. Perhaps the question which most troubles the thoughtful leaders of Independency is that of the supply of educated ministers. The system relies a little too much upon enthusiasm.

asks for apostolic devotedness in very unapostolic times. It offers intellect and energy ample scope for work, but very small prospect of a return either in the shape of fame or profit. To men whose small ambition it is to be the talk of tea-tables and the idol of a *parish*, some attraction is offered; but to a larger ambition, to a nobler lust of fame there is only the opportunity of denying itself. The multiplication of congregations, each having its one minister, imposes upon every minister the whole detail of pastoral work, and prevents the concentration of his strength upon that part of the duty in which he is more peculiarly fitted and in which he might shine. A man with the power to be a great preacher has to dissipate his energies in the attempt to be a second-rate pastor. One with the ability and desire to become a great scholar has to lay aside the studies he could excel in to do distasteful duties in which he contrasts unfavourably with the smallest and the most fussy of his neighbours. The ministry is all of one order, and one man must discharge all its functions. There is none of that division of labour which is necessary to the highest excellence. The wonder is, not that so many turn aside from it, but that so many able men are found who can resign the hope of high intellectual excellence, give up the "last firmity of noble minds," and offer their abilities as a sacrifice at the altar of their faith. But no organisation is secure which looks for more than ordinary virtue from ordinary men. A church has no right to demand from its ministers any devotion or self-sacrifice which does not come within the rule of its ordinary life. It is the defect of the ecclesiastical organisations of the earlier dissent that they do demand this. Inherited from a period of exalted feeling, they require enthusiasm to work them. They proceed on the assumption that the old Adam has been quite put off by those who have been twice born. They have a little too much contempt for the worldly motives which must mingle with the lofty purposes even of the best of men. They are formed on too noble an ideal for any but the noblest men to work them fully. In the trying times which are beginning for all ecclesiastical organisations they will probably undergo grave modifications, which will heighten their practical efficiency by a little lowering their unworldly ideal, and which will give them a new life by bringing them into closer harmony with modern feeling, and making them less dependent for their efficiency on unusual virtue. The Church is after all for man, and not man for the Church; and in adapting its organisation to the weakness of human motives it does but bend its shoulders to its work. It should not be of the world, but it should at least remember that it is in the world; it should not descend to flatter, but it must stoop to conquer.

P. W. CLAYDEN.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HENRY VIII.'S BOOK AGAINST LUTHER.

I PROPOSE in this paper to inquire what was the motive which induced Henry VIII. to write his celebrated book against Luther. The motive hitherto assigned—that of earning the title of “Defender of the Faith,”—does not upon consideration seem to me a sufficiently strong one. For had Henry been so eagerly bent upon appending such a title to his name, he surely might have claimed it in return for the more substantial services already rendered to the Pope in connection with the Holy League. The lavish expenditure of English blood and treasure in the campaign against Louis XII. would surely have proved, had he chosen to make them so, a stronger claim to such a title than the expenditure of any amount of leisure in writing a book. Moreover, there is another reason why a more urgent motive should be sought for than mere literary or personal vanity on Henry's part, viz., that Sir Thomas More, in after years, looked back to the publication of the king's book as the turning point in his own religious views—as the beginning of that conservative reaction in his mind which ended in his becoming an almost indiscriminate defender of the Papacy and of the Romish creed. To have produced an influence so powerful on so upright a mind, it must surely have been written with an object more earnest than had a connection with passing events, more important than has hitherto been imagined.

The publication of Mr. Brewer's third volume of his “Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.,” containing abstracts of nearly four thousand contemporary documents belonging to the years 1519 to 1523, seems to offer an opportunity not hitherto afforded for the investigation of this subject with some chance of arriving at a satisfactory result. The question of the motive of Henry in writing his book against Luther is not one of the subjects to which Mr. Brewer has been able to devote much more than a passing notice in his preface. But it will be seen at once that any light thrown upon it in this article is due, not to any original research of mine, but to the free use I have made of materials comprised in the body of Mr. Brewer's work. I cannot withhold the expression of appreciation of the judgment and laborious completeness with which Mr. Brewer has performed this portion of his task.

It must be observed in the first place that Henry waited for a particular epoch in the history of Luther before he attacked him. It does not appear that Henry VIII. had taken much notice of

er's first attack upon indulgences. Mr. Brewer points out two letters¹ which mention a book Henry VIII. was writing in 1518, that Wolsey was pleased with it; but it is clear, from what we see in reports of this first work of the king's, that it had nothing to do with Luther, being a treatise intended to prove that *laymen* were not to be compelled to use vocal prayers—*mental* prayer being sufficient for them.² It may, however, be worth noticing that Pace, who was in high favour with the king, and in his confidential service, wrote a book, in March, 1518, entitled, "*Conclusiones de veniis faciemus et concilio de bello in Turcos incipiendo*,"³ a tract which pleased Erasmus, and induced him to write to More, advising him to warn Pace not to make a fool of himself.⁴

It was in the spring of 1521, when Henry rushed into the lists against Luther so eagerly, the Wittenberg monk was not only attacking indulgences, and seeking to reform the Romish Church and the whole of its theology by combating the errors and abuses of the Pope and his clergy, and by preaching a purer Augustinian doctrine than that of the Schoolmen; he was now openly *denying the Divine institution of the Papacy itself*. The Lutheran revolution, for such it had become, had assumed the dangerous aspect of an insurrection against the Papal authority—an aspect so dangerous that it at once forced itself upon the notice of politicians as a most prominent and portentous political question. The moment it became so was the moment when Henry VIII. rushed into the combat against it. A careful attention to dates will make this point clear. The Bull against Luther was issued 15th June, 1520. In October, 1520, Luther defiantly published his "*De Captivitate Babylonica*," and on December 10, burned the Pope's Bull outside the East Gate of Wittenberg, in the presence of the Elbe and of the people. In January, 1521, he followed up these acts of defiance by publishing a pamphlet against the "*Execrable Bull of Antichrist*," and in February he received his summons to the Diet of Worms. On the 7th of March, 1521, just before leaving for Worms, Luther sent certain letters to Spalatin, executed by Lucas Connach, which he said had been sent by the artist that he (Luther) might write explanations of them, and with further instructions when he had done so, to send them to Spalatin. "You will take care of them," Luther wrote. "The '*Antithesis of Christ and the Pope*,' is in course of publication,—a good book, especially for the laity."⁵ I have the original edition of this pamphlet before me. It consists of thirteen pages. At every opening are presented in contrast two woodcuts,

(1) No. 4,257.

(2) Eras., *Epist.* ccccxviii. and dcxxxv.

(3) *Ibid.*, cclxv. App.; Brewer, iii. 99.

(4) Eras., *Epist.* cclxxiv., App.; Brewer, ii. 4,005.

(5) De Witte, i. 571.

the one on the left hand page representing some scene in the Passion of Christ, that on the right hand page representing in contrast a scene in the Passion of Antichrist. On the first is represented on one side Christ refusing to be made a king, and fleeing from the people, on the other side the Pope in his robes and triple crown, backed by soldiers, pole-axes, and cannon. On the second, Christ mocked with the crown of thorns, and beaten with rods, is contrasted with the Pope in pontifical robes, on the throne of state. On the third, Christ kneeling to wash the disciples' feet is contrasted with the Pope generously permitting his kneeling courtiers to kiss his sacred toe. On another, Christ sinking under the burden of his cross is contrasted with the Pope carried in state upon six men's shoulders. On another, the antithesis is between Christ driving the money-changers out of the temple, and the Pope selling bulls and dispensations, with a heap of gold on the table before him. On the last, the Ascension of Christ escorted by angels to heaven, is contrasted with the descent of the Pope into hell, escorted by horrible hobgoblins, worthy of the imagination of Bunyan.

Here, then, was Luther, on the eve of his appearance at Worms, preparing for publication a pamphlet deliberately intended to rouse up the laity into defiant revolt against the Divine supremacy of the Pope. And in strict accordance with this, only a few weeks later, on the 24th of March, when he had made up his mind to go boldly to Worms, Luther wrote to a friend:—"You will hear sooner than I from Worms, what they do about me. They will try hard to make me revoke many articles. But my revocation will be *this*! I once said the Pope was the Vicar of Christ; now I revoke that, and say, The Pope is the enemy of Christ, and the Apostle of the Devil!"¹

And when Luther, a few weeks after, stood before the Diet at Worms—stood before the Emperor and the Papal nuncio—the ground he took was consistent with what he had said. In his famous speech at the Diet, after alluding to his doctrinal and devotional works, and offering to retract whatever in them was contrary to Scripture, he emphatically refused to retract what he had written against the Papacy, on the ground that were he to do so, it would be like "throwing both doors and windows right open" to Rome, to the injury of the German nation. And in his German speech he added an exclamation most characteristic of himself, at the very idea of the absurdity of its being thought possible that he could retract anything on this point—"Good God, what a great cloak of wickedness and tyranny should I be!"² This final defiance of Rome in the presence of the Papal nuncio, the Emperor, the German princes, and

(1) De Witte, i. 580.

(2) Förstermann's "Urkundbuch zur Geschichte der Evangelischen Kirchen-Reformation," vol. i., p. 70. Hamburg, 1842.

ambassadors of the great European Powers, forming at once the latest point in the heroic life of Luther, and a crisis in the history of Europe, was uttered on the 18th of April, 1521.

Now let these dates be compared with the dates of Henry VIII.'s worship, so far as they can be traced by the aid of Mr. Brewer's standard. Apparently the first allusion to Luther in English State papers was the information from the Bishop of Worcester, the English Ambassador at Rome, that after long debates the Cardinals decided on the 28th of May, 1520, to issue a Bull, declaring Martin a heretic.¹ And the next reference to the subject is dated January 21, 1521,² when Tunstal, writing to Wolsey from Rome, informs him that Luther "hath written a book since his condemnation, 'De Capt. Babylonica Ecclesiæ,' " (the book to which Henry VIII. replied), and he added, "I pray God keep that book out of England." He further states, "Luther offereth if the Emperor will go to Rome to reform the Church, to bring him 1000 men. Whereunto the Emperor, as a virtuous prince, will hearken."

On the 2nd of February, 1521,³ Spinelly writes incidentally from Rome that Charles V. considers the matter of Luther as "of great importance, and very difficult to be remedied and extincted." Among the State papers there is also a memorandum⁴ of the matters come before the Diet at Worms, in which it is stated that, "The Emperor will take notice of the books and descriptions made by Friar Martin Luther, a schismatic against the Court of Rome," who "of the Elector of Saxony and other princes is favoured." On the 8th of March, Warham complained to Wolsey,⁵ that the ministry of the word was becoming infected with Lutheranism. On the 30th of March, Cardinal Campeggio wrote to Wolsey from Rome,⁶ urging the King to write to the Emperor, "to crush this pestilence entirely," and this was followed up by the Cardinal of Medici sending to England a copy of "a book put out by that damnable heretic, for which, not the book, but *he* [Luther], should be condemned to the flames;" adding that Wolsey should satisfy the Pope in this matter, and that the King should send an ambassador to the Emperor and urge him to coöperate in this good cause. The Pope also "complained of some of the imperial ambassadors who talk of the Lutheran heresy as if it concerned the Pope alone, and not all Christian princes."⁷ On the 3rd of April Warham acknowledged receipt from Wolsey of "Lutheran books," rejoicing "that England has so orthodox a reign."⁸ On the 7th of April Pace wrote to Wolsey that the

(1) Brewer, iii. No. 847.

(2) Ibid., iii., App. and Preface, p. cccxxxviii.

(3) Ibid., iii. No. 1,155.

(4) Ibid., iii. No. 1,185.

(5) Ibid., iii. No. 1,193.

(6) Ibid., iii. No. 1,208.

(7) Ibid., iii. No. 1,210.

(8) Ibid., No. 1,218.

King was occupied "in scribendo contra Lutherum, as I do conjecture."¹ And on the 16th of April the King's book was to be ready "in a few days," and "such as be appointed to examine Luther's books are to be congregated together for his highness' perceiving."²

On the 12th May Luther's book was publicly burned at St. Paul's Cross.³ Finally, on the 21st of May, *a few days after the execution of Buckingham* (the significance of which fact I shall point out by-and-bye), Henry wrote to the Pope,⁴ telling him that he was dedicating his book to him, from which it may be inferred that by this date it was finished.

So that Henry VIII. commenced writing his book within a few weeks of the time when Lutheranism was first reported to be gaining a dangerous hold in England, and completed it within a few weeks after Luther's final defiance of the Papal authority at the Diet of Worms.

Thus the coincidence of dates would make it seem likely that the object of the Royal treatise would be to defend *the Papal supremacy* against further attack. Accordingly, turning to the contents of the book, it is evident that, though ostensibly a defence mainly of the Seven Sacraments, its prominent practical object was the defence of the Papal prerogative. Henry had not merely chosen to display his scholastic learning on doctrinal points. He had gone out of his way to support the divine institution and authority of the Papacy. This was the point which struck Sir Thomas More when Henry first showed him the work. The following is More's own account of the interview in which he did so:—

"As touching . . . the primacy of the Pope . . . Truth it is, that as I told you when ye denied me to shew you what I thought therein, I was myself sometime not of the mind that the primacy of that see should be begun by the institution of God until I read in that matter those things that the King's Highness had written in his most famous book against the heresies of Martin Luther. At the first reading thereof I moved the King's Highness either to leave out that point or else to touch it more slenderly, for doubt of such things as after might hap to fall in question between his Highness and some Pope, as between Princes and Popes divers times have done. Whereunto his highness answered me *that he would in no wise anything minish of that matter, of which thing his Highness showed me a secret cause whereof I never had anything heard before.*"⁵

Thus I think it is clear from the concurrent evidence—(1) of its connection in point of date with passing events, (2) of its own contents, and (3) of the objections raised by Sir Thomas More, and Henry's reply to them, that Henry's main motive in writing his book was not his zeal against heresy in the abstract, but a desire at this juncture to support the Papal supremacy in particular. If any

(1) Brewer, No. 1,220.

(2) Ibid., No. 1,230.

(3) Ibid., No. 1,274.

(4) Ibid., No. 1,297.

(5) More to Cromwell. Roper, Singer's ed., App., p. 120.

further evidence were needed to establish this point, it surely must be found in the remarkable revelation by Henry VIII. to More of a secret cause, of which he had never heard before, why he had chosen to defend the Papal supremacy so strongly, and the still more remarkable fact that the revelation of this secret, and the arguments used by Henry, proved the turning point in More's own mind, and were sufficiently important to be the means, so to speak, of his conversion or perversion from a scepticism of the divine authority of the Papacy into a belief in it, the honesty of which was eventually attested by his death.

There remains, therefore, this double problem to be solved :—

1. A secret motive must be sought for, powerful enough to explain Henry's devotion at this moment of his life to the Papal supremacy.

2. This motive must be shown to be one which, when revealed to More, would be likely to produce so important a change in his views.

Now it is not needful to search far away for a paramount reason why Henry VIII. was wedded, at this moment of his life particularly, to the maintenance of the Papal supremacy as of divine institution.

Henry VIII. and Catherine had had several children, but one only had survived—the Princess Mary, an infant of four years old. Henry was exceedingly anxious that the throne of England should descend upon a child of his, and on this one child depended at present the realisation of his hopes. In this very spring of 1521, while he was writing against Luther, Henry was engaged in anxious diplomatic correspondence respecting her marriage. There were two alternatives before him—either to marry her to the heir of the French throne, and so unite the French and English kingdoms into one by a friendly match, rather than by the expensive means heretofore resorted to to obtain possession of his “very true patrimony and inheritance” in the rival kingdom; or, secondly, to marry her to Charles V., and so by the close alliance of England with the empire and the other dominions of the Emperor to produce a coalition capable of conquering, or at least keeping in check, his French rival.

The documents abstracted in Mr. Brewer's Calendar show that he was in fact at this very time playing a double game—offering the hand of the Princess Mary secretly both to France and to Charles. These documents, however, show pretty clearly that whilst thus trying, with Machiavellian art, to secure two strings to his bow, his real policy at this period was to strengthen his alliance with Charles rather than with Francis. The alliance with Charles was the one sure to be most popular in England, and therefore most

likely to command the loyalty of English subjects to his throne and the throne of his daughter in case she should succeed him.

Of Henry's anxiety at this moment respecting the succession of Mary in the event of his having no son, and of the wakefulness of his eye upon the least symptoms of conspiracy against it, ominous and emphatic proof was given while he was writing his book, and within a few days of its completion, by the execution already mentioned of the Duke of Buckingham, who, whether guilty or not of treason against the king and Mary's succession (as was officially reported by Henry's ambassadors to both Francis and Charles), was at least suspected by Henry of being so. To a Tudor monarch such a suspicion was reason enough for the execution of a man who clearly had his eye upon the throne, and might at any time prove a dangerous rival claimant in case of Henry's death.¹

The anxiety of Henry VIII. to conclude the matrimonial alliance with Charles V. at this juncture—*i.e.*, in the spring of 1521—is clearly evident from the tone of his instructions to his ambassadors.² It was moreover an alliance requiring the most delicate and secret handling, for, in the first place, Mary being already, as Henry expressed it, "honourably disposed in France," it was needful to observe the most careful secrecy in offering her to Charles. "We require nothing so much," wrote Henry, "as to keep the matter secret, and but few of our Privy Council have any knowledge of it."³ And at the same time Henry "had well foreseen that the Pope's dispensation was necessary in making this oath for alliance, the parties being in the second degree of consanguinity." Therefore, wrote Henry to Tunstal, "there should be inserted an express provision binding us and the Emperor not to conclude any defensive league with the Pope, unless such dispensation be first granted under seal, which shall be obtained in the most secret manner. The Pope will [then either] make no difficulty [in granting the dispensation], or he will lose the advantage of the league."⁴

Here, therefore, was one reason why Henry was anxious that the authority of the Pope to grant such a dispensation should be upheld; and it was also a reason why he should wish to place the Pope under sufficient obligations to himself to induce him to grant it. And as this reason was one "known only to *some of the Privy Council*," it is possible that it may have formed *a part* of the secret reason given by Henry to More for his zeal in defence of the Papal authority. I say

(1) It is significant, also, that, amongst the scraps of conversation reported of Buckingham which are taken to be treasonable, are to be found more than one allusion to the death of Henry and Catherine's children as a divine judgment upon them. See Brewer's preface, iii., cxxx., note, p. id. cxxxii.

(2) See especially Brewer, iii. No. 1,150. Henry VIII. to Tunstal at Worms, January, 1521.

(3) Brewer, iii. p. 425.

(4) Brewer, iii. p. 423.

a part of the secret reason, for, firstly, it would in itself hardly be an adequate one; and, secondly, a moment's reflection will show that Henry's anxiety to obtain the dispensation for this particular match was only in itself a consequence of what must have been to him a far greater anxiety to uphold the validity of a *far more important dispensation*—that by virtue of which alone Catherine was his lawful wife, and upon which alone depended the legitimacy of his only child, and her consequent right of succession to the English throne. Knowing Henry VIII.'s anxiety to secure the succession of Mary, it is impossible to conceive of any tie by which any sovereign could be more tightly bound to support the Papal supremacy through thick and thin at all hazards than this by which Henry was bound.

It must be remembered that when the dispensation for the marriage of Henry and Catherine was first obtained, it was considered by many an unwarrantable stretch of the Papal prerogative. Hall mentions that it was contrary to the opinion of those of the cardinals of Rome who were divines,¹ and that the marriage was “much grumbled at at the beginning;” and Lord Herbert goes so far as expressly to say:—

“Julius the more readily granted the dispensation, as he could not be ignorant that all the children which should be gotten betwixt them would be firm to the Papacy, since if ever they renounced the Pope's authority they would disclaim the power by which themselves were made legitimate.”²

Except upon the one assumption that the previous marriage with Arthur had not been actually consummated, Henry's marriage could only be upheld by taking very high ground, and upholding the Papal supremacy as a Divine authority.

In the face of the evidence afterwards adduced in connection with Henry's divorce, it may safely be stated that those most knowing were fully assured that consummation of the previous marriage had taken place. But for obvious reasons a mist was thrown over this point; the wording of the Bull was made purposely ambiguous in reference to it, and it was afterwards alleged that a brief was subsequently obtained, or forged, to confirm the dispensation even in the case of consummation being proved. That Henry VII. himself was not altogether satisfied with its validity is shown by the intelligence given by Lopez the Portuguese ambassador to his royal master as early as October, 1505, that Henry VII. was secretly endeavouring to obtain for his son the daughter of Philip of Castile, “which makes it likely that the marriage with the Infanta Catherine will be undone, *as it weighs much on his conscience*,”³ and this is confirmed by a hint given by Cardinal Hadrian to Henry VII. with reference to a similar

(1) Hall, ed. 1548, under date 1509, fol. ii.

(2) Lord Herbert's Hist., p. 8, ed. 1649.

(3) Gairdner's “Letters from Henry VII.,” ii. p. 147, Oct. 1505.

report.¹ In 1508, similar hints are discoverable in diplomatic correspondence, together with doubts whether Henry VIII. himself was inclined towards Catherine.²

When therefore Henry VIII. succeeded to the throne in 1509, it is to be observed not only that he was free to accept or reject the marriage, but also that he was fully aware that it had been regarded as of doubtful legality from the first.

With his eyes wide open to the policy and the impolicy of the step he was asked by some advisers to take, and by others to shun, he decided to rely on the Papal dispensation, and to be married to Catherine. To relieve the step from its main difficulty, the Princess Catherine was made "to protest herself to be a virgin,"³ and the marriage was solemnised. The question having been thus again discussed, and the ghost once more laid, it was natural that under the circumstances popular doubts should be thenceforth lost in the all but universal desire of the nation that the royal pair might be blessed with issue, and thus a peaceful succession to the throne be secured.

That Henry VIII. himself was acting fully in good faith in the marriage of Catherine can hardly be doubted. On the 26th July, 1509, he wrote to his father-in-law Ferdinand to express his "inexpressible delight" on receiving Ferdinand's letter in which the latter had sent his warm congratulations, and had graciously commended Henry for having "consummated *this* marriage, and rejected all other ladies whatever offered him," and in this reply Henry warmly assured Ferdinand of his filial devotion, and of the "sincere love which we have to the most serene queen our wife; yea verily her excellent virtues so daily more and more appear, flourish, and increase, that even though we had been free till now, we would choose *her* for our wife before all others."⁴

And if this marriage was concluded by Henry VIII. in perfect good faith, and if he had continued true to Catherine so many years, hoping as it were against hope, and notwithstanding the death of so many of their children one after another, it is obvious that, after the birth of the Princess Mary in 1516, he would be probably less inclined than ever to entertain scruples which would be so manifestly against his interests. Yet it was at this moment when Henry must have been most anxious that the question should rest in peace, and never be disturbed again, that Luther made his attack upon Roman prerogative, and that, if we may believe Lord Herbert, *in consequence* of the question of the "authority and extent of the papal jurisdiction" being raised by Luther and others, the question of the validity of

(1) Gairdner's "Letters from Henry VII.," i. pp. 247, 248.

(2) 14th June, 1508. Provost of Cassel to Margaret of Saxony. *Ibid.*, i. p. 347.

(3) Lord Herbert's *Hist.*, p. 7, ed. 1649.

(4) Brewer, i. 338. Mr. Brewer has kindly furnished me with this letter *in extenso* from the Egerton MS., 616, No. 35.

us II.'s dispensation was raised again and privately questioned in land.¹

or must it be assumed that because no evidence of the correctness of his assertion appears in the documents abstracted in Mr. Brewer's *Calendar*, therefore Lord Herbert had no valid authority for it, seeing first, Mr. Brewer points out he had access to documents which did not come down to us, and second, so long as the king remained married to Catherine, the question would not be likely to be mooted in public dispatches. It is quite possible that further light may come up hereafter in papers connected with the divorce which may directly prove its correctness. And it is by no means impossible that the question did become privately discussed while Henry was writing his book against Luther, in connection with the negotiations for the match between Mary and Charles. It may even have been suggested by Charles himself or his counsellors; for while Henry, though anxious to secure the marriage with Charles, was playing fast and loose at the same moment with France, Charles in his turn likewise playing fast and loose with Henry, and although closely allied to Catherine, was capable of any perfidy against her which would favour his own selfish ends. In May, 1521, reports came to Henry that Charles was secretly getting a dispensation for his marriage, not with Mary, but with the *Portuguese princess*,² and this report came through Francis I., who at the same time was also beginning to get wind of the proposed alliance between Charles and the English princess. The faithlessness of Charles was almost beyond belief. If one might choose which of his lies to believe, I think Mr. Brewer is right in thinking that from first to last his real leanings were in favour of an alliance with Portugal; that being the alliance most popular with his Spanish counsellors, while the English alliance was distasteful to them. And if this were so, then the startling and hitherto disregarded assertion of Foxe, followed by Speed in his history, that doubts respecting the legitimacy of Mary were first suggested by the Spanish counsellors in order to frustrate the match, so distasteful to them, which was projected between her and their prince, is not after all be wholly without a foundation in facts.³

Foxe says that the marriage—

Continued as lawful, without any doubt or scruple, the space near of twenty years, till about the time that a certain doubt began first to be moved by the Spaniards themselves of the Emperor's Council, anno 1523, at what time Charles the Emperor being here in England promised to marry the Lady Mary, daughter of the King of England, with the which promise the Spaniards themselves were well contented, objecting this among many other causes that the said Lady Mary was begotten of the King of England by his brother's wife."³

Lord Herbert's Hist., ed. 1649, p. 215.

(2) Brewer, Nos. 1,283 and 1,303.

(3) Fox, ed. 1597, p. 597.

Charles V. married Lady Isabel of Portugal in 1526.

Bewildering as the mazes of dishonest diplomacy may be, I think I have been able to show, by the coincidence of dates, that just before, and while Henry VIII. was writing his book, 1st, his anxiety to secure the succession of Mary was prominently evinced, both in his diplomatic correspondence in connection with the match between Mary and Charles, and also in his execution of Buckingham; and, 2nd., the question of the validity of his own marriage and of Mary's legitimacy had probably been privately mooted again, in consequence of Luther's attack upon the Papal authority. If this be granted, Henry, knowing that the validity of his own marriage and Mary's legitimacy depended upon the validity of the Papal power of dispensation, would be likely to regard the attack of Luther upon the Papal power, when in 1521 it assumed so dangerous an attitude, as a question of personal importance to himself. He had, indeed, abundant reason to insert in his book against Luther passages which appeared unwisely strong to the mind of Sir Thomas More, as yet uninitiated into royal secrecy, and at the same time sceptical of the divine authority of the Papal jurisdiction. What, then, was this "secret cause" of which More "had never heard before," and which, when divulged, proved the turning-point in his views on this subject?

The conjecture may at least be hazarded that *it* also related to the king's marriage. It is not only possible, but also most probable, that More, relying upon Catherine's assertion previous to her marriage, shared in the popular view that the impediment to the marriage was one merely of ecclesiastical law, and not an impediment *jure Divino*. And it is obvious that in this popular view of the nature of the impediment it was one which the Pope could well be considered as able to dispense with by virtue of the power vested in him by the common consent of Christendom, whether the Papal supremacy were of Divine institution or not. The secret which Henry divulged to More may therefore have been, what afterwards became the ground of the divorce, viz., that the previous marriage with Prince Arthur having been consummated was an impediment *jure Divino*, and, consequently, could not be dispensed with by the Pope unless the Papal power of dispensation were held to be also *jure Divino*.¹

In entertaining doubts whether the Papacy was of Divine institution, and in innocently publishing them in his "Utopia," it had probably never occurred to More that the question was one of such practical moment. Apart from the esteem for Queen Catherine, which he shared with Erasmus, he was likely to shrink back startled

(1) See Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," ii. pp. 123, 127; and also Lord Herbert's account of the proceedings in connection with the divorce.

with horror at the very idea which the disclosure of such a secret may have first put into his mind, that the denial of the Divine institution of the Papal authority would carry with it the denial of the validity of the king's marriage and the legitimacy of the heiress-apparent to the English throne. It is obvious, also, that the denial of the Papal power of dispensation would introduce in the same way elements of domestic discord and misery into many private houses, as well as into the royal palace. The statute 5 Henry VIII., c. 22, by which Henry's marriage with Catherine was declared void *ab initio*, also contained a provision applying remorselessly to every such unlawful marriage, and declaring "that the children proceeding and procreate under suche unlawful marriage shall not be lawfull ne legittymate; any foren lawes, licences, dispensations, or other thyng or thynges to the contrarye thereof, not withstondyng." As a virtuous man, and a patriotic statesman, he must have shuddered when the momentous consequence of such a result to Catherine, to the king, and to England first burst in upon his thoughts; and viewed in this light, I think it may well be conceived how this matter of the king's book in its connection with the king's secret motive for writing it, confided by himself at this juncture to Sir Thomas More, may have proved the turning-point in his views upon the Papal supremacy, and the commencement of that reaction in his mind which he himself declared dated back to this matter of the king's book, and which ended in the painful transformation, little by little, of the Utopian advocate of religious toleration into a persecutor, and of the satirist of Papal absurdities into the writer of ponderous folios in their honest, although almost indiscriminate, defence.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

STRAY CHAPTERS FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK ON LABOUR.

VI.

WAYS AND MEANS OF TRADES' UNIONS—(*Concluded*).

How the power which, in one or other of the modes indicated in the last chapter, an unionist executory is permitted to acquire, may be used for the coercion or persecution of refractory unionists may be easily imagined, and not the less easily because, as is frequently objected, the persons supposed to be coerced are members of the body from which is derived whatever power, coercive or other, the executory possess. Such an executory, in dealing with recusants, has generally a majority of loyal adherents at its back—a majority sometimes zealously active, sometimes only passively acquiescent, but in either case affording powerful support, physical or moral, or both, to the constituted authorities. Thus backed, the latter need be at no loss how to make their power felt. In the prosecution of any policy of which the bulk of the society have formally approved, the bulk of the society naturally go with them, sanctioning, as a matter of course, when any recognised regulation is broken, infliction of the punishment for that case made and provided—pecuniary fine, probably, or expulsion, if persistent contumacy seem to demand so extreme a penalty. But even though no established law be infringed, and even though lukewarmness in the common cause, or non-unionist proclivities be the worst delinquencies to be corrected, popular opinion will be apt to wink at the adoption of various irregular modes of making the offenders sensible of the general displeasure. And unionist authorities are in possession of the full average amount of official facilities for annoying opponents and rewarding adherents. It is to them that large employers in want of hands commonly apply. They can therefore assist men in getting work, or prevent their getting it, or they can secure good employment to some, and leave to others only such service as would be sure to be refused if there were any choice. In their gift are delegateships, and other paid agencies, appointments greatly coveted by unionists of a peripatetic disposition, or with a taste for diplomacy—just the persons, by the way, most likely to become troublesome rivals to those in power if not conciliated. In their keeping, too, is the box which furnishes the subsistence allowances of men out of work, and in the distribution of whose contents favoured idlers may easily be permitted to obtain more than their due shares. A witness before the late Sheffield Commission avowed

he had been "on the box" for four years continuously, drawing only 17s. 6d. a-week, and doing nothing all the time but what the keepers bade him. "And it warn't bad wage neither," he jocosely. Many of this fellow's mates—no less than eighty, I—had been permitted to do the like. From the same box service money in a variety of other shapes can as easily be got by those who have the charge of it. Should, then, these be deterred towards persecution, they need not refrain for want of the instruments to carry out their plans. No association held together by a common creed, social, political, or religious, is ever without its zealots and ruffians, and its mixtures of both, and trades' unions have quite an average proportion of all three descriptions. We have now positive evidence, and if we had not, we might still be equally sure, that in every large body of trades' unionists, individuals may be found as ready as Italian Carbonari or Irish Ribbonmen to do whatever their leaders require and will pay for.

From what has been said, it is clear that unionist executors have the requisite capacity for practising the compulsion with which public belief charges them. It is moreover certain that they all do so, though they practise it to a greater or less extent, the precise extent varying in each instance partly on the collective character of the particular union concerned, partly on the separate characters of the most influential officers, both of which conditions vary immensely in different unions.

Trades' unions differ from each other not more in magnitude than in every other attribute. In moral sentiments and in all the manifestations thereof, their range embraces every gradation from the decorous sobriety of the Amalgamated Engineers or the London Dockers, to the fiendish excesses of the Sheffield Saw Grinders. As of the aggregate associations, so likewise, or rather more fully, of the individual associates, between whom the shades of difference are more numerous still. No one can have had extensive intercourse with unionist functionaries without having met with some amongst them as honourable and upright, and, in proportion to their opportunities, as intelligent men as any living. No one, on the other hand, with any experience of life, can doubt that amongst them are at once so much trusted and exposed to so much temptation, that there must be plenty, also, of arrant knaves. Many of them are praised, as Mr. Harrison says, "the best workmen as well as the best men in all respects" of their several trades, and in addition to this high commendation, they often deserve the special praise bestowed upon them by the same writer as "honest, sensible men of business, of good character and ability, going through much of hard clerk's work, and reports" for very scanty remuneration. But though many of them often deserve all the good that has been said of them, the same is often as often true of those who are as bad as bad can be, noisy, greedy dema-

gogues, "all tongue and stomach," getting into office by dint of rant and cant, and seeking it only for the sake of its loaves and fishes, its beer and brandy-and-water, its petty state and privileged laziness, and the facilities it affords for embezzlement and speculation. Of such lures to low ambition there is generally no lack. The bare official salaries are indeed invariably small. The Engineers, whose society is probably as liberal as any, give only twenty-five shillings a-year to some of their branch secretaries, and less than ten guineas to those best paid. The general secretary of the Amalgamated Carpenters gets £130 a-year. To members of their central executive committee the Engineers allow eighteen pence each for an ordinary evening attendance. These moderate rates, however, may be materially supplemented by extraordinary additions. For attendance at a day meeting an Engineers' committee-man gets the full equivalent of his usual wages, plus 5s. or 7s. 6d., according to the distance he may have had to come. A delegate of the same society on deputation gets, over and above both his usual wages and his actual travelling expenses, 7s. a day for "expenses." The year before last the Sheffield Operative Bricklayers held a meeting of delegates to revise laws. It sat for a fortnight, and cost the society £1,088, each member receiving eleven shillings and sixpence a day, besides money for lodging and railway fares, and sixpence a day for refreshments. Some five-and-twenty years ago a working-class friend of mine, then a weaver's boy, was sitting in a book-seller's shop at Stockport waiting for a parcel, when another customer entering, was greeted by the shopman with the words, "Well, Jack, what art doing now?" "Oh! I'm delegate for Preston strike," was Jack's reply. "And that pays better nor weaving, I'll be bound," rejoins the first. "And so the Preston lads be out still, ay?" "Ay, that they be," answers the other, "and, by G—d, I don't mean 'em to go in again as long as they gie me my two guineas a week and my travelling expenses." Then, though in every union there is plenty of office business to be done, it is in general very unequally distributed among those who are supposed to have the doing of it. "What are the duties of a committee-man?" was asked by the Sheffield Commissioners of a witness who had been serving for sixteen weeks in that capacity. Witness "didn't know." "What did you do yourself?" "I sat still and supped ale." "What did the others do?" "Many of them supped ale, too." At the particular meeting about which the witness was being questioned, he had, he said, signed a paper drawn up by the secretary, but he had not read it, nor heard it read, nor did he know what was in it. "Had, then, committee-men no duties beside that of supping ale?" Deponent couldn't say; during his sixteen weeks of office he had not discovered any. On this last point some additional light might perhaps have been thrown if a

ashire operative instead of a Sheffield artisan had been under ination, and if it be true, as I have been credibly informed, during the great Preston strike, the deputies from the central nittee denied themselves the public use of ale, and bound themselves under penalty not to drink any liquor less "respectable" than ly. As for the probity of gentry of this description, that, there be no breach of charity in presuming, to be in about inverse to their self-indulgent propensities. One of our principal s of so-called justice has latterly pronounced fraud and robbery o be crimes when committed against trades' unions, thereby, as re, giving public notice that those associations may hencefor- be cheated and pillaged with impunity. How trades' unions henceforward fare, after having been thus formally outlawed, is stion which may well cause them much anxiety, for even while supposed to be under ordinary legal protection, they were already iently exposed to depredation. Even the Amalgamated Car- rs have suffered seriously from the dishonesty of their trustees ther officers; and when all the precautions of the best regulated ties did not save them from loss from this cause, the more negli- societies of course did not escape. Against one of them frauds e amount of £640 are recorded to have been committed in one

As may readily be imagined, little security against the faithless- of unionist functionaries is afforded by the obligation imposed on .of furnishing periodical balance-sheets. Some of the concoctors ose documents are evidently adepts at the peculiar branch of ery which the business requires, perfectly understanding how iake an account balance by omitting receipts on one side or ting imaginary disbursements on the other, or by entering s of both sorts on both sides indiscriminately. The results of method of book-keeping are indeed liable to subsequent audit, his is an ordeal as to which accountants who nominate their own tors have no need to be apprehensive. Besides, if falsification ocuments should seem likely to be insufficient, other more deci- modes of screening pecuniary misappropriations can be resorted Cases have occurred of suspected treasurers being required -night to bank on the following morning the sums which rding to their books ought to be in their hands, and of their es being burnt down, or broken into and robbed during the val. Secretaries have not scrupled at a pinch to tear from their rs inconveniently communicative pages, and by one of them ngenious expedient was adopted of letting his book fall into the and leaving it there until consumed, because, as he pleaded wards in excuse, as there were no tongs in the room he might burnt his fingers if he had attempted to remove it. Tricks these, it need scarcely be said, are played only by fellows at the bottom of that scale of executive morality, at the top of which

stand the specimen functionaries of whom honourable mention was just now made. The space between the two extremes is occupied by an intermediate set more numerous than both the others united, and as much superior in character to those below as inferior to those above. Its members are selected for office, not indeed without reference to their official qualifications, but with considerable reference also to other recommendations, among which, by all accounts, convivial qualities figure conspicuously. It is perhaps indispensable that they should have scholarship enough to be able to draw up a plausible report or a flaming manifesto, but it adds greatly to their credit to be known also as jolly companions, discreetly merry over their cups, and able to sing a good song and tell a good story. Unionist functionaries are, in short, susceptible of the usual tripartite classification of some good, some bad, and many indifferent. The worst of them shrink from no means of accomplishing a desired end. The many middling, though much more scrupulous, not seldom play sufficiently fantastic tricks with the authority in which they are dressed, and even the select few whose habitual sobriety and decorum contrast most favourably with the excesses and vagaries of the others, are not absolutely unimpeachable on the same score. For the best of them are after all but men. That great labouring class from which all unionists, good and bad, are drawn, is, as Mr. Gladstone justly insists, "our own flesh and blood," consisting of men of like passions with ourselves, liable to be tempted at all points just as we are, and not less liable to yield to temptation. Even working men's native instincts will not always serve them as infallible guides. Their "bright powers of sympathy" are not always an adequate drag upon their "ready powers of action." Self-interest will now and again warp their judgment, self-importance puff them up, gusts of passion carry them away. In seasons of extraordinary ferment, during the excitement of a strike, or the provocation of a lock-out, even the most exemplary of unionist functionaries, being human, relax somewhat their ordinary exemplariness.

Here it may be useful, parenthetically, to advert to a suspicion somewhat prevalent with respect to unionist functionaries—that, viz., of their instigating or fomenting strikes from personal motives. I believe that for any charge of the kind there is much less foundation than is commonly supposed, and none at all so far as unions of the first rank are concerned. These seldom, if ever, have a general strike, and the management of their local strikes is usually assumed, not by the central, but by the branch authorities. Before a strike can be "legally" commenced, the former must indeed have given their consent; but when they have consented, their share in the affair may almost be said to cease, the conduct of active operations, and all the honour and glory thence accruing, being monopolised by some little knot of local officers. These it is who hold cabinet

councils or public levees in ale-houses, preside over large open-air gatherings, meet their late masters on equal terms at conferences, and see their names and speeches printed next morning in the county newspapers, while the central authorities remain apart in unnoticed obscurity, without other part in what is going on than that of making grants in its aid from the central treasury. This can scarcely be supposed to be an occupation much to their taste. They take a natural pride in the wealth of their society, and do not like to see it wasted, and experience has taught them that, even when there is an object worth striking for, a strike is a very wasteful mode of attaining it. The consequence is, that the executory of any one of the larger trades' unions, instead of being the most bellicose, is commonly the most pacific section of the whole community. Instead of originating strikes, it sanctions them only as a last resource, and systematically discountenances them when either the pretext seems inadequate or the time unseasonable. Continually it will be found remonstrating with a branch eager to fight, telling the latter, either that its demand is unreasonable or that its grievance is one that the society cannot recognise, or that other branches are more aggrieved and must have their turns first, or that though its case is a good one, the society have a heavy strike already in hand or impending. "At least twenty times in as many months," says Mr. Allan, of the Amalgamated Engineers, "we have recommended that a strike should not take place." "About one-third," says Mr. Applegarth, of the Amalgamated Carpenters, "of the applications made to us to strike during the last four years have been refused." "Our parent society," says Mr. Macdonald, of the House Painters' Alliance, "never originated a strike, but it has stopped many."

The same pacifying considerations exert a similar though less powerful influence on the presiding functionaries of unions of the second or provincial class. The largest of these is not so large as to prevent all its branches from engaging simultaneously in one general strike, of which the central authority would naturally take the direction, or to prevent the same authority from exercising immediate supervision over every local strike. That authority, therefore, is affected in only a lesser degree by the personal motives which the chief authority of a national union has for discouraging strikes, and the recent case of the Staffordshire Puddlers may be cited as one in which action on the part of the central executory was undoubtedly the exciting cause of the strike of a large portion of the men. One remarkable feature of this case was that when the Puddlers of the northern division of the county, having first turned out in compliance with a notice from head-quarters, presently afterwards got an order to turn in again, they refused to obey. The leaders had in this instance forgotten something of their usual tact,

and the men took huff at being so plainly given to understand that they were supposed to have no more will of their own than so many sheep.

It is, however, to the heads of unions of the third or urban class that the charge of fostering industrial strife is least likely to be altogether inapplicable. These naturally undertake the management of every strike that takes place within their narrow jurisdiction. They like its bustle and excitement; taking the lead in it tickles their vanity. All the money spent upon it passes through their hands. They have no reason, therefore, for being averse to a strike on their own account, and it is quite conceivable that they may now and then be tempted to get one up, perhaps to gratify a grudge against an obnoxious employer, perhaps for the sake of the additional emoluments and importance which they will obtain in consequence, perhaps out of the mere wantonness of conscious strength. Yet even in these smaller societies it is certainly only exceptionally that strikes are initiated by the constituted authorities. More commonly they originate with the men themselves, springing out of some grievance, real or supposed; and, more commonly still, their authors are the professional agitators, of whom, wherever unionism flourishes, a certain sprinkling is sure to be found hanging loosely about its skirts. In the clothing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, there is a regular gang of these vagabonds who have been at their dirty work for years, and of whom very edifying tales are told—not unfrequently by themselves, for among their intimates they are ready enough to boast of their skill in duping and selling their dupes. They will relate exultingly how at Stockport, after persuading a set of operatives to turn out, they arranged with the masters, for a consideration, to get them to turn in again; how at Bolton they got 50s. a head for persuading some factory hands on strike to go back to work on the same terms as before; how this or that master has connived at their proceedings; and how when a certain master, fearful less his connection with a certain agitator should be betrayed, offered the latter £100 to leave the country, the latter took the money and stayed at home all the same. There are few kinds of mischief-making for which fellows of this stamp are not ready, provided only they are paid for it. But their special vocation is to kindle or fan dissension between employers and employed, and wherever they fancy they see a chance of setting these together by the ears, there are they presently in the midst of them, whispering some, haranguing others, spitting poison or spouting nonsense. These, from what I have been able to gather, I am inclined to believe to be the real authors of nine out of ten of such strikes as are not justly provoked by unreasonable pretensions or obstinacy on the part of masters. Nine times out of ten I believe such strikes are not instigated, but are simply sanctioned by the recognised unionist

leaders, although sanctioned with very different degrees of facility by the leaders of different unions.

The temper and spirit with which strikes are carried on depend less than might have been expected on the mode in which they originate. Those who have the immediate direction of proceedings, although most probably they may not have instigated, but only assented to the outbreak, soon catch the contagious enthusiasm of strife, and enter into the contest with all their energies, showing themselves quite as eager for its success as if they had been its authors. Now, the success of a strike depends mainly on two things,—on the strikers obtaining sufficient funds for their maintenance, and on their preventing others from occupying the employments they have themselves vacated. To the securing of these two things, therefore, the directors of the strike, whether they be branch or central functionaries, devote their chief attention.

Money, the sinews of all modern warfare, is so in an especial manner of industrial belligerence. The latter's two principal operations, strikes and locks-out, are each of them a species of blockade, whereby one party is striving to starve the other out. Either the men take the initiative by turning out, in hopes that the masters will have to submit for want of labour, or they themselves are shut out by the masters in the hope that they will have to submit for want of food. When the strike is neither a general one, nor has been met by a lock-out, the men's best chance of being able to resist the necessity to which they are expected to be reduced, lies in their being regularly supplied by those of their fellow-unionists, who, when they took the field, remained, in accordance with usual strike tactics, quietly at work. Upon these extraordinary levies are then made by the unionist authorities, four or five times as great, perhaps, as their usual subscriptions; but acquiescence in such heavy exactions involves a severe strain upon patience. To prevent, therefore, a virtue so easily fatigued by exercise from flagging, a system of counter irritation is usually resorted to. One expedient for the purpose is the following. During the continuance of a strike, periodical balance sheets of receipts and expenditure are printed and circulated amongst those interested; but the contents of these documents are not always confined to dry financial details—their figured statements are occasionally diversified by miscellaneous interpolations, on reading which skulkers and defaulters are liable to find their delinquencies exposed in terms like these:—

“John Webster won't pay,—Blackburn's shame on him!”

“If W. Townson would spend less money on drinking, carding, dog and cock-fighting, he might spare something for the Preston Lock-outs.”

“If the single young women of —— Mill will pay their contributions more freely, we will find them sweethearts.”

"Those pretty things, the Jephsons, won't pay, because they are saving their money to buy mushroom hats."

"If Rogers does not pay, Punch will tell about her robbing the donkey of a breakfast to stuff her bustle with."

"If that young spark, Ben D——, that works at Banter's Mill, does not pay, Punch will tell about his eating that rhubarb pudding that was boiled in a dirty night cap."

"If that nigger in Uncle Tom's Cabin does not pay up, Punch will tell what he saw him do one night."

"If squinting Jack of Goodair's does not pay up, Punch will stand on his corns."

"If those three or four spinners do not pay their subscriptions, Punch will bring his iron clogs."

"If Croft does not pay this week, we will give him another dip."

At Sheffield, when a man is behindhand with his subscriptions, one of the mildest modes of remonstrance is to place an unsigned scrawl on his trough, intimating that if he does not clear off his arrears, Natty will come to make him. If he neglect this warning, he is likely, before long, on coming to work, to find his tools broken or gone, and the bands cut that connected his trough with steam or water power.

These are punishments for mere luke-warmness ; for graver offences there are heavier applications, and these are designed even more for non-unionists than for recreant unionists. For a strike is emphatically a case in which not to be with, is to be against. Neutrality on the part of any who come in contact with it, is scarcely distinguishable from open opposition. Merely not joining in it tends to prevent its succeeding. Everything depends on the ability of the men who have relinquished employment to dispense with it longer than the employers whom they have left will be disposed to dispense with their services. In this view it is all important that all the old hands should leave those particular employers, and that no new hands should take their places. Any, consequently, who either remain, or subsequently come into a proscribed shop, are looked upon by those who have left as enemies, and, if unionists, as traitors into the bargain, and no opportunity is neglected of making them feel how they are regarded.

Previously to 1824, while the combination laws were still unrepealed, and when, consequently, trades' unionists on becoming such, became also *ipso facto* outlaws, there seemed to be no ruffianism to which unionists would scruple to resort, in their dealings with opponents. Consciousness of being singled out as victims by a partial and iniquitous law directed exclusively against themselves, naturally excited in them both general prejudice against all law, and special rancour against those in whose behalf the specially obnoxious law had been enacted ; while consciousness of their being already

amenable to punishment as criminals, as naturally made them reckless about committing crime. Those were the days of vitriol throwing, incendiarism, and assassination, when neither any one who worked for a proscribed master, nor the master himself could stir out after dusk, without risk of being pistolled, or of having his eyes burnt in his head, or could lie down at night with any confidence of not being blown up before morning.

Those days may now be said to have passed, recent experience of Sheffield and Manchester notwithstanding. Even at Sheffield, according to the Commissioners of Enquiry, not more than twelve trades' unions out of a total number of sixty were implicated in the atrocities which have made that town so infamous, and only the grossest ignorance or the perversest prejudice will venture to assert that in more than one or two other places has unionism afforded the smallest pretext for being suspected of similar implication. It has indeed been charitably insinuated that Sheffield practice is but the necessary result of unionist principles, so that, though as yet but the exception, it must eventually become the rule; but to this it may suffice to reply that the exception in question has already really been the rule, of which it is now one of the last lingering remains. It is not very long since assassination and cognate crimes were such frequent concomitants of unionism that there might have been decent excuse for reckoning them among its invariable characteristics; yet, instead of having since become commoner and commoner in connection with it, they have, on the contrary, been growing rarer and rarer, until not more than two or three places can be named in which unionism is still disgraced by the connection. Clearly the inevitable inference is that the real tendency of unionist principles is to purification of practice—just the opposite of the tendency imputed to it.

Without, however, going the length of murder, maiming, or gunpowder plots, there are many questionable modes of persecution which unionists both may and do employ. There is "rattening," or the destruction or abstraction of an obnoxious workman's tools, and this, though more prevalent at Sheffield than elsewhere, undoubtedly prevails in many places besides. There is wanton destruction of an employer's property, as when newly-made bricks are rendered unuseable by having a quantity of pitch thrown over them, or when clay about to be moulded into bricks is rendered unuseable by having a quantity of needle-ends mixed with it. Then there is "picketing," with which Londoners were lately made familiar during the tailors' strike of last summer, when the number of sentinels clustered in front of every noted tailor's shop made walking rather difficult in parts of Sackville Street, Clifford Street, and Savile Row. The office of pickets is to intercept those who seem to be approaching interdicted shops in search of work, to turn them back if possible, or, if they persist and succeed in getting work, to follow them or send after

them on their way back and endeavour to induce them to give it up. The records of the London Police Courts show that the tailors were not at all particular what arts they employed for these purposes, and by all accounts, pickets engaged in the service of provincial strikes are less scrupulous still. At Preston, Stockport, Blackburn, Glasgow, or Hull, to say nothing of Sheffield or Manchester—in the coal districts of Durham or Northumberland, in the coal or iron districts of Staffordshire, or in any other part of the Black Country, whoever should presume on dubious errand to come near workshop, or factory, or mine, or foundry, which in unionist phrase had been declared “illegal,” would most likely have to run the gauntlet through a lane of scowlers, scoffers, hissers, and hooters, pelting him with the names of “black,” “black sheep,” “colt,” “knobstick,” “sniveller,” and others too coarse to be found anywhere in print, except in the pages of the most old-fashioned of slang dictionaries. And he would be lucky if he were assailed with words only, and if these were not accompanied by actions to match, beginning, perhaps, with shoves and pushes, but passing rapidly into blows and kicks, the slightest resistance to which would be gleefully hailed as an excuse for their tenfold multiplication and aggravation. Lists of persons deemed suitable subjects for this sort of discipline are regularly printed and circulated for the benefit of all interested, and these documents—“black lists,” as they are significantly called—are so much in demand that, though their price is only a halfpenny or so apiece, yet in one society—that of the Operative Masons—between nine and ten pounds’ worth of them have been bought by the members in a single season. On the owners of the names thus catalogued intimidation is also brought to bear. Distinct notice is generally given them by some kind friend or other that, over and above present ill-usage, there is something worse looming in the future. They are warned that though they are now in clover, while their brethren on strike are starving, their own lean years will come on in due course; that when existing differences with the masters are adjusted, and the men who are now out have gone in, the latter will insist on those who are now in being turned out; that, since these have hitherto not chosen to enter the union, no choice shall then be left them but to enter a union of a very different sort.

Unionist means of attaining unionist ends being, then—exclusively of some clearly unexceptionable,—such as above noted, the question which next presents itself is, whether any of those means are legitimate, and if so, which. Some heads of the inquiry need not detain us long. Murder and its kindred sins are viewed with as much horror by the great majority of unionists as by all other respectable people. It is unhappily only too true that in the course of five or six years, five or six unionist murders or attempts at murder have taken place at Sheffield; but it is equally true that

within about much the same time much the same number of members of the medical profession have been known to put an end to their too confiding patients with over-doses of strychnine or arsenic. Unless the second of these facts afford sufficient reason for stigmatising the College of Physicians as a corporation of poisoners, the first can furnish no excuse for speaking of a class to which Mr. Allan, Mr. Applegarth, Mr. Conolly, and Mr. Dunning are proud to belong, as if it were made up of miscreants like Broadwood, Crookes, and Hallam. With regard to this last-mentioned trio, the reader will perhaps allow half a dozen lines to be employed in pointing out some moral distinctions between its individual members. About Crookes and Hallam there is nothing at all remarkable. They are mere commonplace, professional murderers, who thought as little of killing a man as a butcher of felling an ox, and who, if they had been offered the indispensable fifteen pounds for the job, would doubtless as lief have shot Broadhead at Linley's bidding, as one of them did actually shoot Linley at Broadhead's. But Broadhead himself may not impossibly be a monster of a somewhat different species. It is not inconceivable that his temper may originally have been as mild as other people's, but perverted and hardened since by mischievous sophisms. My own notion of him is that of a Robespierre, —of coarser grain and with narrower opportunities—of whose wholesale cruelties, unbounded self-conceit was the true mainspring. He had a theory of his own about the amelioration of his trade, as his prototype had about the amelioration of his species, and the same self-sufficiency which prevented him from doubting the justice or the importance of his views made him think any measure allowable that might help to carry them out. This little bit of psychological analysis will not, I trust, be construed into an attempt at apology for Broadhead's enormities. The real purpose of its introduction is that it may serve as a peg whereon to hang a far from superfluous moral, to wit, the following: An extra reason for never doing evil in order that good may come of it, is that though we are sure of the evil we may be mistaken as to the good; as Broadwood himself, with tears in his eyes, confessed, when the murders which he had instigated for the good of his union were found out, and both he and his union were found to be none the better but immensely the worse for them.

Words would be equally wasted in lengthened inculcation of rattening, of assault and battery, or of any of the minor forms of personal molestation under notice. It cannot be worth while to join issue in earnest with the Sheffield notable who declared it to be "the duty of a trades' union to thrash into submission all who got their living by a trade and would not obey the laws of that trade without thrashing." To every individual, by all means, let the utmost liberty of striking work be conceded, but for any one to suppose himself warranted in striking another because that other

does not choose to strike with him, is certainly carrying rather far the converse of the injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter. If A choose to work for fewer halfpence than B thinks fitting, that is surely no reason why B should insist on making up to him the deficiency in kicks.

Neither can a word be said in excuse of the unionist practice of defamation. This is a point which, for all Englishmen, was settled long ago by Shakspeare, and that filching one's good name is worse than stealing his purse, has ever since been as a proverb amongst us. Those skulking scoundrels who invent wicked stories about one young woman's bustle and another's night-cap, clearly deserve to be kicked, and it is not very creditable to unionists in general that they so seldom get the kicking they deserve.

All such practices as these, then, may be summarily disposed of. They clearly admit of no excuse, and no decent unionist would dream of excusing them. But when passing from these we come to the remaining ones on our list, we shall find the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the latter to be much more of an open question. To begin with the refusal of unionists to work with non-unionists: the consequence of such refusal may doubtless be as serious to those affected by it, as if they had been subjected to personal restraint. If it be impossible for A to obtain work unless B will consent to work with him, and if B refuse, A is thereby as effectually disabled from earning a livelihood as if B had bound him hand and foot or shut him up in prison. And if A thereupon, in order to induce B to work with him, yield to B's wishes in some disagreeable particular, he is no more a free agent than if B had been a slave-driver standing over him with his whip. Nevertheless, although A may be as much to be pitied as a slave, it does not follow that B is as much to blame as the slave-driver, or is indeed at all to blame. In B's behalf a plea may here again be entered with effect which has already often stood us in good stead. B, be it observed, is doing nothing to A, good or bad. He merely abstains from doing something which A wishes him to do, but which he is under no obligation to do. He is not infringing A's liberty of action, he is only exercising his own liberty of inaction. A has no claim upon his companionship, and cannot therefore be wronged by being refused it. Nay, circumstances can easily be imagined in which the refusal would be not only unobjectionable but meritorious. Suppose A to be a thief, or an obscene talker, or to be in the habit of chastising his wife with the poker, the sternest moralist would not think the worse of B for refusing to work, or otherwise associate with him, so long as he continued his evil courses. Although B's holding aloof would still be equivalent to leaving A to starve, yet if he should at the same time make A aware that he had merely to reform in order to obtain the desired co-operation, B would be generally admitted to be sufficiently blending mercy with justice.

and to be marking with no more than proper severity his disgust at A's immorality. But in the estimation of a zealous unionist, disaffection or treachery to unionism is quite as heinous an offence as theft or wife-beating; and if so, why may he not with equal propriety adopt the same mode of testifying against both? You may say, perhaps, that he is quite mistaken in his estimate, but that is no better than saying that you think he ought to see with your eyes, and act according to your notions of right and wrong instead of his own. If we would judge fairly of the proceedings of unionists, we should endeavour to place ourselves in their situations, and look at things from their point of view. If our country were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, should we have any qualms of conscience about denying the substantial advantage of our co-operation to any of our countrymen who should obstinately refuse to aid in the national defence? But what patriotism is to all right-minded Englishmen, unionism is to a large number of English workmen—a cause in which, mistakenly or not, they believe self-sacrifice and self-devotion to be as virtuous and glorious as every one considers them to be for the sake of one's country. How then can we blame them for adopting with regard to those whom they look upon as traitors a system of non-intercourse, which in like circumstances we should not hesitate to adopt ourselves?

The matter just noticed is a passive portion of unionist demeanour. Among active modes of annoyance, one of the most prominent is that of "picketing" shops which unionism has placed under its ban. Upon this, of late, has in due form been passed sentence of judicial condemnation, which has been somewhat prematurely accepted as final by the great majority of those whom it does not affect. For simple picketing, unalloyed by any of those outrageous proceedings which render whatever they are mixed up with as indefensible as themselves, a very tolerable case may nevertheless be made out. Such picketing may easily be shown to be always permissible at least, and sometimes in its general effect beneficial. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise than irksome to a shopkeeper to have sour-visaged sentinels mounting guard constantly at his door, and casting black looks on himself or on any friends of his who come nigh his dwelling; but this intrusion on domestic privacy must be admitted to be, at any rate, a smaller evil than such an interference with liberty of rest or locomotion as would prevent any one with a fancy for the pastime from spending the day in lolling against some particular lamp-post or promenading up and down some particular street. It cannot be otherwise than irksome, either, to non-unionists to be pursued to their homes with taunts and reproaches for merely taking work where they could get it. Yet it might be difficult to say why less licence of remonstrance should be allowed to their pursuers than to the active parish priest whom many would praise for his zeal in

similarly dogging the steps of wanderers from his fold, and since they would not come to hear him at church, insisting on preaching to them in the streets. Both may be equally satisfied that their advice and their motives for obtruding it are good, and both in so thinking may be equally right or equally mistaken. Provided the reproaches of pickets and their emissaries comprise no baculine arguments, and do not go beyond hooting or upbraiding, keeping clear also of obscenity and profanity, they may quite possibly be, in spite of their roughness, good for the mental health of those against whom they are launched. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us:" there are none of us who might not be the better for such enlargement of vision. Few kinds of knowledge are more useful than the knowledge of what our associates think of us and of our conduct, and hooting, hissing, and calling names are, among working people, favourite and effectual ways of interchanging such knowledge. Ways ill adapted, doubtless, to ears polite; but then, you see, working people have not got polite ears. They are used to plain language, and never think it necessary to call a spade anything but a spade. Besides, they understand each other all the better for being plainly spoken to, and if any are so unfortunate as to be looked upon by their fellows as traitors to the common cause, or opponents of the common interest, it is highly desirable that they should be distinctly apprised accordingly. Though to hear such things must indeed to them be grievous, yet it is also safe. If there be any foundation for the bad opinion entertained of them, their recognition of its partial truth is calculated to shame them into self-amendment. If, on the contrary, they have the approval of a good conscience as to their public conduct, undeserved blame will be calculated to confirm them in it, in which case the edifying spectacle of their patient continuance in well-doing may serve even to convert their maligners. In either case good will result. To the inestimable privilege of unlicensed speaking it can never be advisable to set other limitations than those necessary for the exclusion of filthy, or blasphemous, or libellous language. Short of these there should be no restrictions but those imposed by the taste or discretion of the speakers themselves.

Intimidation is another thing with which unionists are freely charged, and the word has so ugly a sound that to prove the charge seems almost equivalent to proving the guilt implied by it. The intimidation in question, however, consists wholly of threatening, and, whatever be the motive for threatening, the mere act of threatening is not necessarily wrongful. Whether it be so or not depends on the nature of the threat. Threats of injury to person or property belong to the same category as the injury itself, and are equally reprehensible. Putting in bodily fear may be as bad as, or worse than, inflicting bodily pain, and both, when no adequate provocation can be urged

in their excuse, may be equally flagrant violations of justice. But for the most frequent of unionist threats, that of refusing to work in company with non-unionists, the same justification will suffice as we have already found to answer perfectly well in nearly analogous cases. Whatever course it is not improper for a man to take, that course it cannot be improper for him to threaten to take. If there be no harm in his not doing a certain thing, how can there be any harm in his giving notice before hand that he will not do it? If, for instance, he be justified in refusing to work with another, how can it be unjustifiable on his part to warn that other that at some future time he will so refuse? It is admitted that he may refuse, even though the consequences of his refusal be the other's ruin; how then can he be denied the right of apprising the other that he means to take a course which may involve him in ruin?

It is so difficult to see how these questions can be answered, that, instead of getting direct replies to them, I expect rather to be told that certain things which one person may lawfully do, become unlawful when two or more persons join in doing them. Something to this effect I should doubtless be told if I were discussing the matter with my honoured friend Baron Bramwell. That eminent judge would not dispute that any one person may, with the view of deterring others from some particular course, lawfully give them notice that if they continue in that course he will neither work nor in any other mode associate with them, or that with the same view he may lawfully cast upon them the blackest looks he can muster up. But after admitting this, my honoured friend would certainly add that if two or more should combine with a similar view to give similar notice or to cast similar looks, then those two or more would become guilty of an indictable offence. Such was, by Baron Bramwell, in his charge to the jury at the recent trial of certain unionist tailors, declared to be the law of the land, and that he says so is sufficient assurance that the law is so, for no one is entitled to speak on the point with more authority. For a dissatisfied suitor there is therefore no help but to appeal from law to equity, and to point out how inconsistent in the case before us the former is, not only with justice, but also with common sense. That to conspire to attain even a lawful end by unlawful means, or to attain an unlawful end by any means whatever, must itself be unlawful is at once understood; but why that which is lawful for one should be unlawful for two passes a plain man's comprehension. It is not pretended that combination is in itself unlawful. It is admitted that men may combine to any extent, provided they use none but lawful means, and aim at none but lawful ends. It is not pretended that in the case before us either means or ends are unlawful. It is admitted that the one may be used with a view to the other, either by one single person or by any number of persons acting separately and

without intercommunication. But although to combine is lawful, and although both the means and the end particularly referred to are lawful, still to combine to use those particular means for that particular end becomes in some hopelessly enigmatical manner unlawful. What solution can there possibly be of this mystery? What conceivable explanation can there be of its being unlawful for two to join in doing what either may do apart? It can avail nothing to urge that the combination is designed to deter people from following their own inclinations, and thereby to interfere with liberty of mind and of will, and that this liberty is as much under the protection of the law as the freedom of the body. It is admitted that any number of persons acting singly may interfere with the liberty of mind and will in the manner supposed. It is not then the interference itself which is unlawful. Neither can it avail anything to urge that the combination is in restraint of trade, whatever that may mean. It is admitted that any number of individuals acting separately may lawfully do in restraint of trade those very same things which it is unlawful for them to do collectively. It cannot therefore be its trade-restraining tendency which renders the combination illegal. What it is, is a thing which in Dundreary phraseology "no fellow can make out." What would you think of a law which sanctioned a pickpocket's plying his trade by himself, and punished him only in case he had an accomplice? But if you think such a law the height of absurdity, how can you think otherwise of one which permits a man to cast black looks at his neighbours, or to deprive or threaten to deprive them of the advantage of his company; yet if another join with him in doing the very same thing with the very same object, sends them both to prison?

On the special subject of this chapter I have nothing left to say. Never one tittle extenuating or setting down aught maliciously, I have exhibited the ways and means of unionism exactly as by careful research I have discovered them to be. Some of the practices examined speak sufficiently for themselves, and are condemned at once and without appeal, by their own foul-mouthedness. Others, however, despite their questionable shapes, have, when put to the question, borne the test perfectly. And there is no reason to doubt that these, the strictly legitimate means of unionism, have sufficient efficacy of their own to be able to dispense with illegitimate aid. In proof of this it need only be remarked that those trades' unions which are freest from suspicion of employing illegitimate arts, are likewise those whose power and influence are immeasurably the greatest.

The efficacy of trades' unionism is, however, a distinct branch of my present inquiry, and one, moreover, on which, duly conscious of the extent to which I have already trespassed on the attention of the readers of this journal, I do not propose to enter in these pages.

W. T. THORNTON.

CONFUCIUS.

words of wisdom which fell from the lips of Confucius many dreds of years before the Christian era have not only impregnated language and influenced the legislation, but they have markedly ed to form the national character, of the most multitudinous of all peoples of the earth. And yet Confucius never put forward any n to be considered an inspired teacher ; but, on the contrary, he adiated every pretension to supernatural knowledge, and severely oved those who supposed he could penetrate into futurity, or municate any information other than that he had derived from study of books, or from his experience of men. There is some- g wonderfully grand in the sincerity and simplicity of his racter, as there is much that is marvellously wise in the warnings the encouragements of his philosophy. There is nothing in him he priest or the prophet ; yet all the priests and prophets of the ay sects that have existed or that exist in China have never ed to look up to the great sage with accordant, nay, with unani- as reverence. His must indeed have been a mighty mind to e so imbued a vast empire with its influences—a potent voice ich for more than twenty centuries has found echoes among hundreds millions of men, from generation to generation, in undiminished iration. More is known of his personal character than of any of great patriarchal instructors of mankind, and the early records is life are blended with nothing that looks like falsehood or fable. is the prominent personage in a picture whose truthfulness may een in the harmony of all its parts. His own deportment is racteristic of the age in which he flourished ; and the recorded its of his life, his sayings and his doings, seem to place us in very midst of a civilisation singularly unlike the contempo- ous civilisation of the Western world, and as little resembling culture of more modern days. And if later traditions have iated with the name of Confucius signs, wonders, or miracles, e are but the inventions, exaggerations, or interpolations for h no authority will be found in the most authentic annals, ther traceable to his own pen or to narratives of those who had et and personal intercourse with him.

ould any one of the existing generation of men from any part vilised Europe be transported back seven hundred years, he would the then spoken language of his countrymen utterly unintelligible im ; and could the best-instructed person of that period appear ng now-living races, their vernaculars would be to him jargons to be understood. Were Demosthenes to revisit the places h listened to his emphatic eloquence, the modern men of Athens

would feel no interest in his discourses ; and Cicero, if speaking at the present day, would in vain pour out his sonorous diatribes upon the plebeians of the forum of Rome. If Chaucer held forth in one of our lecture-rooms, it is doubtful whether he could make himself understood by his audience ; and it is quite certain that if Bede or Beowulf mounted a cathedral pulpit in these times, his Christian words would make no more impression than would the Arabic of a dancing-dervish of Islam. But could Confucius again appear on earth, he would read without hesitation the imperial rescripts of the "Son of Heaven" pasted at the present hour in the neighbourhood of the palaces of Peking ; and if he wrote upon the tablets of a village school in China, his meaning would be manifest to the master, if not to the scholars.

Every word he uttered has become a maxim, a proverb, an aphorism in China. Every one of his actions—even the meanest—is referred to as an authority for becoming behaviour. An argument is frequently arrested, and a controversy settled, by an apt quotation from the writings of the sage ; and a revolt has been suppressed when a literary man has interfered and discovered in the words of "the master" some hope for pacific redress of grievances, some appropriate counsel to patience, or some reference to parallel cases in the history of the past, as found in the Confucian books. To this hour the scattered fragments of waste paper are gathered up in the streets of China, lest any of the words of sainted men should be dealt with profanely. The temples of Confucius, from which all images of idols are excluded, represent the highest type of ethical and intellectual thought. The paramount influence of his name and of his authority has been found an invincible obstruction and barrier to the teachings of foreign missionaries wherever they have come in contact—an advantage, indeed, they seldom have had an opportunity of enjoying—with the cultivated orders in China. The answer invariably given is, "What teachers have you who are comparable to ours? What books have you equal to the writings of our sages? We have nothing to learn from you, who were not born under the canopy of heaven. The doctrines you have been taught in the outer world are not fitted for us of the central kingdom, who have naturally more light than has ever shone upon your heads."

Confucius belonged to an era of comparatively advanced civilisation. His writings no doubt gave new stability and greater authority to the language in which he spoke and wrote, as on a narrower field the adoption of the Saxon idiom by Luther for his translation of the Bible may be said to have made that idiom the literary representative of Germany. Yet, ancient as are the Chinese annals, and yet more ancient the traditions, they throw little light upon the earliest history of the spoken or the written language of the country. Strings variously

ed were, it would seem, used, as were the *quipos* among the aboriginal Peruvians, and they were followed by pictorial signs, which not rudely represented natural objects, and, as far as possible, moral adjectival qualities were associated with those objects. It was difficult, for example, to take the sign for water (three drops), connect it with every sort of liquid; that for man (two legs) with all pertaining to humanity; that for tree (leaves) with every-thing of a vegetable nature. The *Yih King*, or Book of Changes, written five or six centuries before the time of Confucius, says: "The language of the ancients was conveyed by knotted cords; afterwards the Chinese introduced written characters, and the public decrees were made intelligible to the people." The elaborate edicts issued by Emperor Yao, twenty-three or twenty-four centuries before the Christian era, must have required written signs, many of them being recorded in the *Shu King*, or Book of Records, of which Confucius is, in China, generally reputed to be the editor, and which brings down traditional annals nearly to his own time. It was certainly a great age for the "great master" to find prepared to his hands so rich a treasury of picture-words—for of such is the language of the Chinese composed.

Tablets in the Confucian temples have inscriptions showing the amount of reverence associated with his name and memory. The first generally is:—

"Kung Tze! Kung Tze! ta tsai Kung Tze!"—

"Confucius! Confucius! great is Confucius!"

What follows:—

The maxims of the sage are oceans! oceans!

The doctrines of the sage—abysses! abysses!

The virtues of the sage—loftiness! sublimity!

The instructor, the model of ten thousand generations!

Nothing can be added to his perfections;

His teachings are unchangeable by laws;

They are the messengers of heaven and earth.

Confucius! Confucius! greatest of sages!

There never was a Confucius before—there never will be a Confucius after.

Confucius! Confucius! great is Confucius!"

The *Jin Kin*, Classes of Men—a book of great authority—"the" occupy the first chapter. Confucius is placed high above all, and the chapter closes with several lines of exclamation on the subject—unparalleled, unapproachable greatness—whose wisdom extended over all other wisdom, and never was and never will be equalled. Everything was combined in the personal history and teachings of Confucius to add weight to his authority. One of his disciples, being asked to describe his master's character, said: "He is meek, he is wise, he is affable, he is just, he is condescending, he answers his inquiries differently from other men." Another described him as "gentle but inspiring respect, grave but not austere, simple yet pleasing."

In the condensed phraseology of ancient Chinese, Confucius is painted by four negatives, all, of course, monosyllabic, verbally translated: "Master, void, four—no *Ee*, no *Pi*, no *Ku*, no *Wo*;" or, as explained by commentators, "Confucius was void of four failings—of self-love, of self-will, of self-obstinacy, of all selfishness;" in other words, the *I*—the *myself*—was not in his nature.¹ Another celebrated aphorism consists of only these words, *Chu chung sin*—verbally, "Head, faithful, sincere"—meaning the paramount or primary virtues are faithfulness and sincerity. It is obvious that a few such emphatic words—of which, indeed, all the teachings of Confucius consist—open a very wide field to commentators, and give great opportunities for the exhibition of erudite study, especially as these words have become axioms from generation to generation.

The strength, but, at the same time, the weakness, of all Chinese institutions may be traced to that reverence for antiquity which pervades the whole of their domestic, social, and political creeds. Among their ancestors they no doubt choose the most illustrious men for their models; but they were illustrious only in the midst of the circumstances that surrounded them, in the narrow field of their vision, and in ignorance of those great scientific discoveries which have raised European nations to higher and nobler culture, while the Chinese have been left in the stagnation of a half-instructed past. Possessing an educational machinery incomparably more complete than exists in any other part of the world—a machinery extending to the remotest circumference of the empire from a central despotism—the strongest of despotisms, for it is a power supported by public opinion—China mainly wants, for the general instruction of her people, a good educational code, to be enforced by that administrative action which is for the most part now provided. No country in the world offers such prizes to competitive merit, no literature is so impregnated with encouragements to severe study, no history presents so many examples of eminent men raised from the lowest ranks to the highest social distinctions, and it may be truly said that no saint or sage has more contributed than Confucius has done to give an educational tendency to the whole national mind.

There was a time when the educating influences of the Jesuits moved both the emperor and his ministers towards the better instruction of the people. Ricci did much to extend the knowledge of geography by the publication of improved maps, and many of his colleagues assisted with their astronomical knowledge the board charged with the publication of the State Almanacs. It were indeed greatly to be wished—and no nobler diplomacy could be brought to the

(1) This is one of the texts frequently given to students for explanation and annotation. They are expected to illustrate it by narratives of self-sacrifice, with which Chinese history abounds, and of which the biography of "the master" affords various appropriate examples.

ice of China—that the representatives of European powers should bring their influences to bear on the national education. The Chinese, though, are more self-sufficient than their brethren in Japan, and far less willing to receive instruction from foreign sources. But it was among the merits of Confucius, and of some others of the ancient sages, that they taught it as a duty to receive instruction from whatever source it was to be derived. Confucius was a traveller—a traveller who sought information wherever he went. Another sage sent his slaves upon his travels to bring back whatever they found superior to the productions of home. The ancient feeling was more akin to a pride of superiority than to any dislike to strangers: the policy of repulsion and repulsion is of modern growth, and has brought with it a harvest of shame and sorrow.

And we may remark here, by way of illustration, that to nothing is the failure of missionary efforts more attributable than to the ignorance of the predominant prejudices or convictions of those who seek to convince or convert; still more their disregard of those prejudices and convictions, and, most of all, the scorn or contempt which they often treat them. I remember hearing a Chinese scholar, upon whose views on religious questions the benign enthusiasm was pouring out his animadversions, reply: “Whatever else you may want, you are wanting in *Li*, and therefore your religion can never be received by us.” *Li* is a word of a very extensive meaning; it is sometimes rendered *reason*, but more commonly *courtesy* or *propriety*, *good breeding* in its widest interpretation. The word was constantly on the lips of Confucius, who says, in one of his maxims, “*Li* moderate the excesses of joy and of sorrow;” and in another, that *Learning* (learning) and *Li* make up the whole sum of human excellences. It is not the vagueness which belongs to our word *right*, and in the Chinese mind is raised far above any possible definition of *utility*. It may be said to represent the moral code, at all events to cover the whole area of what have been appropriately called the minor virtues.

Confucius now appearing, if that were possible, who could be regaled with only the elements of what is called useful knowledge, added to those classical acquirements the over-devotion to which is undoubtedly one of the great defects of English education, whose possession in our country has not been an absolute barrier, but has been in China, to more important and more civilising studies—a scientific Confucius might, if placed at the head of the Department of Public Instruction, revolutionise the empire. The primary fault would be to accommodate the language—a language of images and of signs; a language stiff and unbending to the requirements of science. The stubbornness and sternness of the Latin language makes it unavailable for the plastic requirements of progressive discovery; and alphabetical though the Latin be, who would

now write in that language a popular treatise on geology, mineralogy, chemistry, electricity, engineering, or, indeed, any of those scientific subjects the field of which is constantly extending? And the difficulties would be vastly greater in a tongue composed of monosyllabic words, represented by characters whose number, at present probably not less than forty thousand, it would be very difficult to increase; in fact, of those which exist many have become obsolete. On the other hand, whatever be the advantages of an alphabetic language for the purposes of colloquial intercourse, a language of signs may occupy a much larger area, and, like the Arabic numerals, musical notes, and chemical values, become international, which is the position the written Chinese characters occupy with the neighbouring countries of Japan, Anam, the Corea, and many of the islands whose inhabitants would be orally unintelligible to one another.

Never was a man in whom the pursuit of knowledge was more ardent, or the desire to communicate to others the knowledge he acquired more active. "I sit," he says, "in silence when I study the teachings of the past; I feel no weariness in these studies; I would communicate them to others without weariness."¹ And his philanthropy is well expressed in the comprehensive axiom that "wisdom and virtue would be complete if the good of all were secured." When asked to define wisdom, he said it was "affection and benevolence in action."² In his continual references to the sages of old, he claimed for them no divine authority, no miraculous powers. They had propagated no creed, established no priesthood. All that concerned worship and sacrifices he left to be settled by those who were officially appointed to superintend them. In his contemplations of the spirits who ruled the heavens and the earth—those who controlled the storms and the seasons and the harvest—there was an unapproachable *Tien*, behind and above all, such as the old fire-worshippers saw reflected in, but concealed by the sun, or such as ruder nations have heard in the voices of the elements. "I know not," was his frequent answer to questions when neither his reading nor his experience gave him materials for a satisfactory reply. On one occasion, when reproached for his silence, he answered, "What is the language of heaven? Do not the four seasons follow one another in their courses? Are not generations one after another brought into life? What then is the language of heaven?"

The maxims of Confucius have, for the most part, superseded, but at the same time to some extent they absorbed, the teachings of the sages who preceded him. He professed to derive all his authority from the instructions which had descended from ancient time. He said, "I revise and explain; I do not originate." And this habitual recognition of the reverence due to departed saints and sovereigns strengthened his influence with a people among whom ancestral

(1) Lun Yu.

(2) Ibid.

worship was a universal *cultus*. He professed never to disturb, though willing reverentially to expatiate on, the maxims which had the sanction of departed ages. "Discuss not," he said, "that which is perfect; advise not on that which has been already done; censure not that which you cannot change."

Though some resemblance may be traced between the conceptions which, in every part of the world and in all ages, the high intellects have formed of the Power which created and which governs the universe, whether by laws immutable and ever-enduring, or modified to suit the changing conditions of our race, these conceptions will be everywhere influenced by the education, habits, climate, language, laws, and other circumstances which surround the individual or the associated man. Many of the teachings of Confucius respecting God and duty will approve themselves to our most elevated views. "Worship as if the Deity (Tien) were present; worship the Deity because he is (everywhere) present. If the mind be not in the worship, it is as if you worshipped not."

When Confucius was asked whether there was any one word which represented all the duties which should be exhibited in the whole course of life, he answered "*Shu!*" a word whose meaning is "reciprocity," of which he himself and his commentators give the interpretation which may be almost verbally translated by the Christian maxim—"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." This lesson is given in many forms:—"As I would not that others should injure me, so would I not injure them;"¹ and again, "To seek the good of others equally with your own is to fill a large portion of the field of virtue."²

When one of his followers complained that every man had brothers, but that he had none, Confucius answered in the memorable words, "Within the four seas" (*i.e.*, within the world's boundaries) "all men are brothers." Surely a Christian doctrine beautifully enunciated. Indeed, without any irreverence, remarkable comparisons may be drawn between the teachings of Confucius and those of the great founder of Christianity. Detach from the personification of Jesus the superhuman in action and the divine in nature, and a very striking resemblance will be found between them; the more striking as the Chinese instructor had before him none of those grand conceptions of deity and duty which the "Son of David" derived from the study of Moses and the prophets, whose commandments, to use his own language, he came to destroy not, but to fulfil. At a very early age Confucius was accustomed to carry on inquiries in the temple, and one of the worshippers inquired what so young a man should know about right (the proprieties), and why was he so constantly asking questions? The youth answered, "This [the asking questions] is right" (proper). (Compare Luke i. 46-7.) If Christ

(1) Lun Yu.

(2) Ibid.

reproached a follower for calling him "good," Confucius reproved a disciple who asked him whether he was not "a saint—a perfect man," by repudiating the title, declaring he was far removed from such distinction, and that his only merit was an unwearied search after and study of the precepts of the saints. "Take no thought of what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or with what ye shall be clothed," was preceded centuries before by "Despise gay garments; require no costly food." The Pharisees were reproached by Jesus for binding heavy burdens and grievous to be borne. The claim of Confucius was, "I seek to practise virtue without being irksome, to teach wisdom without creating weariness."

"From you, my disciples,¹ I have concealed no doctrine; all that I have done I have communicated to you."² "All things that I have heard from the Father I have made known unto you." (John xv. 15.)

"Judge others indulgently; judge yourself severely." (Lun Yu.) "Judge not, that you be not judged. Condemn not, that ye be not condemned." (Sermon on the Mount.)

"If a man come to me desirous of reforming his conduct, I will deal with him as if he were reformed. I will not inquire into his past misdeeds, but admit him to my presence, nor menace him with inquiries as to what he will do after he departs." (Confucius.) "How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." (Matt. xviii. 21, 22.)

In the intercourse which took place between Confucius and his contemporary, Lao Tze, the founder of the Taoist or Reason Sect, the contrast between the quiet practical wisdom, the application of good sense to the daily business of life of the one, and the sour and cynical spirit of the other, is markedly exhibited. Kung Fu Tze was really a sage and a statesman; Lao Tze a monk and a hermit, whose pride counterfeited humility, whose scorn of official rank was probably the result of disappointment, and whose abnegation of a desire to congregate followers around him might have been his envy or jealousy of a man whom he might have deemed a rival, because more popular than himself. Confucius paid a visit to Lao Tze, who reproached him for his desire to convert others to his opinions—said it was pride and vanity, and not the love of truth and virtue, which led him to hold out public employment as a proper incentive to exertion, and thus compare his own superior teachings with those of his guest:—"The sage," said Lao Tze, "seeks to

(1) The number of the disciples who gathered round Confucius was about three thousand, of whom seventy-two were more intimately associated with him. The most beloved of these was Hwui. Confucius said of Hwui, "Though his dish was a piece of bamboo, and a cocoa-nut his cup, and a wretched shed his dwelling, and men could not bear the sight of his misery, his serenity was never disturbed."

(2) Lun Yu.

well in solitude. He does not desire public employment; he rather avoids it. He will not convey his thoughts to all comers, but attends to time and place, and prefers that his instructions should be known after his death rather than during his life. In auspicious days he speaks; in times of calamity he is silent. He knows that if he exposes his treasures they may be stolen from him, and will not tell everybody where they are to be found. A virtuous man does not parade his virtue; a wise man does not proclaim his wisdom. I have no more to say. Make what account you please of what I have said."

The teachings of Lao Tze have merged into gross idolatrous rites, magical observances, the study of astrology and necromancy, self-fictions, — such as dancing in flames, mutilating the body, practising abstinence and seclusion. The modern devotees have greatly corrupted the religion of their founder, whose doctrines, in spite of their asceticism, have much to recommend them. Such corruptions can hardly be justified by an appeal to that "reason" which the founder of the "Rationalists" made the groundwork of his cultus, and by which he wished all questions to be tested. The Followers of Confucius, who laid down "authority" as the basis of excellence, have sanctioned no such extravagances. It must be said, however, that the "authority" which Confucius revered and taught others to reverence was the *Tao Li* before referred to,—that mysterious mixture of reason, propriety, and ceremony, whose dictates are recognised by every sect in China; and the best answer to Lao Tze's animadversions, and the evidence of the superior sagacity of Confucius, is seen in the fact that Lao Tze himself refused office when it was offered to him by a usurper, answering that "magistracy could only be becomingly represented by the exercise of piety and the filial virtues."

The deportment of Confucius in all the details of individual, domestic, and public life is deemed the most perfect application of the *Li*, and multitudinous particulars are given by his contemporaries of his intercourse with the different ranks of society, from the monarchs to the meanest of their subjects. For example, in the ancestral temples he is reported to have put every question with such clearness and caution, but at the same time with such reverential respect, as to obtain immediate attention. In the presence of the sovereign his countenance exhibited profound awe and imperturbable gravity: thus—the teacher exhibits the gesture—when summoned to receive the commands of his prince, he composed his features (thus), adjusted his robes, walked slowly forward, and performed the appropriate obeisance (thus). Even when passing the empty throne he looked (thus), adjusted his feet (thus), suppressed his words, and even his breathing could not be observed. When he entered the palace

he shook his garments as a bird shakes its wings, and on leaving the palace he raised his arms like a bird set free. When the imperial seal was handed to him he bent his body, as if unable to bear the weight of the honour; he then elevated the seal with an appropriate salutation, and next held it so low that the person to whom was transferred could receive it becomingly. He never took an exalted place, or entered by the grand staircase or the central portal of the palace. (Compare Luke xiv. 8—11.) Whenever he visited a tribunal his serious bearing showed his respect for the law. He added to the value of his gifts by the sweetness and sincerity with which he conferred them. In his dress he accommodated himself to the change of position and of the seasons. When sick and visited by the sovereign, he directed his state robes to be thrown over him. On ordinary occasions his dress was marked by simplicity. "His black robes were trimmed with the fur of a black antelope; his plain robes with that of a white fawn; his yellow with those of the fox." At meals he required his table to be placed at right angles; his food to be cut into small square pieces; he used ginger for condiment; he drank moderately of wine; ate no unripe fruit; and at every meal poured out a libation in honour and in memory of his ancestors. He attended the great ceremonials of the court in courtly robes; he mingled in the festivities of the villagers, always accompanying the village elders; encouraged the rural music—of which, indeed, he was a critic and a judge. Among other evidences of his sympathy with the people, he descended from his carriage when he met the officers who were charged with making the census returns.

The influence of Confucius is nowhere more markedly seen, nowhere more permanently preserved, than in those competitive examinations through which the highest rank and the most envied social position are reached. His moral axioms are the texts, the elucidation of which, as found in the annotations and explanations of other distinguished teachers, or in the practical conduct of illustrious personages, opens a wide field for the display of the sagacity and the erudition of the student. Scarcely less so do his references to the *Li*,—the ceremonial code whose obligations are to be recognised in all the conditions of individual, social, and official life. His condensed wisdom invites to endless interpretations and developments: his collection of ancient poetry is still deemed to furnish the best models for modern imitation. In a word, his books cannot be read, his history cannot be studied, the impress of his name and fame on hundreds of millions cannot be observed, without re-echoing the inscriptions found in the temples of the sage,—“Great! great! great is Confucius!”

J. BOWRING.

LEONORA CASALONI.

BOOK II.—IN THE MAREMMA.

CHAPTER I.

VERY HARD LINES FOR IL GUFONE.

LARDI was safely deposited in due course at the Innocenti strangely-assorted conductors; and Il Gufone did not execute the commission with which Lucia had entrusted matter related at the close of the last book.

Il Gufone, never did neglect to do any small matters the Signora Lucia might occasionally entrust him. He had the habit of disregarding the behests of his patron, being thereto, as Signor Sandro had said, by a reasonable regard to his own neck. But it was far more sure that anything which the Signora Lucia might ask of him would be punctually performed. Her quiet, melancholy, sad way, had been kind to the vainly-gainly boy; and the extraordinary singularity of such a character had made a remarkable and lasting impression upon him.

Eleonora Giuditta Fermi was the person who seemed to have most changed from the journey to Florence. She had become taciturn and uncommunicative. Her gossips thought that she was either ill or growing rich, so little inclination did she show for the enjoyment of the society she used to be so fond of. That at the poor woman never indulged herself in a chat with- out being galled from a terrible dread that she might allow the secret she was laden to escape her: by dint of ceaseless vigilance and self-control, however, she avoided committing the offence to bring down so terrible a penalty upon her. And the child which lived and was growing up in Sandro Vallardi's house, not his own, remained known only to the four persons who had been cognizant of it.

Eleonora, at any rate, did not seem to be affected by the change with which the Signora Lucia's husband charged her. She grew and thrived apace. And after a very few days, during which the smart at her heart had made Signora Lucia imagine that she hated the child,—the "brown thing," as she called it,—not only ceased to hate it, if she had in reality ever done so, but her gentle heart and soft motherly instincts made it become very dear to her.

She was not altogether a child whom a less tender foster-mother would have loved; for she was troublesome, high-spirited, and chancy-tempered. Physically, however, though she was for a while the "brown thing" that Lucia in her first anguish at the loss of her own fair and pink-complexioned darling had called her, she was all that could delight a parent's heart. She seemed to grow perceptibly in loveliness every day, as the weeks rolled themselves into months, the months into years, and the years rolled on. She had an unusually large quantity of the most lovely black silky hair, which made an admirable contrast with the dead-white skin of her no longer brown neck and brow. Her great deep liquid eyes seemed to occupy half the surface of the childish little face, and were shaded with very long black silken lashes, which lay, when she slept, on the delicate white cheek below like a deep fringe. The strongly-arched eyebrow above was already marked in a delicate dark line on the marble-white forehead. At seven she was as beautiful a little fairy as can be imagined. At twelve she was lanky, long-looking in face, and body, and limbs almost gaunt in the leanness of her face and figure, the thin fleshlessness of her dark yet *mate* white cheeks, and the portentous largeness of the great, wide-opened, earnest-looking eyes. Yet to those who were competent judges of the symptoms and foreshadowings in such matters, it was even then evident that the lapse of some three or four more years would find the little Leonora Vallardi—for such she was supposed to be by all the world around her—a very lovely girl.

So much for her progress towards physical perfection. The facts of the case are told in a few words, and are very easily imagined and understood; but the history of the moral and intellectual training which, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally administered, to good result or to evil result, she was picking up during the same time, cannot be quite so easily told, or so readily comprehended.

Of all the agencies around her which contributed, or might be supposed to have contributed, to that fashioning of her mind and heart which is usually designated by the vaguely general term education, her supposed father, Sandro Vallardi, was the one who had the smallest influence. Sandro was year by year less and less at home. His absences were longer than ever, and succeeded each other mostly with but a few days, or at most a week or two, of interval. By degrees, too, his wife, as well as everybody else who was in any degree honoured by his acquaintance in and about Talamone, began unconsciously at first to feel that the periods of his absence were better times than the shorter intervals of his presence at home. Life in the lone house in the woods upon the hill above Talamone went on tolerably enough when the master of it was away. If it could hardly be said that there was any great amount of happiness there,—

especially as concerned the lone woman who carried so many an imperfectly cicatrised sorrow in her heart,—there was at least a certain degree of quiet content. The tears were less often in the Signora Lucia's eyes than used to be the case. As for the little Leonora,—it is generally supposed and accepted that children are always happy, simply by virtue of their childhood. The theory is perhaps less accurately correct than pleasant. But the fact is that it is often very difficult to tell whether a child is happy or not. Of course some may be seen to be very evidently happy; and more, alas! may be, with very little danger of error, pronounced to be very decidedly the reverse. But how many little, silent, undemonstrative hearts there are, of which who shall say what the shy reticence and proud want of confidence covers! Pride, I take it, enters far more largely into the causes of childhood's communications or non-communications with the world around it than is generally imagined.

What amount of aught that can be called happiness fell to the lot of little Leonora during those years of her life at Talamone it would be hard to say. She was by no means a communicative child; though, save on rare occasions, not ungentle, and within the very small circle of those on whom it was possible for her to bestow love, by no means unloving. Lucia had long since come to love her as if she had been indeed her own; and Leonora, it could not be doubted, loved her dearly in return. Next to Lucia, what human being was there near her on whom affection could be expended? Il Gufone was the only other member of the little household as it was constituted during the times of Sandro's absence, which covered at least nine-tenths of the year. Gufone was now mostly at home. From time to time Sandro would take him away with him; and no word ever fell from Nanni Scocco's lips when he returned to Talamone to throw any light on the cause, the nature, or the whereabouts of these excursions. But, for the most part, Sandro took the habit of leaving him at home during these years. The "family" in the lone house on the promontory then generally consisted of a trio,—the Signora Lucia, little Leonora, and Nanni Scocco, Il Gufone.

It may seem to most readers,—more especially to any of the gentler sex and of still blooming cheeks, whose eyes these pages may be fortunate enough to meet,—that Il Gufone, as the reader knows him, was not a promising object for the investment of any of the treasures of affection which the young heart is always seeking some opportunity of "putting out" to advantage. Nevertheless it was the fact that Leonora loved Il Gufone as well, if not better, than she loved Lucia. It is not of course the love of a maiden that I am speaking of, but that of a child. And though Leonora, if Nanni Scocco had been for the first time presented to her,—say at ten or twelve years old,—would probably have run from him with terror and repugnance; yet,

having known his great shock red head, and ugly white face, and grotesque shuffling limbs, as one of the phenomena of the outward world with which she had earliest become acquainted, and having, on the other hand, invariably found that this gnome was not a baneful creature, but for her at least a beneficent one, Leonora, in the utter absence of any more promising investment, had invested a large amount of surplus love capital in the Gufone.

Among other matters in which the gnome had been found beneficent, he had been the main agent in the child's education, in the more restricted sense of the term. The Signora Lucia when a girl would have been returned in the census, if Italy had in those days dreamed of such statistical luxuries, as among the number of those who could read and write; and at her marriage she had signed her own name in the register. But if poor Lucia at the time now spoken of had been required to give any proof of her acquirements in either reading or writing, she would probably have shown that if reading and writing "come by nature," they may also quite completely go by an entirely natural process.

Now Nanni Scocco, the Gufone, could not only read and write, but could do both these things readily and well. It was strange, perhaps, that such should be the case. But in Roman Catholic communities, ruled, as Italy was ruled in those days, the dispensation of the elements of education among the people is not so much absolutely null as capricious. Of course the clergy are the only educators. Of course any large scheme for the educating of the nation would have been an abomination and an utterly intolerable absurdity to their minds. But the Roman Catholic clergy have never been averse from educating, after their own fashion, such odds and ends of humanity as happened to come immediately under their hands, and were not too numerous to be dealt with by irregular and individual exertion. Specially they have been willing to give such instruction as they know how to give, to any of the various classes of individuals who are hangers-on in any way of their own order, acolytes, chorister boys, sacristans, cross-bearers, and such like.

Now the probability is that Nanni Scocco had picked up his education, or rather the means of educating himself, in some such capacity. It would have been a tolerably safe bet that Il Gufone had at one time of his life been familiar with the interior of a sacristy; and it would be quite in accordance with the experience that any one may gather from a fairly wide field of observation in the ecclesiastical strata of Roman Catholic society, if it were supposed that the moral education which adapted him for the purposes to which Sandro Vallardi put him, and which cropped out in such manifestations of idiosyncrasy as have been recorded of Il Gufone,

was gathered from the same field which had furnished the intellectual raining of which we have been speaking.

The fact is that poor Nanni Scocco had been furnished by nature, as he so often boasted, with a larger allowance of brains than she often allots to more daintily and precious-fashioned brain-caskets. Had other matters been "in a concatenation accordingly," Nanni would doubtless have been called and recognised as a very clever fellow. As it was, the world considered that nothing better than a half-wit could dwell within such a head; and behaving to him always in accordance with this theory, had produced in him a strangely distorted and twisted mental fabric, curiously mottled with information and ignorance, shrewdness and imbecility, cross-grained perverseness and loving tenderness, respect for knowledge and hostility towards the classes of society mainly in possession of it. And this curiously gnarled spirit, inhabiting the strangely repulsive frame the reader wots of, had been the principal guide, philosopher, and friend of the child who was now rapidly growing into a rarely lovely woman;—her master, pastor, and spiritual teacher; the companion of her wanderings about the shores, and woods, and crags; her protector, when she ventured into the haunts of men and the great world, as represented by the town and port of Talamone; and the source of all the knowledge she possessed beyond such as the opening of her eyes on the world around her could impart.

And, as I have said, the child loved her strange companion with strong child's love; loved him as one may see a strong-hearted child love a dog or other such companion! Any intimation that the ungainly creature could claim the rank of a fellow-creature,—that he was in any sense of the same nature or order of being as herself,—would probably have revolted Leonora terribly. Of course no definite thought of the kind, or indeed upon the subject at all, had ever crossed her mind, but it was there none the less real because unrecognised feeling.

As for the poor Gufone himself, his feeling towards his pupil was the only form of worship that his mind had ever known;—and doubtless he was, poor ungraced creature! infinitely the better for even that form of it.

The only other person whom the child Leonora saw sufficiently often to learn to know her was Giuditta Fermi. She never by any chance came near the lone house on the promontory on the rare occasions when the master of it was at home. She would always, indeed, contrive, if possible, at such times to go away, the further the better, from Talamone and its neighbourhood, to the house of some one of her country clients. It was somehow or other always very well known at Talamone when Signor Sandro Vallardi was at home. And when she was sure that he was away, Giuditta would

very often stroll up the hill in the evening, to look in on Signora Lucia, and have a bit of supper and chat. There was never any great straightness of means in Signor Vallardi's house. His unkindness to his wife never took the form of stinting her in the necessities of life, and the very modest comforts to which she had been accustomed. Very little money was needed for the supply of all that the little family required, and money always came in abundantly sufficient amounts for all those small requirements. The appearance of the Signora Giuditta a little before the supper-hour was always very welcome to Lucia. It was the only point of contact with the world of her fellow-creatures that existed for her; and for poor Giuditta, Lucia was the only person with whom she could talk with freedom from the never-absent dread that she should drop some dreadful word which might be the means of bringing down upon her head that terrible sword of vengeance that she knew was always suspended above it.

Il Gufone could not be said to be the only instructor of Leonora. Lucia, though her teachings did not take the semblance of "book learning," also taught the child much; and her teachings were not the less valuable that they were of a nature which the child's character especially needed, and which she was for that reason the less disposed easily to assimilate and profit by. The things that Lucia had learned in a school which impresses its lessons more deeply than her teachers of the art of reading and writing had done in her case, and which she therefore was well qualified to teach in her turn, were resignation, gentleness of heart and of temper, long-suffering without loud complaint, and an imperishable faith in the conviction that loving is better than hating,—that a woman's happiness in the world is to be loved, and her part and her duty to love.

Thus Lucia and Il Gufone had both their parts in Leonora's training; but I do not think that the third of the trio which formed her world—La Giuditta—did much in the same direction. It may be feared, indeed, that her frequent presence did somewhat to counteract some of Lucia's teaching; for by the time she was twelve years old, poor Giuditta became the butt against which many of the sharp arrows of Leonora's ridicule and caustic wit were directed. Nor did her other instructor at all counteract this tendency; on the contrary, he was the partner and the accomplice in many a prank played off at poor Giuditta's expense, and many a quip and sally of which she was the frequently unconscious victim.

And thus the years went on, till all of a sudden, as it seemed to the Gufone, Leonora began to show that she did not like to be carried across the mountain streams, which often had to be crossed in their pathless wanderings, in the arms of her companion. Nanni com-

ted this at first, assuring her that there was no danger, that he was strong enough to carry her though she were twice as heavy, and braiding her with having turned coward all at once. Then one by a sudden conception, a flash of enlightenment, darted through his mind like an electric shock! His white face suddenly became a deeper red than his fiery hair. He turned away with his head bent downwards towards the earth, as though he had been lashed; and he never proposed to carry Leonora again.

Little rest had the poor Gufone that night, tossing and tumbling out in feverish attempts to make it clear to himself whether he most loved or most hated the beautiful child, who had thus silently and treacherously grown into a beautiful maiden, and made him retched. He told himself that he hated her, and always would hate her, and should feel a pleasure in clutching her slender throat with his bony long fingers, till he had squeezed the life out of her. And then he writhed in his truckle bed, and turned his face to the wall and burst into bitter tears,—the first bitter tears that he could ever remember to have shed. And much he marvelled at himself, and thought that he must be ill in body. Was it the fever that had attacked him, too, at last? He knew only that he was very miserable, and that somehow it was Leonora's fault. And then he fell to devising schemes for making it manifest to her how bitterly he hated her.

And so, being utterly unable to sleep, he rose and stole silently from the house, and laboured during the midnight hours at hewing the wood, and raising in their places the upright posts, to form the framework of a summer-house, which Leonora had the day before set her heart upon building on a crag of the promontory which commanded a lovely view of the sea, and the Monte Argentario to the distance. Poor Gufone!

Then, when at last the morning came, it was worse. For Leonora could not understand that the night work bestowed upon the summer-house meant anything else, except that good old Gufo was anxious to please her as he always was. And she thanked him as freely and unconstrainedly as if he had really done it because he meant to please her, and took no heed whatever of the sombre looks which were meant to express to her how far otherwise the real state of the case was, and did not seem the least bit in the world sorry that he should have thus laboured for her. To Leonora it would indeed have seemed strange if Gufo had not been only too happy to spend his night, or his day either, in doing her will.

For all this, the readings, and the writing, and the explanations of difficulties did not cease, though Gufone swore to himself every night that they should do so the next day. But the next day came, and was passed as the day before it and its predecessors had been

passed. And Leonora grew more beautiful every day, and became, as Nanni continually told his only confidant,—himself,—prouder and prouder the prettier she grew!

She was between fifteen and sixteen when the period of life to which these notices belong had been reached. And it was only a few months after that time that events came to pass which effectually changed both the tenour of her life and the current of her thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

CESARE CASALONI.

ABOUT that time, when, as I have stated, events happened which powerfully influenced the future life and fortunes of Leonora Casaloni,—or Leonora Vallardi, as she was known to the world of Talamone,—some larger events happened, which were also powerfully influential on a larger scale. It was the time of one those many upheavings of the volcanic social soil of Italy which preceded the great, and, let us hope, final eruption of 1859. There were many of these premature attempts to throw off the incubus which pressed with intolerable weight on the vitals of the country,—attempts which ended only in the ruin and wretchedness of many families, in executions, exile, and confiscation, and which Europe, witnessing with pain these, as it seemed, inevitable results, stigmatised as unwise and deplorable, however heroic,—whereby Europe showed its own lack of faith in sundry eternal truths. The heroic self-sacrifice operated according to its nature, however, to the results ordained to follow from such efforts, despite the want of faith in the spectators of the drama, and produced its fruit in due season. And those who are discontented with the fruit that has been produced, may be consoled with the assurance that there is better fruit to come,—none of which could have been matured without the sacrifices which prepared the possibilities of it.

It was mainly and most frequently in the States of the Church that these outbreaks used to occur. But government was there at its worst; and the mingled temporal and spiritual tyranny and oppression made it more galling and utterly intolerable than the burthen of lay tyrannies, however heavy. The March of Ancona and Romagna was the principal scene of the outbreak which occurred at the time here alluded to. That long, narrow strip of exceedingly fertile alluvial soil which lies between the Apennine and the Adriatic, crowded with populous cities, which grew into celebrity in the arts, in literature, and in commerce under the stormy rule

air independent mediæval princes, only to sink into effeteness
 le cay under the leaden uniformity of priestly despotism, is in-
 ed by a race which has always shown itself impatient of tyranny.
 n and again they rose against the terrified despots, whose
 ted successes in crushing such outbreaks did not avail to
 er the cruelties prompted by terror with any of the moderation
 nscious strength. And again and again these attempts, born
 speration, were quelled and quenched in the blood of the best
 orthiest of the population. Always the old Tarquinian teach-
 as observed. The tallest and finest flowers were selected for
 utting down. Any baseness of tergiversation or treachery
 ready mercy in the tenderness of a Church which does not
 the death of any sinner,—except those whom it fears.

the insurrection of which mention has here been made, many
 men belonging to the upper classes took part, and some
 ig the names of the great families of the Roman aristocracy.
 hardly necessary to say that all these were very young men.
 is more apt to bear the ills it has, instead of flying to those it
 s of but too well. And the experiences of any life-time of
 ary duration were sufficient in those socially volcanic regions
 ow what were the immediate results to be expected from such
 ives.

ave spoken of the heroism displayed in these hapless attempts;
 ut much of which they would never have taken place. But it
 not follow that all who were concerned in them were heroes.
 ous impulses, in a certain measure, assuredly animated by far
 reater number of them. Some were doubtless induced to join
 orts to overturn the established order of things by motives of
 ature of those ascribed by Sallust to the followers of Catiline.
 aller number made the opportunities afforded by such effort
 as a screen for mere brigandage. And perhaps a very few
 sed to join in the revolutionary schemes with the intention
 the first of making profit by betraying them.

t those who willingly risked their lives and possessions in the
 of ameliorating the social condition of their country were not
 roes,—as those who know somewhat of human nature and of
 tionary movements will readily understand,—not all heroes any
 than all those who can feel poetry, and would fain produce it,
 l poets. They had heroic tendencies; but then the tares spring
 the flesh, the world, and the devil never fail to sow them thick
 h in the fields planted with youthful heroisms; and many
 s of twenty are at thirty disposed to limit their aspirations to
 ctability, let the powers that be, on the side of which that
 nd-tax-paying divinity always ranges herself, be what they

Among those compromised by the outbreak in question was a young man of the Casaloni family, and, from the circumstances of the family, a very important member of it. The Marchese Adriano, the head of the family, had been disappointed in early life both in love and in such ambition as it is possible for a lay grandee of the Apostolic Roman court to conceive. The result had been, that while still a comparatively young man, he had retired to the huge and gloomy villa on his ancestral property in the neighbourhood of Montamiata,—a very remarkable, richly-wooded mountain, situated close to the southern confines between Tuscany and the Roman States, and had lived there ever since unmarried and in great retirement. At the time in question he was a man of some fifty years, being at least ten years the senior of his brother Ercole, who was pushing his fortunes in the ecclesiastical career, with good hope of receiving in due time the earthly crown due to his merits, in the shape of a scarlet hat.

The career, however, which had thus been selected for the younger brother of the great house precluded the idea of any continuation of the family tree proceeding from him. The family honours might, and no doubt would be, duly and largely increased by his contributions to them; but the heirs to these and all the rest of the family greatness must be provided from some other source. There was no third brother living, and it had become evident now to the Marchese himself, if not to others, that no legitimate heir to the Casaloni name and estates would ever be born to him. Under these circumstances he had, three or four years before the time in question, called to him a cousin of the house, a certain Cesare Casaloni, then a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years old. He, it was determined, should be the heir of all the family greatness, and the transmitter of it to future generations. Of course the lad's parents, far-off cousins of the great family, desired nothing better, nor did, at least in the first instance, the lad himself. He and his parents lived in Rome, and he had been intended for the Church; but having violently and successfully struggled against that destiny, and being a remarkably tall and handsome youth, it had been hoped by his family that, by the assistance of his cousin, the Monsignore, a commission might be obtained for him in the noble corps of the Papal Guards. And in the hope of that superficially and personally splendid, but, in reality, very meagre promotion, he was waiting till his moustaches should be grown, and Fortune be ready to lend him a helping hand, when the family Jupiter, the Marchese Adriano, came to the determination above stated.

The young Cesare was to go at once to the Villa Casaloni, at the foot of Montamiata, there to live under the guidance of a tutor, and in the worshipful company of the Marchese, such a life as should be

fitting preparation for the high destiny which awaited him. They went, nothing loth. What sort of thing life in a splendid villa at the foot of Montamiata might be, he was naturally able to imagine himself but very imperfectly. He knew that he should have a gun of his own, and he ascertained that there was much game in the Montamiata woods. Probably, had he been a year older, he might have interested himself in inquiring what sort of human surroundings he might expect to find in his new abode. But interest in, and information respecting such particulars, came together at a somewhat later date.

Cesare came to Villa Casaloni, and found himself the victim of a series of disillusionments and disappointments. It was not that the villa was less magnificent than he had imagined it,—but it was very dull! It was not that his cousin the Marchese was less kind to him than he had hoped,—but the Marchese was portentously dull! It was not that the priest assigned him as a tutor was more severe or less respectful than he had expected,—but the Rev. Michele Profondi was awfully dull! The whole life around him and before him was of a leaden dulness of which the boy, accustomed to the life of Rome, had never formed a conception. And dulness is one of the few human evils which becomes not more tolerable, but more intolerable, by the repetition of it.

The Marchese had but one subject of thought, of study, or of conversation,—the family greatness, the family honours, the family genealogy; and though the young man, who had been suddenly introduced to the ownership and enjoyment of all these things, was at first unwilling to listen to the detailed account of all the magnificence that was to be his, he soon became dreadfully bored by the constant repetition of it.

Then, although his family at Rome had always been among those who were known to be entirely well-affected to the Papal Government, the lad himself had frequented company which, had they been aware of the fact, would have been highly disapproved by his seniors, and which had, to a certain degree, inoculated him with liberalising notions and tendencies. He was not without some tincture of tastes and studies, the nature of which inclined his mind in that direction. The gods had made him poetical! He had read Dante, and Alfieri, and Filicaja; and had himself indited sonnets on the stock subject of Italy's past glories and present decadence. There was not the stuff in him which could have prevented him from very genuinely preferring to be a wealthy marchese to being a poverty-stricken poet or patriot, but there was enough of the froth of liberalistic and revolutionary notions and sentiments fermenting in his mind, to render him contented with a system of things which made itself specially

manifest to him in the shape of a life too dreadfully dreary to be tolerated.

It had thus come to pass that, when the conspirators who had organised the movement that has been alluded to, thought that the time was ripe for insurrection, young Cesare Casaloni, then eighteen years old, had joined them ;—of course to the infinite horror, disgust, and indignation of his relative the Marchese ;—and, indeed, of all his relatives whatever. Of course the abortive attempt was very soon put down, and the time of proscriptions, condemnations, confiscations, executions, and hunting-down began. The Government were in possession of very accurate information as to the names of all those who had committed themselves by any outward act, especially of such as belonged by their connections to the upper ranks of society. There had been nothing like fighting. The matter had not been allowed to go far enough for that. But it was known, and was undeniable, that Cesare Casaloni had attended a certain meeting held at the dwelling of one of the principal leaders of the movement in the city of Rimini ;—all that passed at which was known to the Government with the utmost accuracy of detail ;—and also that he had been present at a much larger meeting of conspirators, with arms in their hands, at a lonely spot among the lower slopes of the Apennine, not very far from the same city. And no more than this was needed to make him a proscribed man, for the capture of whom the officers of the Government were very anxious.

It was towards the latter end of October that young Cesare Casaloni found himself very hard-pressed by the bloodhounds of the *sbirri*, who were bent on capturing him. He had escaped, with difficulty, from Rimini, together with one companion, in a small fishing-boat, which had landed them as night was setting in on a lonely part of the coast a little to the southward of that city. Their hope in embarking had been no more than this. The fisherman, who was with difficulty persuaded to render the two young men this service, had no idea of remaining out all night, nor had they any sort of provision for a longer voyage. Nevertheless, the good office rendered them by the boat was a very important one. They were out of Rimini ; and it would have been very difficult for them to have accomplished even thus much in any other way.

Having been safely landed on the beach in the immediate neighbourhood of the mouth of the river Marrano, in the first dusk of the rapidly-fading twilight, it became necessary, in the first place, to determine on their further course. And in the short and hurried debate which arose upon this question, the two fugitives differed in opinion. Casaloni's companion, a young Neapolitan, wished to keep near to the coast, and make southwards. The great post-road from Bologna to Ancona, passing through Rimini and the other cities

which thickly stud the lowlands between the Apennine and the Adriatic, runs at no great distance from the coast in this part of its course. And Casaloni urged the danger of the immediate neighbourhood of such a great highway, as a reason for preferring to strike into the mountains. Moreover, another motive was active in the case of his companion, which did not influence him. The young Neapolitan was anxious to return to his home. Casaloni had no home to which he could return. To have presented himself at the Villa Casaloni under his present circumstances would, he felt, have been almost, if not quite, as bad as walking into a guard-house of the Pope's soldiers. The result was that the two fugitives determined to separate;—a resolution which they came to the more readily from the well-founded belief that ultimate escape would be more possible for a single wanderer than for two compromised individuals travelling together.

The young Neapolitan, therefore, accompanying his comrade only far inland as was necessary to avoid the danger of passing too close to a post of coastguards established, as their friend the fisherman had cautioned them, at a lone tower called the Torre de Trinita, at the embouchure of the Marrano, then struck off southwards. And Casaloni, not without a somewhat bitter feeling, probably, that the loneliness of the Villa Casaloni was yet preferable to that of a lonely night on the flank of the Apennine, pursued his way towards the mountains.

He was not very far distant from the frontier of the little Republic of San Marino; and it is likely enough that the sound of that appellation carried with it a hope of safety to the ears of the young conspirator. But it would have been a grievous blunder to have trusted any protection to be found in the franchises or the liberalism of the miniature republic. For the republican authorities know too well that their eight-century old independence would have but very small chance of becoming any older if they were to suffer their little territory to be made the asylum of any political proscrip, or, indeed, of any fugitive whatsoever, from the grasp of their powerful neighbours. And a stranger from a city reeking with pestilence would be repulsed from a community trembling for its own safety more furiously than a proscribed rebel flying from the vengeance of the tyrant's father.

Chance, however, or the nature of the ground, and the direction of the little valleys which lay more intricately among the hills as he ascended the higher mountains, saved him from the commission of this error.

Behind the little town of San Marino, which is perched on a lofty cliff, the highest point of its little territory, there is a very lonely and wild part of the Apennine. The town, on its lofty and isolated eminence, faces towards the Adriatic and the opposite coast of Dal-

matia, which may be seen from the battlements of its ancient castle. By the phrase "behind the town" is meant, therefore, the region to the westward, extending towards Tuscany. The existence of the Tuscan frontier in this direction afforded also a very well-founded reason for choosing the course which Casaloni had chosen, for when once this should have been crossed he would be comparatively safe. The Grand Ducal Government at that time was on perfectly friendly terms with that of Rome, and would not have replied by a negative to any demand for the extradition of a political fugitive; but the Tuscan government would have avoided complying with the demand if they could have found any colourable means of doing so. And certainly no Tuscan official would spontaneously give himself any trouble to arrest or interfere with one merely suspected of being such. To reach the Tuscan frontier would therefore be a great point gained. The country between it and the labyrinth of intricate valleys into which Casaloni had found his way is a very wild and thinly-inhabited one. The main danger had already been surpassed when the thickly-inhabited low country, and the neighbourhood of its towns, and numerous large rich villages, was left behind him.

Wandering onwards, almost without any object save that of gradually making westward as far as he could, and of finding some place at which it would not be too dangerous to ask for shelter for the night, he had gradually climbed to a considerable height on the mountain side, chiefly because he had felt that among the sinuosities of the valleys he was losing all certainty of the direction in which he was going. Gradually, too, the country he was traversing was becoming wilder and more entirely desolate; and he began to fear that he should be obliged to lay himself down on the bare hill-side supperless as he was, and so await what the morning light should bring. But just as he was resigning himself to this course his ears caught the sound of a not very distant bell. As far as he could see he was on the open side of an utterly trackless mountain waste,—a very unlikely place to find any village, however poor and small. He made his way, however, towards the sound without much difficulty, for the ground was entirely open. There was neither enclosure, fence, nor any sign of cultivation on all the bleak hill-side.

Presently he came to the building above which the bell was ringing,—a very small but strongly-built edifice, with a strong door deeply recessed in its round-arched doorway; a little hermitage, or "eremo," as it called itself, or small priory belonging to a Franciscan convent situated at a not very far distant, but less bleak and desolate, part of the mountain. It frequently occurs that the convents of the austere orders, situated in solitary parts of the mountains, have outposts, as it were, placed in yet more dreary, exposed and desolate parts of the mountain, to which brethren are sent on

from the principal establishment, either as a measure of discipline or as a means and proof of extra sanctity.

It was such an establishment, of a very humble and modest kind, situated some few miles distant from a larger Franciscan convent on the same lofty and desolate hill-top, called the Monte di Carpegno, that Casaloni had fallen in with. Had it been a police bureau, with the Papal arms and cross-keys over the door, the fugitive would almost have been tempted to enter, so dead beat was he, and so terrible seemed the prospect of wandering about shelterless and without food on that hill-side all the night. But in truth he could hardly have fallen in with a safer asylum for the night at least. It was not that the friars might be expected to sympathise at all with the cause which had made him a proscrip̄t and fugitive, or that it might be safe to trust to their hospitality for too long a period;—not for so long a period, perhaps, as might suffice for a slow-crawling monk, with his *besace* over his shoulder, to wander down the mountain to Rimini, and for a brisker police-agent to climb from Rimini to the little priory. But for some hours the Franciscan hermitage was as safe a harbour as he could wish, and he was quite sure of not being refused admittance. These mountain convents and priories deem it part of their especial duty to give shelter and some modicum of such food as they have to travellers.

Casaloni pulled the great iron ring at the end of the large chain that hung by the side of the clamped and nailed door, and in a minute a ponderous bolt was heard grating in its staple, and a gaunt, spare, barefooted figure in brown serge, with knotted cord around his attenuated body, appeared in answer to the summons. There was no delay in responding to it, for the little community, consisting of four members, as Casaloni soon learned, was afoot, and the bell which he had heard was ringing for the service of the first canonical hour of the night.

“I have been out shooting, *frate mio*,” said Casaloni, “and have been belated, and lost my way; and was thinking that I must lay me down on the bare ground, when I heard your bell. And if I don’t find shelter with you, I must lie here at your gate, for I am too tired to go any farther.”

“*Passi, signore*,” said the friar, opening wide the door, and standing aside to let the stranger enter. “Of course such shelter and food we have is yours for the claiming of it; but it is but little of either we have to offer, and you must share that little with another, for you are not the first comer to the door to-night.”

The announcement was rather startling to Casaloni, for it struck him that the belated stranger who had been a little beforehand with him might well be some one of those who were out in search of him and others similarly wanted. Still, another moment of reflection told

him that *sbirri* and *giandarmi* rarely move save in pairs; and, at all events, he had by that time passed the doorway, and the friar had closed and rebolted the door with a reverberating bang.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS NOT ALWAYS A FRIEND INDEED.

CESARE CASALONI found himself in a very small flag-paved open court of irregular triangular shape, on which the entrance-door opened beneath a low-browed arch, over which was a portion of the upper story of the building. On one side the little space was enclosed by the west front-door of the small and humble chapel, over which was a slightly-elevated peak of wall, in an open triangular-shaped hole in which, hung the bell which had attracted his steps to the building. Over the doorway, which together with a dark wood-house on one side, and an equally dark sort of cellar and general store-room on the other, occupied all that side of the court, was a couple of rooms, evidently the best in the building; and these were the guest chambers, appropriated for the reception of travellers who sought the hospitality of the hermitage. The third side of the court, which looked as if it had grown into its queer irregularity of form rather than been built so in accordance with any plan, was occupied by the little refectory and smaller kitchen on the ground floor, and half-a-dozen little bits of cells on the story above. And this constituted the entirety of the small priory.

The entire community, with the exception of the porter, who was also bell-ringer, sacristan, cook, and attendant on strangers,—all the rest of the community, numbering three souls, were *in coro*,—in the little chapel, performing the first choral service of the night. The stranger within their gates was not apparently availing himself of the privilege of joining in their devotions, for there was a light visible in the shutterless windows of the room over the gateway. Casaloni's guide turned to a very small round arched doorway under the archway of entrance, so placed as to be at right angles to the outer door, and opening it, showed a narrow and very steep stone stair, which led to the rooms above. The young man followed him, not without some anxiety as to what manner of man his fellow-guest might prove to be. He is, at all events, thought Casaloni, not so tired as I am, or he would already be in bed and asleep.

His conductor opened another small door at the head of the stair, and Casaloni found himself in the presence of the man whose supper and chamber he was to share. The outer room, or that first reached

from the stair, was a little sitting or eating-room ; and the second room opening from it a sleeping-chamber, provided with a couple of beds.

It was very bare—the little sitting-room—but perfectly clean ; for the mendicants do not seem to think it necessary to apply the same rule of mortification by dirt to their habitations which they carry out so rigorously in their own persons. The boarded floor of the little room was quite clean, the white deal table in the middle of it was clean, and the rush-bottomed purgatorially-constructed chairs were clean. There was a fireplace very large for the size of the room, and a large fire was blazing in it ; for though it was only October, and the weather was still fine, and even hot down on the lowlands by the coast, a good fire was by no means an unnecessary luxury on the bleak top of the Monte Carpegno.

And the previous occupant of the room was enjoying this portion of the friars' hospitality to the utmost. There were but four small rush-bottomed chairs in the room ; and of these he was occupying three, placed so as to serve as nearly as was possible the purpose of a sofa in front of the blazing beech-logs. Close to his elbow, on the narrow stone mantel-shelf, was an emptied flask of red wine.

The stranger was a tall and strikingly handsome man, whose black hair and abundant black beard were beginning to be very sparsely streaked with threads of silver. His long and well-shaped limbs, clothed in brown cloth breeches and leathern gaiters, were thrown with a not inelegant carelessness over the chairs he was monopolising ; and his handsome head was thrown back, so as to lean against the corner formed by the projection of the fireplace. He did not rise, or in any way change his lounging position, when Casaloni entered ; but he raised from his head the soft black felt hat, which was overshadowing his brows, in somewhat careless salutation, and then replaced it without speaking.

“ Good evening, signore ! ” said Casaloni. “ I am afraid that it is hardly a case of ‘ the more the merrier ’ in these quarters ; and that you would have fared all the better if I had not been belated on the mountain, as I suppose you were also. ”

“ Umph ! ” said the stranger with a shrug ; “ there are a couple of beds in that kennel in there, and I never use more than one at a time, and am not particular as to my chamber-mates. But I was not belated on the mountain myself, any more than you were ! ”

The friar had by this time left the room to get the new-comer something to eat, and the two strangers were alone. Casaloni stared at the man who uttered the above somewhat rude speech a little uneasily before he replied.

“ As for me,” he said, “ I certainly was belated, as you may see

for yourself; and I am sure I can't guess what on earth else should bring a man to such a place as this at this time of night."

"Well, I don't know," said the stranger carelessly, without moving from his lounging attitude. "I should have thought that many a motive might bring a man here; as, for instance, the necessity of escaping from the Holy Father's *sbirri*, after conspiring against his Government."

Casaloni changed colour, and started visibly; but in the next instant, assuming an air of careless ease, he drew the fourth chair to the other corner of the fireplace, and sat down over the fire.

"I suppose," he said, after reflection for a minute or two, "that you know me; though I have not a notion where I have ever seen you before. But I imagine you are not inclined to do the work of the Pope's spies for them."

"I!" said the stranger; "bless your soul, no! Not I! When I want a score of scudi or so, which occurs now and then, I know of an honester way of coming by them than by turning a priest's spy for them. No; you are in no danger from me."

"So I should have supposed. Perhaps you were one of us in this last affair."

"Look here," said the stranger, touching his beard with his finger.

"What do you mean?" said Casaloni. "If that is one of the signs, it is one that they have not taught me, and——"

"It is a sign that may be understood without any teaching," said the other. "Don't you see the white hairs in my beard? I take it all the beards of your friends who were concerned in this affair were black, or maybe brown, weren't they? No grey ones, I fancy, eh?"

"Ah! I see what you mean now. I suppose we were all, or pretty well all, young men," replied Casaloni, simply.

"All, to a man, you may take your oath. Ah, old fellows have had enough of all that, and have given up the profitable game of kicking against the pricks, before they come to my age, you may swear. But it's no business of mine. I've no objection to the young 'uns having their fling of fun, not I!"

"But where have you known me?" rejoined Casaloni, looking at the stranger's strikingly handsome face more attentively than he had yet done; "I cannot remember to have seen you before. But since you know who I am," he continued, "perhaps you can give me news of the Marchese?"

"Where was he when you left him?" asked the stranger, speaking with apparent carelessness.

"At Villa Casaloni to be sure! I don't think he has left it for night for years past," replied the young man, suffering himself to be pumped with the utmost facility.

The old fellow will not have been very well pleased at your meddling with business of this sort," said Vallardi—for he it was.

The remark was a very safe one; for Sandro knew quite enough of the Marchese to be very sure that he would not approve of any-
 whatever being concerned in an insurrection against the Govern-
 . When Casaloni had first entered the room he had not the
 least idea who or what he was; but he knew of course that a
 of insurrection had been detected and crushed, and that the
 all troops and *giandarmi* and *sbirri* were busily engaged in hunting
 those of the compromised who had escaped. And the nature of
 place, the geographical locality, and the appearance of the young
 , had led him to form a shrewd guess which Casaloni's simplicity
 at once converted into a certainty. It still remained for Sandro
 to discover who the new-comer really was.

The Marchese," he said, "will not have approved of your being
 business of this kind!"

Approve! No, *per Dio*; I should think not! I have ruined
 myself root and branch there. I should think the old boy
 would rather that the name of Casaloni should never be heard of
 , than that it should be inherited by a Liberal, let alone an
 agent!"

Is there any other of the family whom he could put into your
 ?" said Vallardi, who was well aware that the old Marchese
 Casaloni had taken into his house a young and distant member of
 family as his future heir, and who had now learned pretty well
 he wanted to know with regard to the stranger.

No, I think not! Not so far as I know;—none of the name!"

Cesare.
 Well, then, I think that you need not give up, Signor Marchese.
 will come round to the top of the wheel one of these days. And
 the Marchese, you will never have to ask him to forgive you,
 here. I had a mind to be sure that I was not mistaken in your
 speaking. But I am able to tell you that the Marchese died
 only the night before last."

Good God!" exclaimed the young man, with a sudden change
 of colour which marked the impressionable nervousness of his tem-
 perament; "are you sure of what you are saying? Poor old man!
 would have liked to have seen him once again!"

Surely better not, Signor Marchese! What would have been
 the good of seeing him only to quarrel with him. Better as it is,
 since he never heard of your proscription!" said Sandro, fishing
 , for Casaloni had not said a word as to being proscribed.

Very possibly not!" replied he innocently; "for news was
 slow a long time in reaching the Villa. But I don't see that it
 matters whether he heard of it or not, as it is!—Except,

indeed," he added with a sigh, "that, if he never heard of it, he would have been spared an additional pang of sorrow."

"Well, I don't quite see that," said Sandro; "though, of course, you know your own affairs best; but it seems to me that if he had heard of it, it might have caused him to alter his testamentary dispositions possibly."

"Ah! I never thought of that! And I don't see now, as things are, how I am likely to find out in a hurry whether he did so or not?"

"Do you know," asked Sandro, "whether he was in frequent correspondence with his brother, Monsignore Casaloni, in Rome?"

"I rather think not! Not that, as far as I know, there was any estrangement between them. But the Marchese was not in frequent correspondence with any body. He seemed never to wish to know anything about anybody or anything five miles away from Montamiata!" returned the young man, who, quite thrown off his guard by his companion's apparently intimate knowledge of members of his family, entirely forgot that the man he was talking to was a perfect stranger, whose name even he did not know.

"Well," said Vallardi, after a pause, during which his mind had been actively busy with sundry speculations and calculations; "well, Signor Marchese, I have been thinking that perhaps it may be in my power to ascertain for you how matters have been left by the old Marchese in this respect. And it is very desirable for you that you should know."

"Really I am very much obliged to you for the kind offer, but—you know, as I was saying just now, I do not remember where I can have seen you—and—excuse me, but—in fact, I do not know at all whom I am speaking to," said Casaloni, with the hesitation which a young man always feels in similar circumstances.

"My name! What, did I not mention it? My name is Sandro Vallardi,—a Tuscan! My acquaintanceship was mainly with Monsignore, the Marchese's younger brother. He and I knew each other very well many years ago. And I have a very pleasant recollection of the matters in which we were concerned to the mutual advantage of both of us. By the way, what are your present plans—for the immediate future—for to-morrow, I mean?"

"Well, to tell the truth, signore, I have hardly thought about that. I have had enough to think of to get safe to the end of each hour, without caring much for the one that was to come after! What would you advise me to do?" said the young man, with a young man's frankness.

"I should say that you could not have started better than you have," answered Sandro. "The Tuscan frontier is very near this; and when you are once across it you will have no difficulty in finding

safe hiding-place. The Grand Duke don't want a larger share than he can help of the curses the Pope gets so thick and hot from the whole country. They won't give up any refugees out of Tuscany, if they can help it. I wouldn't just go straight to Florence, or even to Leghorn, or Siena, if I was you. But if you want to keep out of the way for a while in Tuscany, nobody will be very sharp in looking after you."

"But how am I to get into Tuscany?" said Casaloni. "I have no knowledge whatever of the country. When I started from the east, I thought it would be easy to find my way straight westward. But my experience of last night showed me that it was a great deal easier to lose it. And when I start away from this place, I shall have no more idea which way to turn my face than if I was in the middle of the sea!"

"Well, it is wild country enough here about, and no way less so between here and the frontier. But that is your safety!" said Pallardi.

"Ay! if I could only find my way through it," returned the other. "But suppose, after wandering all day, I should find myself back again close to Rimini!—and, for all I can see, that is just as likely as not. I suppose there is no danger to be feared from these poor devils here?"

"Well, I should be very sorry to trust them with my neck, if they knew a lira was to be got by twisting it, or giving it to somebody else to twist. And you may depend upon it they have a pretty fair idea of what has procured for them the honour of housing you!"

"No! you don't say so! What, these fellows living here in a hermitage on the top of this mountain?" cried Casaloni incredulously, and yet with some dismay.

"Bah! *Accidente* to their hermitage! You must remember that these fellows do not live like the Camaldolesi in our Tuscan hills, always abiding at the top of their own mountain, and really knowing nothing about what's going on in the world, any more than if they were in the moon. These brown animals go all over the country with their sacks over their broad lazy shoulders, begging from house to house, and carrying gossip from one farm to another; and then hearing all the news in the convents of their order in the towns, where they put up for the night. Lord bless you, they know all about the insurrection, and like enough were the first to put the *sbirri* up to the game. They know that the *giandarmi* are after the runaways, and, like enough, know the names and the *marks* of every man that is wanted. I should not wonder a bit if the old humbug they call the prior has got, in some pocket under his beastly old frock, a note of your inches, and the colour of your eyes and your beard!"

“And yet you said I had made a good start?” remonstrated Casaloni, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

“And so you have. You are well on your way to the frontier, and have got through the most dangerous part of the country. And though I think it very likely that you might have the *sbirri* at the door of this den if you give these fellows another four-and-twenty hours to sell you in, you are safe enough for the night. It is many a long mountain mile from here to the nearest police-station. That is your safety. Not a man of the lazy beggars will dream of turning out on such an errand to-night. But you will see that one of them will be off with the first light of the morning to-morrow, and if you don’t want to be caught you had better be moving about the same time, and just in the contrary direction.”

“If I could only be sure of finding which direction that is, or of knowing at all which way I am going,” said the young proscrip rather gloomily.

“Well, I have been thinking that perhaps I might be able to help you,” said Sandro, after a pause, intended to give the young man time to dwell a little on the difficulties of his position, and to seem as if the speaker had to overcome considerable reluctance before he could make up his mind to incur the risk of so charitable an action. “I do not like,” he continued, “meddling in these matters. I have learned by experience that it is best to leave them alone, as I was telling you just now. My affairs often take me into the Pope’s country, and I might find it very awkward to have been engaged in helping to hide a man under proscription for rebellion. But, hang it! if one can never do a good turn to a fellow when he is down and hard-pressed, it would be a worse world to live in than it is! And, then, I knew your people, and should not be sorry to save the life of a Casaloni for the sake of old times. In short, I’ll risk it, rather than see you come to grief, which you probably would if left to your own guidance. I’ll see you safe across the frontier to-morrow morning.”

An older man, and perhaps a wiser one, than Cesare Casaloni, or at least one possessed of a larger share of that narrow knowledge which is usually called knowledge of the world,—certainly such a man as Sandro Vallardi had been at the same age,—would have felt some hesitation, under the circumstances, in trusting his life entirely in the hands of a perfect stranger, who might to all appearances have put a certain number of scudi in his pocket, and earned the reputation of a well-affected supporter of the Government, by simply guiding him across the country in one direction instead of the other. All that he knew in favour of the benevolent stranger was that he seemed acquainted with the names of his relatives,—people whose names and family relationships were well known to half the popula-

of the Romagna. He had no possible means of guessing that there were very sufficient reasons why, even if his new friend had dared to betray him, Signor Sandro Vallardi could not have been tempted to put his own valuable person within reach of the Holy Father's *sbirri* by a very much larger sum than the poor proscrip't's pay would have been worth. For these quite major reasons, Cesaroni was perfectly safe in his friend Sandro's hands. But there was no justification of his prudence in jumping at the offer without a shadow of misgiving as the young man did. But what a curse on one would be, if one never trusted anybody save those whom one is prudent to trust!

"*O signore! Davvero lei è troppo buono!*" cried Cesare, jumping up and stretching out his hand to the older man, who still continued to sit on his three chairs, and puff his cigar. "You will have saved my life; and you may depend on it, I shall never forget it. What must I write in my heart, as that of the man to whom I owe most in the world?"

Sandro laughed a little laugh, which seemed half pleased and half doubtful, and shrugged his shoulders, as he answered, "My name, Signor, is Vallardi—Alessandro Vallardi. I am but a poor man, as you will see when you see me in my home;—a poorer man maybe I should be, if all the people whom I have done as much and for in my life, as I am going to do for you, had thought as much of me as you seem to do;—and had *remembered* their thoughts," he added with marked significance.

"Don't think you will find that I forget mine, Signor Vallardi," said Cesaroni, "and——"

"Very good! I dare say you will not. Any way, I shall not forget you of them if you should forget all about it. Now, I am for bed."

"There are a couple of beds in that room there, and I dare say we shall not disturb each other. I suppose you will be ready to go at sun-rise?"

"To be sure! The sooner the better for me. Just give me a call when you are stirring, in case I should sleep heavy, for I am awfully tired."

"All right; let's turn in at once," said Vallardi, gathering himself up slowly, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, and filling himself a tumbler of wine from the flask which had been brought for the last comer.

COMPULSORY PRIMARY EDUCATION.

PRIMARY education may now be taken up at a point for which, a year or two ago, the public were altogether unprepared. Many things which then would have been warmly disputed may now be assumed. It may be taken for granted that the more education a man can get consistently with the discharge of his special duties, the better both for himself and for society. The great question now is how this is to be brought about. Some would be content if the present system were a little tinkered up; some have declared for a permissive rating bill, and others for a compulsory rating bill. For our own part, in spite of the cant in quarters from which better things might have been expected, about the danger of increasing the policeman's authority, or of in any way interfering with the liberty and dignity of the subject, we think that the compulsory principle cannot too soon be adopted. It can be shown, we think, *first*, that the present educational system is inadequate; and *second*, that it must remain inadequate if parents retain the power of keeping their children in ignorance. It is consequently the duty of the State to resort to coercion; and we propose to discuss the main objections to State interference.

To demonstrate the shortcomings of the present system no elaborate exposition of details need be given. It is enough to remind our readers that at present Government aid is confined to those who can to a certain extent help themselves. No one can deny the propriety of stimulating individual effort and energy by all legitimate means. But a plan of education limited by this principle cannot possibly satisfy the requirements of a nation. The chosen abodes of wealth and benevolence, which could best afford to dispense with extraneous assistance, are exclusively favoured by the State; while places so smitten by poverty and distress that the inhabitants, if told they should establish schools, would think their adviser mocked them, are left utterly uncared for by the Government. Unquestionably, the strong and active should be encouraged, but it does not follow that the weak and paralysed should be neglected. Because the one is done, the other need not be left undone; for if those who can help themselves are entitled to aid, surely those who are helpless have a still stronger claim to assistance.

How urgently such assistance is required, will be seen by a glance at the following statement:—"There were, therefore, more than 11,000 parishes which derived no assistance from what is called our education system, and the population of those parishes may fairly

estimated at not less than 6,000,000.”¹ In the debate last November on Lord Russell’s resolutions, the Duke of Marlborough, in a speech which was throughout remarkably sanguine, seemed to think that he destroyed the effect of the above figures as the basis of an argument for change. It is true that his Grace was able to mention one or two places where education went on without Government assistance; as he was only able to cut down the unaided parishes from 11,024 to 368, he can hardly be considered to have shown any material inaccuracy in Lord Russell’s melancholy description of the educational condition of the country. Indeed, both in November and again in March, when the Duke introduced the Government bill, his mind seemed more occupied with what had already been done in the cause of education than with the deficiencies still remaining to be cured. Manchester may be taken as affording a fair specimen of the condition of the working-classes in the more populous districts of England. The Report for 1867 of the Manchester Education Aid Society, which contains the following statements to the same effect as many others which have appeared in previous reports:—

The following is a tabular statement of the educational condition of parents and young persons from 12 to 20 years of age:—

“ Of 1,672 fathers, 465 cannot read.

“ Of 1,857 mothers 815 cannot read.

“ Of 1,660 persons between 12 and 20 years, 759 cannot read.

Nearly one-third of the fathers, almost one-half of the mothers, and about the same proportion of the young men and young women, are in a state of mental and physical ignorance!

These inquiries among the adult population have been confined to families which the Committee have assisted. It is only too probable that no higher standard of education prevails among families whose parents are able, but unwilling, to pay school-fees. It has already been stated, that out of 8,427 children of school age, but not at school, 4,336 belong to parents who can pay for education. In other words, of every 100 children not attending school, of school age, 51 belong to parents whose income is adequate to the payment of school-fees. No merely voluntary agency, such as the Education Aid Society, can make any impression on such parents.

Taking the total number of children of all ages above 3 years, living with parents or guardians, there were only 7,814 at school; while there were 10,205 not at school nor work. The remainder were at work. Thus, in every 100 children living with parents or guardians, who are not at work, there are 43 at school, and 57 not at school.”

Lack of money and apathy on the part of parents are not the only causes which keep so large a part of our population uneducated. It not unfrequently happens that religious differences stand in the way of co-operation. There are districts in which no one is rich enough to establish a school, and support from religious bodies is seldom to be expected. The best chance of union would be the establishment of a school on secular principles. Such a school, as the Report of the Committee of Council, 1863-4, quoted in the Draft Report of the Committee in 1866.

unfortunately, would not be countenanced by the Government; and it is not impossible that prejudice on this subject may hamper the legislature for many years to come. We venture, however, to think that two essentials of a reformed system will be, the extension of Government support to poor districts, and the adoption of the secular principle wherever the religious principle has failed.

But we are far from saying that this would be enough. Let the State be as lavish and free from prejudice as the most advanced reformer would desire, a large mass of people must necessarily remain uneducated, unless resort be had to what is, somewhat unluckily, called the compulsory principle. Take the case of a labouring man with a large family, who finds it difficult to make ends meet, even with the four or five shillings a week which we will suppose him to make by sending out some of his children to work. Though he be a man who has been educated himself and who values education, how great must be his foresight and self-control, if he prefers the future and contingent interest of his children to the sharp calls of immediate necessity.

But in a vast number of cases no such struggle takes place in the parent's mind. Ignorant himself, he is perfectly contented that his children shall remain ignorant. Is it not evident that as long as parents of either class are counted by thousands, though schools were brought to their very doors by the most ingeniously devised system, a large mass of the population would persistently refuse to leave the beaten track?

Some readers will, perhaps, agree with us up to this point. Not denying that, in a densely crowded country like ours, the day is far distant, when the duty of educating their children will be universally recognised by the labouring class, they will nevertheless say, "Better that this should be so, than that we should adopt any principle so hateful as that of coercion. It is bad that, improve our system as we may, men should still grow up ignorant. Yet the evil is less than that of interference with the sacred right of parents to manage their children." But having established a *primâ facie* case for compulsory education by showing that without it a part of the population must necessarily remain ignorant, let us examine the objections with which the advocates of such a system are usually met.

In the first place let it be remembered, that it is not the children who would suffer from compulsion. They would be no worse off than they are now. Whether they remain at home, or their parents send them to school, they equally live under control. It is important, then, to bear in mind that the parents alone would be coerced; they would, no doubt, experience the restriction of a right now accorded to them by the law. Why, however, does the law give a parent authority over his child? Surely, not to promote the convenience of

parent, but to secure the interest of the child. If the former be the *ratio legis*, the parent's privilege would not cease on the child's attaining the age of twenty-one, when, having reached years of discretion, he might be expected to be more useful than before. The reason of the law is clear. It is the supposed inability of a son under twenty-one to take care of himself. And that which is the basis of the right ought to regulate, and to a great extent does regulate, the mode of its exercise. A parent is not allowed to let his child starve. Now, there are many men and women for whom an early death from neglect would have been infinitely preferable to the life as they are now leading of uselessness, misery, and crime, directly attributable to want of education. Parents, moreover, are obliged to have their children vaccinated, and there are several trades in which a child may serve, unless on the condition of obedience to certain enactments regulating the hours of work, and making some provision for due instruction.

Nor is it by the legislature only that the duty of the State to protect parents in the interest of the children and of the public has been recognised. Few principles of the law are older or better established than that which enables the sovereign as *parens patriæ*, acting, of course, through the proper machinery, to remove children from the care and control of parents whose conduct is likely to be of prejudice to the morality and education of their offspring.

Lord Eldon said, in giving a decision on this point: "Lord Thurlow's opinion went upon this, that the law imposed a duty upon parents, and, in general gives them credit for ability and inclination to execute it. But that presumption, like all others, would fail in particular instances; and if an instance occurred in which the father was unable or unwilling to execute that duty, and, further, was actively proceeding against it, of necessity the State must place somewhere a superintending power over those who cannot take care of themselves,

and have not the benefit of that care which is presumed to be generally actual."¹ It is true that the child must have property to enable the court to exercise its jurisdiction. But on this point Lord Eldon remarks, "It is not from any want of jurisdiction that it (the court) does not act (where it has no property of an infant's), but from a want of the means to exercise its jurisdiction; because the court cannot take on itself the maintenance of all the children in the kingdom."²

As an instance of the court's authority we may mention the remarkable case of *Wellesley v. Duke of Beaufort*.³ Mrs. Wellesley had been forced to live separated from her husband in consequence of his bad treatment, and his living with a married woman, a Mrs. Bligh. Five years before her death, Mrs. Wellesley enjoined her sisters, the Misses

¹ *Vesey*, 63.

⁽²⁾ 2 Russell, 21.

⁽³⁾ 2 Russell's Reports, p. 1.

Long, to take care of her children, and not to allow Mr. Wellesley to interfere with them. Shortly after he made an application to the Court of Chancery to have his children taken away from the Misses Long. In a letter to Mr. Pitman he had given, as Lord Eldon expressed it, "his notion of law"—"that a man and his children ought to go to the devil in their own way if he please" (an opinion, it is to be feared, which even now has followers), adding, in a postscript, "that neither God nor the devil shall interfere between him and his children." Mr. Wellesley, moreover, had said, "that if he had the government of his children, he would take care that they should be present at bull-baits, cock-fights, dog-fights, and all other sports of the like nature, in order to afford them opportunities of hearing and learning to repeat oaths and blasphemous language made use of by people usually attending such sports, which were manly sports, and ought to be pursued by his children in preference to any other." The Lord Chancellor, in refusing the application, said: "I have no difficulty in saying, that if a father be living in a state of habitual drunkenness, incapacitating himself from taking care of his children's education, he is not to be looked upon as a man of such reason and understanding as to enable him to discharge the duty of a parent; and, if such a case were to occur again, as it has occurred before, the Court would take care that the children should not be under the control of a person so debased himself, and so likely to injure them."

And in another case,¹ Lord Thurlow intimated that he would not allow the colour of parental authority to work the ruin of the child, he would not allow the child to be sacrificed to the views of the father; and he accordingly ordered the father to be restrained from interfering with the management of the child.

Many persons have so strong a prejudice against what they conceive to be a new and un-English principle, that we have thought it worth some pains to show that it is one repeatedly recognised, not only in statutory enactments, but in legal decisions of the highest authority. Indeed, what we advocate is no more than common regard for consistency requires. If it was right that the facilities of divorce, formerly confined to the rich, should be extended to the poor, the same view *a fortiori* holds good in the matter of education. Every rich man's son, as we have seen, is entitled to the protection of the law against the neglect and shortcomings of his parents. We shall shortly see whether our new constituencies will take away this privilege, or insist on sharing in it themselves.

Many persons are indisposed to accept a change which would, in their opinion, injure and demoralize parents by interfering with their responsibility. "If you would persuade them by degrees, it would be so much better." Better, perhaps, for the few who would allow

(1) *Creuz v. Hunter*, 2 Cox, 242.

selves to be persuaded, but not better for those who would shut ears to all exhortation, or for those who require no persuasion. He, whether rich or poor, who send their children to school as a matter of course, would not be demoralized by the existence of a compulsory law which in nowise crossed or vexed them. An honest peaceful man is not demoralized by the laws against theft and violence. The argument, then, is reduced to this: the limited good of a very limited number of parents, at the cost of the whole careers and altitudes of children.

To prevent so incalculable an evil, the advocates of the *laissez aller* principle are surely justified in making some concession. They do not deny that a nuisance should be abated. They would not let a man keep his house in such disorder as to endanger the lives or health of his neighbours. Then, what more serious nuisance can be mentioned, than that a large portion of the men and women among whom we should have reached maturity with gross minds and brutal habits. Where are any one whose fortunes have not been impaired, and whose lives have not been to some extent saddened, by the gloom of ignorance and misery which surrounds him?

Again, it may be urged that many parents, if deprived of the assistance of their children, would be driven to the workhouse. We admit that, even if this should be so, a less evil would be incurred than that of sacrificing the future of a still larger number of children. And, the same objection might be urged against the obligation imposed on parents to feed their children. In practice, however, the amount of hardship would be few. If duly appointed inspectors were provided of the inability of a parent to support his child at school, the Government should do it for him, and then all ground of complaint would be cut away. For a child seldom earns more than enough for his own maintenance, generally not so much; and to anything beyond this the parent could not set up the pretence of a right, if it could only be insisted on at the sacrifice of the child's permanent interests. This suggestion, indeed, amounts to no more than a very slight extension of the present plan of educating workhouse children. We admit, that assistance of so large a character ought only to be afforded by the State in very exceptional cases. In others of a less serious kind, enough would be done if the education were gratuitous.

Occasionally, there might be imposture; but not enough to create any serious difficulty. There is no more reason for England being unable to cope with fraud and indolence than those countries (including by far the greater part of Europe) where assistance in bearing the burden of education is given to parents whose necessity is abolished.

But let it be forgotten that, before many years had elapsed, the compulsory system would in the main have completed its work. A new generation lifted up from the ground where its fathers lie

shackled by poverty and ignorance, and armed with the best security for independence, would need little of constraint or assistance to induce them to afford their offspring the advantages to which they owed their elevation.

Not a little of the antagonism which obstructs the establishment of a compulsory system is the apprehension that voluntary contributions would cease to flow in. "Who would make donations," it is asked, "when schools were not in any way dependent on charity? What folly to inaugurate a scheme which would nip private generosity in the bud, and deprive the community of the gratuitous offering of many thousands of pounds!" For our own part, we believe that a multitude of rich persons would continue to support education with unabated zeal. Nor would they be without an equivalent. They might, as at present, maintain some special form of training, whether secular or religious, which, without their assistance, might fall to the ground. The wealthy Anglican or Methodist would be as anxious as before to secure the propagation of his peculiar views amongst the young. The sum subscribed would, however, be far less, and, for the sake of argument, we will suppose that it would sink to zero. Would the public, therefore, be to that extent impoverished? "Yes," some will assert, "by reason of the greater stress on the revenue." The answer is, that as the money turned aside from private contributions to schools would be equally well employed in swelling the capital out of which wages and taxes are provided, the national wealth would not be impaired, nor would any burden be superadded, while a much better bargain in the way of education would have been obtained.

Two important objections have still to be considered; the expense of efficient education, and the dangers to be apprehended from its implying the adoption, at least to some extent, of the secular principle. The sum required, if put down in figures, would, no doubt, be startling; yet the gain of living in a purer moral atmosphere would, we think, relieve the nation from the charge of prodigality. Besides, from a mere material point of view, the outlay would be justified. If the multitude of schools proved costly, there would, in compensation, be less to pay for prisons, less for reformatories and for police; poor rates would be diminished, and so would the heavy tax now imposed in the form of property abstracted from society to support in idleness an army of thieves, whose numbers are counted by tens of thousands. In short, on the strictest economic principles, the return to the State would be abundant and certain. But, unfortunately, the man who is eager to take precautions against small evils is too often apathetic in the case of great ones, if they do not concern him more than his neighbours, and cannot be fully realised without a certain intellectual effort. And thus it is possible that a person who is careful to insure his barn against fire, will not, if he

help it, pay a single shilling to free himself from the consequences of general vice and ignorance.

Another class of objectors is alarmed by the prospect of Government support extended to secular education. Now the greater part of those who are in favour of the compulsory principle would desire nothing more than that the religious instruction which is now given in schools should cease. They would even concede that in new schools religion should be taught, where this would not have the effect of excluding children who were in danger of remaining uneducated. In many districts, however, the alternatives are not religious education and secular education, but secular education and none at all.

If this is so, can there be any doubt on which side we should engage ourselves? For, surely, morality must gain under the secular system, unless it is denied that Greece and Rome in their best days produced many worthy men, whose character would have been very different had their lot been cast in times of less enlightenment. This consideration can hardly fail to have weight with those who regard morality as the cardinal object of religion. And religion, strictly so called (if not what is understood by "religion" in the minds of those who think a purely secular education worse than none at all), would gain too. A child whose understanding had been improved, would be more amenable to the teaching of his spiritual pastor than he had been left to his native dulness. Even if no religious instructor were forthcoming, a child initiated in the rudiments of religion would at least be better able and more likely than before to read the Bible and to court the assistance of those who could help him. There are people, no doubt, who, in spite of all we have urged, would prefer that twenty children should be educated according to one particular doctrine, and that in consequence eighty children would be neglected, than that the whole hundred should receive a general and intellectual and moral education, leaving religion to the parents and ministers. We can only hope that this mode of thinking will not gain ground.

In a debate last July on Mr. Bruce's motion, it was urged that those who did not approve of secular education and yet were compelled to contribute to it, would be subjected to great hardship, for they would have no return for their money. We may, in the first place, remark that similar hardship is felt by those who disapprove of religious education, or who do not find the kind they require within their reach. But the above contention obviously rests upon the fallacy that education exclusively benefits the person educated. If, however, the community gains by the imposition of a tax, a contributor who disapproves of its object has no more right to complain than a Quaker in time of war, or a Tory whose payments to the revenue go in part towards the salary of a Radical minister.

If the arguments we have adduced had been brought forward in support of an untried theory, we cannot help thinking that they would have been difficult to overthrow. It must not, however, be forgotten that compulsory education has been adopted by much the largest part of Europe ; and with what signal success is testified by all who are competent to speak upon the subject. Upon this point hear M. Baudouin, who, having been employed by the French Government to examine the Belgian, German, and Swiss systems of education, published his admirable report in 1865.

After saying that in Germany, if the parent is obdurate to both reproof and punishment, the child may be taken away from him and placed under the care of a guardian, he goes on to say that rigorous treatment is hardly ever required. He is only aware of ten cases in the year 1864 in Prussia with its 18,000,000 inhabitants, and he asserts that in Saxony and Hesse during the same period there was no case whatever. The reason is that,—“*L’instruction, depuis longtemps répandue partout et généralisée, a déjà fait ses preuves et donné des résultats presque palpables, que les populations des villes et des campagnes ont pu apprécier également.*” And he goes on to explain that the children are every way better looked after than formerly, that there is no vagabondage among them, and that among adults there is less drunkenness, and that crimes and offences have sensibly diminished.

He states that compulsory education is adopted in every state in Europe, except Belgium, France, England, and Geneva, and that in all countries which have adopted it the spread of education has been great.

On the other hand, in countries which have not yet adopted the compulsory principle, educational inefficiency is a ground of constant complaint, even where systems far better than our own are in operation. In America the public expenditure, under the head of education, is lavish as compared with that of Great Britain. Yet it seems that, from want of compulsion, the result is far from satisfactory.

The experience of a chaplain who was attached to the army of the United States during the civil war is given as follows, at p. 11 of “*The Daily Public School in the United States* :”—“A very large majority of the soldiers born and brought up in the North-western States could read and write, but of these many could read but very imperfectly, and composed a letter with great difficulty. Union soldiers from the Slave States were deplorably destitute of common school education. Thousands of soldiers learned to write letters while in the army. In my army Sunday-school of 150 to 250 from my own regiment, I found that a large number were poor readers. They were very imperfectly taught in the common schools. The same I found true of schools in other regiments. The letter-writing showed the writers were very imperfectly instructed in orthography.”

Further evidence is given at p. 12 of the same publication:—
At a public meeting at Cooper Institute, New York, last October, a member of the Bar, largely conversant with all classes of society, stated that the ability to read and write is by no means so universal as is generally supposed, and in proof of it, he mentioned that he had occasion to issue subpoenas to forty persons, of whom thirty made their mark!" The author of this publication also remarks:—"It is very doubtful whether more than three out of every seven children of proper age are ever at one time in regular attendance at the common schools of the United States."

Similar complaints are made as to France. It appears from a report of M. Jules Simon on popular education in that country, that of one hundred people who present themselves for marriage, more than thirty-five are unable to sign their names; that, of the rest, many can write nothing but their names. Of one hundred of the age of twenty, twenty-seven could neither read nor write in 1862." And what says M. Baudouin, after making a similar lament over Belgium and Geneva? "*Enfin la France est mon pays; je souffre à le penser qu'en instruction, comme en tout, elle ne se trouve pas au premier rang. . . . Ouvrons des écoles de toutes parts, et faisons nos efforts pour qu'elles soient fréquentées assidûment; nous en recueillerons bientôt des fruits inappréciables.*" If, then, it is true that in countries which have not yet resorted to compulsion the progress made in education is unsatisfactory, while in those in which coercion is applied the gain has been great, the burden of proof is evidently cast upon those who assert that by following the example of the latter we should be losers.

It is unnecessary to draw up the heads of a bill showing how the theory we have supported should be practically carried out, but we think that that part of the Prussian code which bears upon the subject might very well form the basis of a similar law for this country. The provisions of the Compulsory Vaccination Act, 16 and 17 Vict., cap. 100, might also be of service to any one framing a Compulsory Education Bill. A register of children is kept by the Registrar of Birth and Deaths in every sub-district, and if notice sent by him to the parent or guardian of a child, requiring it to be vaccinated, is disregarded, the penalty imposed by the Act may be recovered before two justices of the peace.

The language of many people might induce one to suppose that the practical difficulties standing in the way of enforcing the attendance of children at school were insuperable. We maintain, however, that if the principle be once conceded as legitimate, putting it in operation would be perfectly easy.

With the German Codes and the Compulsory Vaccination Act before them, it can hardly be beyond the powers of experienced

legislators to draw up an adequate scheme, one, moreover, which need not involve any irksome amount of inspection or interference. The principal items would be these:—Registered lists of children must be kept in each district; local committees must be empowered to send notice to any parent suspected of not sending his child to school, requiring him to do so; and they should further be enabled to summon and question a parent who disregarded the notice; and, in the event of his giving no satisfactory excuse, and continuing to neglect their admonition, they should have authority to summon him before two justices of the peace, who, if convinced that the parent was to blame, might order the proper penalty to be exacted. Of course any parent who could satisfy the local committee that he was having his children properly educated at home would receive an exemption; and a further modification of any apparent severity in the law would be the giving of assistance to the parent where this was absolutely required. There is no reason for supposing that, if the law were understood, punishment would be oftener required than in Germany.

One point we have no hesitation in conceding. However desirable a measure of coercion may be, let none be introduced if the people refuse to submit. It would have been better to postpone the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, or the adoption of free trade in corn, than incur the evils of civil war. It would be worse that fifty thousand men should perish on the field of battle, than that fifty thousand lives should be lost for want of a Vaccination Act. As yet, however, we have heard of nothing to justify us in supposing that compulsory education would be regarded by the labouring class as an intolerable innovation to be put down by armed resistance. Some growling there might very likely be, just as there has been in consequence of the Vaccination Act, which has nevertheless proved exceedingly beneficial. But the passive and temporary discontent of a section of the community ought not to deter Parliament from assenting to what is manifestly for the good of the whole country, especially at a time when indications are not wanting that a large mass of the labouring population would heartily sympathise with any efforts to improve their educational position. For the more thinking members of the working-class have become aware that the extent of political power to which they aspire can never be reached, and, if reached, could serve no useful purpose, as long as the great majority of their brethren are degraded by ignorance.

The above reasoning is, in the main, of equal application to all civilized countries. But the course of recent legislation has supplied an argument of special reference to England. If it is well that all populations should be enlightened, it is of peculiar importance that

they should not be sunk in ignorance when the direct exercise of great political power is entrusted to their hands. Those who think it right that non-electors should be intelligent, may further insist, as a matter affecting the destinies of this country, that the mass of householders and lodgers who are to govern us should know what they are about. Let us remember what Mr. Lowe forcibly said on the third reading of the Reform Bill, and that gentleman's opinion is the more remarkable from his having been till last summer a very decided enemy to the compulsory principle. "I was opposed to centralization. I am ready to accept centralization. I was opposed to an education rate. I am ready now to accept it. This question is no longer a religious question,—it is a political one. From the moment that you intrust the masses with power, their education becomes an absolute necessity; and I believe that the existing system is one which is much superior to the much-vaunted Continental system. But we shall have to destroy it; it is not quality but quantity which we shall require. You have placed the government in the hands of the masses, and you must, therefore, give them education. You must take education up the very first question, and you must press it on without delay for the peace of the country."

We have thus endeavoured to show the lamentable inadequacy of the present system of education, the utter hopelessness of any plan which leaves power in the parent to keep his child ignorant ever becoming thoroughly efficient, and the right, and not only the right, but the absolute duty, of the State to guard the interests of all who are in the dependent condition of childhood. We have also discussed the arguments against change, based on the freedom and dignity of the subject, on the poverty of the parents, on voluntary contributions ceasing, on expense to the State, on danger to religion, and on injustice to unwilling contributors. This reasoning we have supported by the experience both of those countries in which the compulsory system is working, and of those in which it has not yet been tried. We have shown how by following the Prussian code and the analogy of our own Compulsory Vaccination Act, a compulsory system might at once be put in force in this country. We have combated the suggestion of probable resistance on the part of the working-class, and insisted on the danger to the community of leaving an enfranchised multitude to be governed by the unmodified sway of their natural prejudices. Such topics could not be exhausted in a single paper; but enough, we earnestly hope, has been said to prove the grave responsibility resting upon any political party, which, content with that which is easiest to be done, instead of striving for that which it is right to do, shrinks from the possible, though certainly partial and fleeting, unpopularity, at the price of which a measure might be passed, enabling untold numbers of their fellow-beings to escape from lives of uselessness and misery.

DUDLEY CAMPBELL.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A STUDY OF THE WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.
By EDWARD CAMPBELL TAINSH. London: Chapman and Hall. 1868.

MR. MASSON, in his volume of three years since on British Philosophy, no doubt surprised some readers by naming, amongst other recent philosophical writers, the authors of "Maud," "Aurora Leigh," "Holy Cross Day," and "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." It was delightful to the lovers of these works to discover that they had been studying ontology and phænomonology, and were "cosmothetic idealists" or "natural realists" in the same unconscious way (to admit once more, in the service of illustration, that irrepressible personage of Molière) that M. Jourdain had spoken prose. The thought of Mr. Masson was, however, with him no new one. "The measure of the true value of any work of fiction," he wrote, in his "British Novelists," "ultimately, and, on the whole, is, the worth of the speculation, the philosophy on which it rests, and which entered into the conception of it." So that what should really have occasioned surprise in his conspectus of recent writers was not that the names of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Clough, and the Brownings appeared there, but that such widely-read philosophical writers as Miss Braddon, Mr. G. Augustus Sala, and the author of "Plain—or Ringlets," were forgotten. These—not the abstruse Sir William Hamilton or Mr. Mill—are the representatives of the popular psychology and metaphysics of the period. Obviously, no uninteresting study might be made of the constructive idealism of "Aurora Floyd."

But there was, indeed, much truth in the thought brought thus prominently forward by Mr. Masson, as well as some exaggeration in the statement of it. And a considerable current of literary criticism, both in our own country and elsewhere, seems setting in the direction which Mr. Masson indicates. M. Taine has, in various ways and with much brilliance, illustrated the principle, that under every great historical manifestation of literature and art lies a great philosophy of life. M. Caro has done good service towards the interpretation of the thoughts which form the open secret of whatever Goethe accomplished. And within the last few weeks a young writer, M. Jeannel, has come forward as an exponent of the ethics of Molière. Something also has been done in scattered pages of reviews and magazines to penetrate to the moral and spiritual significance of the works of several of our own poets and novelists. Who will accomplish this as it ought to be accomplished in the cases of our greatest poet and our greatest writer of fiction—Shakspeare and Fielding?

Mr. Tainsh, in his study of Mr. Tennyson, is one of these inward critics, endeavouring chiefly to draw forth the central thoughts and moral purpose of the poems. It is not easy to regret this, when we are given as its result a book on the whole so satisfactory as that before us. Yet when we are led to infer from occasional pages that the critic is well qualified for an appreciation of the beauties of form and style and artistic workmanship, and when we reflect that in the case of Mr. Tennyson these are at least as valuable as any thoughts or lessons the poet conveys (if not more valuable), we may regret that Mr. Tainsh has not made his study twofold—a study of form as well as substance—

and disclosed some of the finer secrets of the artist's sensitiveness, instincts, intellect, and imagination, which lie hidden in his literary style. We cannot readily compel into a definition the precise meaning of this word *style*; but we all understand that when an artist is said to be ornate, or simple, or severe, something is characterised other than the mere material or subjects which he treats; that it is rather the manner of treating whatever materials or objects come into his hands which is characterised. M. Sainte-Beuve gives it as his opinion that there is hardly a French poet, except Molière, and perhaps Corneille, who is not more precious for the sake of his style than for his substance. In a literal sense, *le style, c'est l'homme*. Many of us think the same of Mr. Tennyson. We have had since Milton one man, and only one man, who thought greatly in verse—Wordsworth. His style, at its best, is indeed perfect—as in “Michael,” in some of his Sonnets, in Resolution and Independence—but not seldom it falls far below the thought. With Mr. Tennyson the thought sometimes is on a level with the style; but more often the style is of great excellence, while the thought is of comparatively second-rate value. A few years ago a burlesque of the sensation novels, worth little in itself, appeared—I believe it was by Mr. Hood—each chapter of which was introduced by a motto written in the manner of some distinguished poet. That which the obliging reader was to take for Mr. Tennyson's was written in the “In Memoriam” metre, and was absolutely vacant of meaning—it melted in your hand, leaving less residuum than a jelly-fish upon a warm strand; it was nonsense of the finest quality, yet so cunningly were the bright words chosen and placed in mutual dependence, that Mr. Tennyson's *effect* was produced, just as we can fancy a skilful painter might produce a Turner effect (though Turner, in style and substance, is alike great) by an arrangement of mere colours representative of nothing. There was the really precious, the really peculiar thing (peculiar at one time, not now except in its perfection), which Mr. Tennyson gave us. It was a similar gift which Ronsard, Racine, André Chénier gave the French. And the misfortune which befalls the artist who excels by his style is precisely that of which Mr. Tennyson speaks in a complaining tone—his seed can be stolen, his flower can be raised by others until at last it grows so common that the people “will call it but a weed.” Yet in its perfection Mr. Tennyson's style is still Mr. Tennyson's alone. Others, it is true, got the seed; but they did not know what careful rearing the plant requires.

Mr. Tainsh has gone through nearly all the poems, one by one, educating and developing their inward meaning in a way which leaves little to be desired, except a final chapter to bring together the several elements of reflection and feeling, and to make us understand the one soul which animates all the members of the poet's body of thought and passion. That soul I believe to be the veneration which Mr. Tennyson feels for *law*, in all its manifestations,—in external nature, in human society and its progressive movement, in civil government, in national character, in individual character. The wonder with such a commentary as Mr. Tainsh's is, that it does not become tiresome. It does not: the critic's mind, open to every beauty of his author, is happy in its duty of love, and moves with a calm and gracious ease. Mr. Tainsh does not address us with the monotonous flow of the showman, nor agitate us much with the pointing-rod, nor has he the indefatigable gait of the professional cicerone; his is rather the pleased and winning manner of a friend who leads us through

his lawns and gardens, which are familiar of course and often traversed, but no less loved for being well known. Mr. Tainsh is naturally an admirer—a disciple in the school of Tennyson; but he is no fanatic, and he would not, I am sure, to gain converts, resort to the fire and sword of violence and scorn—those carnal weapons which no true member of any spiritual kingdom may henceforth without special warrant use. He can even doubt the teacher's infallibility. Thus, for instance, in "Enoch Arden" he thinks there are too many coincidences—the "mechanical supernaturalism," as he calls it, tends to make the structure of the story unreal and weak. He laments, and with good cause I hold, over the last three lines. Yet to end, as Mr. Tainsh would, with the words—

"He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved:' and so fell back and spoke no more,"—

seems a violent, almost sensational close, like one of Verdi's *tableaux* before the curtain drops. A lesson might here be taken from Wordsworth's "Michael," or from poems in such different styles as "Hamlet" and "Lycidas." One of Mr. Tainsh's observations on "Enoch Arden" is particularly thoughtful, and perhaps decides, in the right way, a question which some of the critics in print, and no doubt hundreds of drawing-room and æsthetic-tea-going critics have discussed—whether it was true art to have Enoch, when dying, give directions that his return and death should be made known to his wife and children. Mr. Tainsh says:—

"It was some time before I could arrive at a conclusion for my own satisfaction when first I read the poem. The answer comes out of the consideration that the conception of Annie is in no way that of an ideal character. She is a faithful, loving woman, as ordinary men and women go; but she is of the common, not of the highest type. This is seen all through the poem. . . . After she is married [to Philip], an almost fear of Enoch's return seems to haunt her. . . . In this state of mind the certainty of Enoch's death would be a comfort to her, even though accompanied by the pain of knowing that he had been alive, when, before, she thought him dead."

The arrangement of the poems into groups is original and judicious. Much space is also rightly given to the consideration of "In Memoriam."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

FOUR LECTURES ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH DIPLOMACY. By MOUNTAGUE BERNARD, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

THE four lectures republished here were delivered at various times at Oxford, and their subjects are (1) the Congress of Westphalia, (2) Systems of Policy, (3) Diplomacy, Past and Present, and (4) the Obligation of Treaties. They are thus only indirectly historical, but they involve the discussion and explanation of matters which are constantly presenting themselves to the reader of history, and on which, as a rule, the ordinary reader of history has dangerously misty ideas. Even in the nearer ground of everyday politics, a slovenly and indolent appreciation of some of the terms and kinds of transactions which Professor Bernard handles in the present volume is constantly observable. For example, people read history and learn something about the great congresses which in 1645, and at other times, assembled to pacify Europe; and besides this, they are told not less than twice a year that some potentate has a great plan of

solving international troubles by a congress. Yet how many of them have ever thought what such an assembly is, with how much and with what kind of authority it is invested, what it can and what it cannot do? How many of them have observed that a congress is only a very solemn and very convenient way of discussing and settling a number of complex difficulties; "only one out of many modes of negotiating;" that it is armed with no coercive authority; that such determinations as are arrived at only bind those who choose to be bound by them, and that they are just as valid, and no more so, as if the envoys had been at home; and that in the eye of what is analogically called International Law, its decisions have no especial sanctity or force? Yet it is obviously essential, both to the intelligent study of history and to intelligent opinion on some points in contemporary politics, that a man should have realised all this. Then there is the word Treaty, to which Professor Bernard devotes a particularly useful lecture. A treaty is, in a general way, between nations, that an ordinary contract is between individuals, but there is a great number of features in which it differs very materially from a private contract, and features of the most important and characteristic sort. In a private contract, for example, the law of the country decides a great many things—about its morality, about the consideration, about proof of conditions, and so forth. International Law, so called, has no such deciding power; it neither controls treaties nor sheds any sort of light upon their conflict or agreement with justice or common expediency. Again, not only is the obligation of a treaty thus derived solely from the moral rule, while the obligation of a private contract is legal as well as moral,—there are, besides this, some peculiar difficulties about the moral rule for observing treaties. "These difficulties consist in the greater breadth and vigour with which it asserts itself—the greater liability of international contracts to be unjust in their substance or origin, immoral, pernicious, or of at least doubtful utility; the want of precision in framing, and of certainty in interpreting them; and the obscurity that often hangs over the obligation they purport to create." It is of the highest interest to watch the growth of a sense of treaty-obligation in Europe, because the advance in the respect for these agreements is the mark of the advance in sobriety, wise caution, and sincerity in contracting them. It is worth noticing that though of course Professor Bernard accepts International Law as only being law in an analogical sense, and as really no more than a body of opinions widely held and acted upon, still he inclines in favour of the conception of these opinions as clothed with the robe of Law, as against that other very unsettling conception of them as mere opinions, and nothing besides. Of the two conceptions, both inadequate, he regards the latter as the more mischievous; as impeding the highly civilizing process which brings more and more of these general opinions about international rights and duties into a systematic form that may be less than law, but is more than mere doctrine. He does not enter at any length into this discussion, but the view of so cool and competent a person is worth remarking at a moment when the preponderance of sentiment inclines in the other direction.

It was not, perhaps, within the scope of Mr. Bernard's lectures, but still his remarks on diplomacy would perhaps have been more comprehensive if he had explained that diplomatists sprang into importance by reason of the decay of that great spiritual power which had in its best days done so much for the order and stability of Europe. Diplomacy was the substitute for the influence of the Church; the latter in a very perfect way, and the former in a way much

less perfect, they each in turn kept Europe from chaos. The change that has come over diplomacy itself is very significant. Until recent times it meant the acquisition of influence with sovereigns and powerful ministers: now it means a quick and correct insight into the drift and tendencies of the feelings of nations. Another out of many points in this very suggestive volume seems worth mentioning. The old doctrine of natural alliances, as Mr. Bernard truly says, is now out of date. It is no longer the fashion to look on a neighbour as a natural enemy, and on the Power beyond him as a natural ally. But though systems of policy, that is, of permanent or long-continued alliance, on this geographical principle, are now exploded,—as Mr. Bernard says, they were generally failures,—is it certain that they might not be most advantageously replaced by systems of similar scope—not on a territorial, but on a moral principle? Might it not be said that France, for example,—or Prussia, as some would prefer,—is our natural ally, because there is a close affinity between us in general views of European policy; because this Power is nearest ourselves in its stage of social development; because we two could together at least cost and most efficiently maintain a firm peace in Europe? However, Professor Bernard was lecturing rather as a jurist than a politician. In his own department he opens up a number of most instructive questions, and leaves none of them without a measure of illumination and serviceable suggestion. Are the tendencies of modern society such as to diminish the necessity for the precautions which old statesmen used to take about the Balance of Power? What is the idea of the Balance of Power worth? What are the objections to, and the advantages of, professional diplomacy? And so forth. It is only a pity that Oxford professors do not more often give us as useful books as this.

EDITOR.

SALES ATTICI. BY D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

It is not often that author and publisher combine to produce a more elegant volume than this. The book is pleasant to look upon and pleasant to handle; and the contents, although by no means such as he who runs may read, cannot fail to gratify at intervals, if not continuously, whoever with an hour or two of leisure, and with a streak or two of intellectual cultivation, believes that there yet lingers a sweet fragrance about the dead flowers of Grecian literature—still looks upon ancient fabrics with an eye different from that of the house-contractor or the bricklayer. At the first glance, however, one misses something. There is no preface. The reader feels that he would gladly have been informed what editions Professor Thompson used; by what rule (if any) he was guided in his choice of prose and verse and kinds of verse; and why he occasionally alters the original (not always for the better). In the *Prometheus Vinculus*, the 698th and 699th lines (Dindorf) run thus,—

λίγ', ἐκδίδασκε· τοῖς νοσοῦσί τοι γλυκὺ
τὸ λοιπὸν ἄλγος προὔξεπίστασθαι τόρως,—

which Professor Thompson has changed for no perceptible reason, and certainly without advantage, to—

• βροτῶν γε τοῖς νοσοῦσιν ἔστι τοι, κ.τ.λ.

Again, in the *Agamemnon*, at lines 884, 885, one finds—

ὅστε σύγγονον
βροτοῖσι τὸν πιδόντα λακτίσαι πλέον,—

which Professor Thompson shortens thus:—

βροτοῖς πέφυκε τὸν πιδόντα λακτίσαι.

And yet it is clear, as you glance over page after page, that the Professor cannot have been actuated by a desire to keep down the Greek as much as possible, or even to avoid broken lines. On the other hand, when the omission of a particle would have saved him from the appearance of unscholarlike neglect, he has scorned to save himself. For instance, at p. 42, one reads—

νοσοῖμ' ἂν, εἰ νόσημα τοὺς ἰχθροὺς στυγεῖν—

as it is in the original, where the line is a reply of Prometheus, who means to say that he “*would, or should be, if,*” &c. But Professor Thompson’s paraphrase runs,—

“*May I be mad, if mad it be,
To hate the man that hateth me.*”

It soon, therefore, appeared advisable to give up endeavouring to discover upon what plan the Professor tinkered the Greek. The title is explained by sub-title, to wit, “*The Maxims, Witty and Wise, of Athenian Tragic Drama.*” Tragic dramas, some one may think, are hardly the works in which one would look for what is witty in the sense in which the sayings of Talleyrand anddney Smith were witty; and yet the tragedies of Shakspeare and other great English dramatists abound with dialogue which sparkles with wit as it is vulgarly understood. As to the Attic wit, however, it is pertinent to quote Quintilian, who wrote: “*Salsum in consuetudine pro ridiculo tantum accipimus; natura in utique hoc est, quamquam et ridicula oporteat esse salsa: nam et Cicero, ut ne quod salsum sit, ait esse Atticorum; non, quia sunt maxime ad risum compositi: et Catullus, quum dicit, Nulla est in corpore mica salis, non hoc dicit, nihil in corpore ejus esse ridiculum. Salsum igitur erit, quod non erit insulsum, velut quoddam simplex orationis condimentum, quod sentitur latente adicio, velut palato, excitatque et a tædio defendit orationem,*” &c. The passages culled from the three tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Professor Thompson has arranged under various heads; he has numbered each paragraph, and has given reference to the part of the play from which each is taken; and the Greek upon the left-hand page he has faced by an English or other equivalent. The Greek he professes to have paraphrased; but that term would not always describe what he has done. He sometimes gives a substitute, sometimes offers a parallel, sometimes takes a gem and surrounds it with a new setting, sometimes expands an idea, sometimes extracts a kernel, sometimes descends to parody; but he is nearly always good, and very often admirable. He does not always altogether discharge the duty of a true paraphrast, who should, above all things, be careful to preserve the characteristics of the original. A true paraphrast ought to mark the stately march, the lofty air, and the swelling diction of Æschylus; the graceful movement, the quiet dignity, and the truly poetical language of Sophocles; the jaunty step, mocking manner, and homelier phraseology of Euripides. Occasionally the distinctions appear to have been kept, but by no means always. The pigrammatic style of Euripides is that which seems to be best suited to the taste of Professor Thompson. A good specimen of his lighter manner is to be found at p. 355, where he gives as his equivalent for the Euripidean lines—

Οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δουλός ἐστιν ἢ Τύχης,
 ἢ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλειος ἢ νόμων γραφαί
 εἵρουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις·

"There be four things that keep us all from having our own way—
 Money, Fortune, Mrs. Grundy, and Policeman A."

But it is scarcely Sophoclean to write as he does (p. 86):—

"If we repine, the world in chorus sings :
 You naughty, wicked, good-for-nothing things."

It is an offence against the characteristic dignity of Sophocles ; it might do for Euripides. Let the following, however, be his witness (from a passage commencing ὦ παῖδες, ἦτοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον, in one of the uncertain plays), that he knows how to do full justice on occasion :—

"Standest thou, Love, a power alone ?
 Or art thou twenty powers in one ?
 O thou art Agony and Delight,
 Sweet Weakness and resistless Might ;
 Without appeal, thy slightest breath
 Passeth award of life and death ;
 Thou canst with Frenzy fire the brain,
 And Fever pour thro' every vein ;
 And, even when the passion tide
 Thro' throbbing pulse and vein is sent,
 Canst calm the troubled soul, and guide
 To tranquil efforts and still content :
 The fish that in the waters glide,
 The birds thro' air that wing their way,
 The beast that roams the mountain-side,
 Thy penetrant influence must obey ;
 Nor shall I be profanely bold
 To tell,—what holy tales have told,—
 How under soft, but sovereign thrall,
 Thou rulest Him, who ruleth all."

It has been hinted that Professor Thompson now and then gives a poor equivalent; and now and then apparently misinterprets that for which he has to give an equivalent. Considerations of space prohibit more than a very few examples. At p. 54, *βροτοῖς πέφυκε τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι* is faced by

"'Tis the world's way, all times have shown,
 To keep a man down when he's down ;"

and yet, if parallel were sought, something more worthy of Æschylus might have been found in Juvenal's "Dum jacet in ripa, calcemus Cæsaris hostem," or in the words of the Psalmist, "Yea, mine own familiar friend . . . hath lifted up his heel against me." At p. 254, the lines from Euripides—

Ταῦτ' οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθὼν ἑμοῦ πάρα,
 εὐφραίνει στυγρὸν, πίνει, τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν
 βίον λογιζοῦ σὸν, τὰ δ' ἄλλα τῆς Τύχης·
 τίμα δὲ καὶ τὴν πλεῖστον ἡδίστην Θεῶν
 Κύπριν βροτοῖσιν· εὐμενὴς γὰρ ἡ Θεὸς—

would have been far better met by Horace's—

"Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere :
 Quod sors dierum cunque dabit lucro
 Appone ; nec dulces amores
 Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,"—

n by Professor Thompson's dozen lines of pretty enough English verse. At 116, "Ἔστιν ἀσφαλὴς ἀμείνων ἢ θρασὺς στρατηλάτης is surely more like "Discretion is the better part of valour," than like "A general should be all head, a soldier all arm." And at p. 156, is not ταχέϊα πειθὼ τῶν κακῶν ὁδοιπορεῖ better rendered by "Ill news travels fast" than by "Man maketh haste to leave evil?"

Perhaps the Professor objects, notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary, to the obvious, the commonplace, and the stale. At any rate, he has a book over which the scholar may linger with delight.

ROBERT BLACK.

ESSAYS, POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. By BERNARD CRACROFT.
London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

CRACROFT needed to make no apology for collecting and republishing the best essays contained in these volumes. Especially the four articles on *War*, which occupy a half of the first volume, were worth preserving. Now that they are brought together they have a value which could not have been added to them when separate, inasmuch as they mutually support and illustrate each other—an advantage which more than compensates for the loss of immediate *à propos* and novelty. But, further, the republication of articles such as these, reproducing the successive phases of a great national crisis, fixing in our memory of the chief scenes of the ceaselessly changing drama of our political life, become not only permissible but highly desirable. It is a help and convenience which can ill be spared. So rapid are the transformations on our political stage, and yet so engrossing are the claims to attention of each temporary occupant, that few things are more difficult than to retain a vivid recollection of the men, measures, and events of a few years back. A vague reminiscence of a great party struggle—that much "exaggeration" was alleged by the current respecting certain disputed facts which remained to the end obscure and doubtful—a clear recollection that the "ins" or the "outs" gained the victory by means of arguments or evidence which have now mostly faded from memory—something like this, as most candid persons would be willing to admit, is all that they retain of a portion of history which passed before their eyes. The terrific battles over the Paper Duty and the Union Chargeability seem wonderfully distant now, and probably are far less vividly grasped than many contests of the last century which have been made lucid and intelligible by competent historians. Now Mr. Cracroft's essays place once more in distinct clearness before us a series of events, many lines of which are already beginning to fade. In them we can see how matters looked before Mr. Disraeli was taken to his educational labours—when Mr. Lowe frightened people with "bare and level plain" of democracy—when Mr. Bright was regarded by members as an awful monster bent upon the ruin of the country. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the carefulness, ability, and knowledge which Mr. Cracroft has displayed in these essays. He is no glib political man discoursing fluently of great affairs of which he knows only the outward; on the contrary, he is a hard political student, whose intimacy with the internal workings of our Government far exceeds that of the average of even educated men. And the advantages he possesses he knows well how to use. He is thoroughly imbued with the right methods of observation and reasoning in

politics—a by no means common endowment. An ardent Liberal, he is at the same time chivalrously honest and fair to his opponents; and is quite free from that underbred narrowness which is so repelling in some writers. He begins with an elaborate review of the session of 1866, and he seizes upon and discusses its salient points with a clearness and vigour which are little short of masterly. The fact which he dwells upon with greatest force is the rooted hostility of the present Parliament to reform in any shape so long as a fragment of excuse could be invented to postpone it. He sets forth in the clearest light the unscrupulous tactics which were employed to worry, depreciate, and discomfit Mr. Gladstone “as soon as it was seen that he meant business;” and he gives an anecdote in proof, vouched for on his own personal witness, which I should think must move the sympathy and indignation of even the least partial critics of the member for South Lancashire. Mr. Cracroft strenuously denies that the Bill of 1866 was lost owing to Mr. Gladstone’s “want of tact,” “ebullitions of temper,” &c.; but solely attributes it to the determination of the Opposition and their Adullamite allies to obstruct the passing of any *bonâ fide* measure whatever. With reference to the advent of the Tories to power on the fall of Lord Russell’s Ministry, as far back as the 2nd of July, 1860, Mr. Cracroft ventured upon the following prediction: “The only chance they have of remaining in power is to abdicate their character and to pass liberal measures;”—a success in the way of political prophecy which it is only fair to place on record. The discussions on reforms are completed and clenched by the elaborate “Analysis of the House of Commons” which appeared in the volume of “Essays on Reform,” a most laborious task, which is exactly what wanted doing, but one which only a thoroughly unselfish and enthusiastic student could be expected to perform. He shows convincingly that the practical point which we have to keep in view is not the numbers of this or that class at the polling-booth who have the right to elect members, but the class who have the power of getting elected. The elected constitute the House of Commons, whoever the electors may be. And he then discovers who the elected in an immense majority are. They constitute, as he graphically puts it, one vast cousinhood, whether they sit for counties or boroughs, to represent land or nominally to represent other interests; they belong essentially to one class, with common tastes, passions, and objects. It is hardly worth while adding who gets the advantage of this transcendent anomaly: land—land which we are perpetually told is not sufficiently represented.

It would be futile to attempt to do justice to the remaining *Miscellaneous Essays* which fill these volumes. They embrace a great variety of subject-matter—science, literature, and social subjects. Some are slight and short; others elaborate studies. Among the latter is to be noted the article on the “Jews of Western Europe,” a remarkable paper, which traces the fortunes of that extraordinary race from the time of the dispersion till their admission into the British Parliament. A bright and shrewd notice of Plautus, similar ones on Ovid, the Greek Anthology, and Cicero, *à propos* of Mr. Forsyth’s life of him, may be named for the sake of the pointed language and suggestive thought displayed in them. But one paper deserves a more emphatic commendation, the memorial notice of R. L. Ellis—the discriminating and subtle eulogy of which is quite admirable. If I may be allowed to say so, it is in point of style superior to anything in these volumes. Mr. Cracroft’s

rential regard for the illustrious scholar seems to sharpen the keenness is critical appreciation, while in exquisite tenderness and beauty of diction as given expression to every sentiment of pathos and admiration connected the circumstances of Ellis's untimely death. It is throughout truly cal and almost poetical in its grave simplicity.

I were called upon to mention the less able and successful portion of these nes, I should unhesitatingly say it was that which consists of republications the *Saturday Review*. The well-known "Middle Articles" of the *Saturday* ys do wear a certain forlorn uncomfortable air when removed from their ral "milieu" and original habitat. Mr. Cracroft has an elaborate com-on between a cat and a mouse, on the one hand, with a woman and her on the other, which must have been piquant to a degree in its native but which has decidedly lost flavour by transplantation. However, ons may differ on this point. Taken altogether, these Essays display a wide of observation, reflection, and knowledge; any one might be proud to written them, while about half-a-dozen constitute a real addition to amporary literature.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

CHAPTERS ON SOCIAL REFORM. By SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart.
London: Edward Stanford. 1868.

ir Edward Sullivan had styled his book "Ten Chapters on Social Abuses," ad of "on Social Reform," the title would have more accurately described ontents. He appears to be under the impression that indicating a fault ie same thing as suggesting a remedy. No doubt if we were all com-ntly pluming ourselves on the perfection of our institutions and social gements, and the admirable way in which they all performed their functions out check or flaw, he might be held to have done good service in refusing ropheesy smooth things, and insisting on drawing attention to the many spots which mar the fair surface of our prosperity—the crime, the erism, the ignorance, and so on, which really are, as he says, a disgrace ie country. But then we knew all this before. Not one in a hundred of 'educated, respectable, thinking men,' to whom Sir Edward is so fond of aling, would think of denying that there are very many things indeed in ocial system which are not as good as they might be, not a few which are bad, and some which might fairly, without stretch of language, be called unable. But what we claim from a man coming forward like Sir E. van with the air of one having something to tell us on these matters is, he should point to some definite and practical measures of reform—measures h can be carried into effect, human nature and the general conditions ciety being supposed to continue much the same—by which the evils owledged to exist may be met and overcome, and at any rate alleviated, if cannot be entirely done away. We fail to recognise anything of the in the book before us. In truth, Sir Edward Sullivan's suggestions y rise in value above the vague "something ought to be done to put a to this" of every-day life. Nor is he justified in thinking that he has done art in proposing some very broad and sweeping alteration in our present tutions, and then calmly saying that he leaves the details by which his ne should be carried into effect for the consideration of others more versed

in such matters than himself. In practical politics details are generally half the battle. Sir Edward cannot claim the immunities of an abstract thinker. He is not laying down principles which can only become operative after a long course of years by gradually taking hold of men's minds, and changing the current of their thoughts. We do not think he even aims at discharging such an office. His object is to find immediate remedies for immediate mischiefs, and of such an undertaking the consideration of details forms the very gist and marrow. The force at command for effecting the proposed change, the interests that will be affected by it, how far they are entitled to be treated with respect, how far they may, consistently with justice and safety, be set aside, how far the change will affect other institutions with which it may not be desirable to meddle,—these, and a multitude of similar points, must all be matters of anxious thought to the true statesman before he can venture to urge any reform, however beneficial in the abstract. But trifles like these are of no account in Sir Edward's reckoning. It is not that he refuses to estimate the difficulties in his path; he seems simply not to see them. Whatever shocks his kindly and honest nature must be swept away at once—remedied somehow; and no measure seems to him too startling or sweeping if it will have this result. Thus, in his chapter on Pauperism, he sees no difficulty in raising “a Government loan of any sum you like, say £100,000,000 at four per cent.,” for the purpose of buying up “human pig-styes,” and building suitable dwellings for the poor, and so abolishing overcrowding, with its attendant evils. The interest on a loan of £100,000,000 at four per cent. would add £4,000,000 to the annual national expenditure. Of course we do not mean to deny that it *might* be wise and right to lay this heavy additional burden on our backs. We have no space here to consider such a question; but what we mean is, that such a suggestion, thrown out simply as an *obiter dictum*, just as though there were no more difficulty in the matter than that involved in passing a vote for the money, is absolutely worthless for all practical purposes. Again, with reference to the universities, he says, “It is not necessary that a university career should occupy three or four years, or cost from £300 to £400 a year. One year or two, and £60, instead of £300, would make the universities what they were intended to be by their founders, the means of educating and opening the minds of the great body of the youth, &c.” Here, too, he *may* be right. Many men, whose opinions are entitled to weight, more or less agree with him, but a great many, equally worthy of being listened to, totally disagree; and any way the subject is surely far too complicated to be settled off-hand in these few words, which are all that our author thinks it necessary to bestow on it.

We have neither space nor inclination to follow Sir Edward Sullivan *seriatim* through his ten chapters. His method seems to us so essentially faulty as in itself to disentitle his conclusions to lengthened examination, even could they boast the *quasi* merit of novelty, which is rarely the case. Even when most thoroughly right (as we are bound to say he often is, in particular in urging the immediate disendowment of the Irish Church), it seems to us he is so in the main by a happy accident.

GEORGE STOTT.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XVIII. NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1868.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

PART II.

It is not at all surprising that they upon whom the revolutionary deluge came should have looked with indiscriminating horror and affright on all the influences which in their view had united first to gather up and then to release the destructive flood. The eighteenth century, to men like De Maistre, seemed an infamous parenthesis, mysteriously interposed between the glorious age of Bossuet and Fénelon, and that yet brighter era for faith and the Church which was still to come in the good time of divine providence. The philosophy of the last century, he says on more than one occasion, will form one of the most shameful epochs of the human mind: it never praised even good men except for what was bad in them. He looked upon the gods whom that century had worshipped as the direct authors of the bloodshed and ruin in which their epoch had closed; the memory of mild and humane philosophers was covered with the kind of black execration that prophets of old had hurled at Baal or Moloch; and Locke and Hume, Voltaire and Rousseau, were habitually spoken of as very Scourges of God. From this temper two consequences naturally flowed. In the first place, while it lasted there was no hope of an honest philosophic discussion of the great questions which divide speculative minds. Moderation and impartiality, for which French disputants have never at any time been remarkable, were virtues of almost superhuman difficulty for controversialists who had made up their minds that it was their opponents who had erected the guillotine, confiscated the sacred property of the Church, slaughtered and banished her children, and filled the land with terror and confusion. It is hard, amid the smoking ruins of the homestead, to do full justice to the theoretical arguments of the supposed authors of the conflagration. Hence De Maistre, though, as has been already

said, intimately acquainted with the works of his foes in the letter, was prevented by the vehemence of his antipathy to the effects which he attributed to them, from having any just critical estimate of their value and true spirit. "I do not know one of these men," he says of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, "to whom the sacred title of honest man is quite suitable." They are all wanting in probity. Their very names *me déchirent la bouche*. To admire Voltaire is the sign of a corrupt soul; and if anybody is drawn to the works of Voltaire, then be sure that God does not love such an one. The divine anathema is written on the very face of this arch-blasphemer; on his shameless brow, in the two extinct craters still sparkling with sensuality and hate, in that frightful *rictus* running from ear to ear, in those lips tightened by cruel malice, like a spring ready to fly back and launch forth blasphemy and sarcasm; he plunges into the mud, rolls in it, drinks of it; he surrenders his imagination to the enthusiasm of hell, which lends him all its forces; Paris crowned him, Sodom would have banished him.¹ Locke, again, did not understand himself. His distinguishing characteristics are feebleness and precipitancy of judgment; vagueness and irresolution reign in his expressions as they do in his thoughts. He constantly exhibits that most decisive sign of mediocrity—he passes close by the greatest questions without perceiving them. "In the study of philosophy, contempt for Locke is the beginning of knowledge."² Condillac was even more vigilantly than anybody else on his guard against his own conscience. But Hume was "perhaps the most dangerous and the most guilty of all those mournful writers who will for ever accuse the last century before posterity—the one who employed the most talent with the most coolness to do most harm." To Bacon De Maistre paid the compliment of composing a long refutation of his main ideas, in which Bacon's folly, blindness, presumption, stupidity, profanity, and scientific charlatanry are denounced in vehement and often coarse terms, and treated as the natural outcome of a low morality.

It has long been the inglorious specialty of the theological school to insist in this way upon moral depravity as an antecedent condition of intellectual error. De Maistre in this respect was not unworthy of his fellows. He believed that his opponents were "even worse citizens than they were bad philosophers," and it was his horror of them in the former capacity that made him so bitter and resentful against them in the latter. He could think of no more fitting image for opinions that he did not happen to believe than counterfeit money, "which is struck in the first instance by great criminals, and is afterwards passed by honest folk who perpetuate the crime without knowing what they do." A philosopher of the highest class, we may

(1) *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg* (8th edition, 1862), vol. i. pp. 238—243.

(2) *Ibid.*, 6ième entretien, i. 367—442.

be sure, does not permit himself to be drawn down from the true object of his meditations by these sinister emotions. But De Maistre belonged emphatically to minds of the second order, whose eagerness to find truth is never intense and pure enough to raise them above perturbing antipathies to persons. His whole attitude was fatal to his claim to be heard as a truth-seeker in any right sense of the term. He was not only persuaded of the general justice and inexpugnableness of the orthodox system, but he refused to believe that it was capable of being improved or supplemented by anything which a temperate and fair examination of other doctrines might peradventure be found to yield. With De Maistre there was no peradventure. Again, no speculative mind of the highest order ever mistakes, or ever moves systematically apart from, the main current of the social movement of its time. It is implied in the very definition of a thinker of supreme quality that he should detect and be in a certain accord with the most forward and central of the ruling tendencies of his epoch. Three-quarters of a century have elapsed since De Maistre was driven to attempt to explain the world to himself, and this interval has sufficed to show that the central conditions at that time for the permanent re-organisation of the society which had just been so violently rent in pieces, were assuredly not theological, military, and ultramontane, but the very opposite of all these.

There was a second consequence of the conditions of the time. The catastrophe of Europe affected the matter as well as the manner of contemporary speculation. The French Revolution has become to us no more than a term, though the strangest term, in a historic series. To some of the best of those who were confronted on every side by its tumult and agitation, it was the prevailing of the gates of hell, the moral disruption of the universe, the absolute and total surrender of the world to them that plough iniquity and sow wickedness. Even under ordinary circumstances few men have gone through life without encountering some triumphant iniquity, some gross and prolonged cruelty, which makes them wonder how God should allow such things to be. If we remember the aspect which the Revolution wore in the eyes of those who seeing it yet did not understand, we can imagine what dimensions this eternal enigma must have assumed in their sight. It was inevitable that the first problem to press on men with resistless urgency should be the ancient question of the method of the Creator's temporal government. What is the law of the distribution of good and evil fortune? How can we vindicate, with regard to the conditions of this life, the different destinies that fall to men? How can we defend the moral ordering of a world in which the wicked and godless constantly triumph, while the virtuous and upright who retain their integrity are as frequently buffeted and put to shame?

This tremendous question has never been presented with such

sublimity of expression, such noble simplicity and force of thought, as in the majestic and touching legend of Job. But its completeness, as a presentation of the human tragedy, is impaired by the excessive prosperity which is finally supposed to reward the patient hero for his fortitude. Job received twice as much as he had before, and his latter end was blessed more than his beginning. In the chronicles of actual history men fare not so. There is a terribly logical finish about the dealings of fate, and in life the working of a curse is never stayed by any dramatic necessity for a smooth consummation. Destiny is no artist. The facts that confront us are relentless. No statement of the case is adequate which maintains, by ever so delicate an implication, that in the long run and somehow it is well in temporal things with the just and ill with the unjust. Until we have firmly looked in the face the grim truth that temporal rewards and punishments do not follow the possession or the want of spiritual or moral virtue, so long we are still ignorant what that enigma is which speculative men, from the author of the book of Job downwards, have striven to resolve. We can readily imagine the fulness with which the question would grow up in the mind of a royalist and Catholic exile at the end of the eighteenth century.

The common speech of the world on the subject involves an extraordinary kind of compromise. As De Maistre says, the generality of men seem to be persuaded of two contrary propositions. In familiar conversation we constantly hear how the success of such and such a merchant is owing to his probity, his exactness, his economy, which have procured for him universal esteem and confidence; or that God blesses this and this family because they are good people who have pity on the poor—no wonder that all goes well with them. On the other hand, there runs equally through our discourse an assumption of the exact opposite to this; of the triumph of audacity, fraud, and bad faith, and of the corresponding disappointment that eternally awaits ingenuous honesty. Witness “the expression of a man of wit writing to a friend about a certain person of their acquaintance who had just obtained a distinguished post; *M—— was admirably fitted for this post in every respect, yet he has got it for all that.*” In the discourse of a single hour you shall hear the same man take it equally for granted, first, that cunning and unscrupulousness are certain of success in this world, and next that the virtuous man is certain to triumph in the long run.¹ De Maistre’s explanation of this striking inconsistency in the popular mind is curiously maladroit. The entire universe, he says, obeys two forces; there are two men in each man. Go to the play, and will you find a single sublime trait of filial piety, conjugal love, even of religious devotion, of which the audience is not profoundly sensible, and which it will

(1) *Soirées*, 3ième entretien, i. 183—186.

not drown in applause? Yet, go the next night, and you will hear just as much noise over the couplets of *Figaro*. But granting that our sympathies are two-sided and thus liable to be attracted almost equally by virtue and vice, now by the sublimest and now by the most sublime sentiments, how does this bear on the familiar inconsistency of our two proverbial beliefs about the temporal destiny which the virtuous man may expect? When the cynical Preacher declared that there be just men unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked, again there be wicked men unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous, he was not showing sympathy, but recording a result of his observation of life. The simple truth is that such observation discloses to us two sets of instances. We see virtuous men loaded with temporal prosperity, and with a natural enthusiasm we hasten to establish a general law on their merited good fortune.¹ Then we cannot help seeing examples of craft, and wickedness, and violence, just as amply loaded with temporal advantages; and on these also we build a generalisation about the course of human affairs. Each generalisation is exactly as true to fact as the other, and therefore each in the end neutralises the other; thus showing the cardinal truth that prosperity comes of compliance with the conditions requisite for obtaining it, and that of these conditions virtue sometimes is and sometimes is not one.

It was De Maistre's fondness for dwelling on the two natures within the human breast, that led him away from this simplest and most obviously intelligible explanation of the popular contradiction. For his own way of dealing with the main subject, to which we shall now proceed, rests wholly on the base implied in this explanation. He exhibits, indeed, some of the inevitable inconsistency of the theological philosopher, in an occasional appeal, as by a side-wind, to any stray superstition, even while professing to beat mere reasoners

(1) It is one of the weaknesses of untrained minds not to be able to stop at such generalisations. After they have reached them by process of observation, they are by-and-by so misled by a confused idea that these general records of facts are *laws* as to import into them legal ideas of invincible Necessity, of Obligation, and so forth. Thus, that "The man of blood shall not live out half his days" is very likely to be true as a register of fact, because the man of blood naturally surrounds himself with dangerous physical conditions, but there is no pronouncement of a necessary moral doom in such a generalisation. Let us take a more striking instance of confusion, which has played a curious and remarkable part in European history. When a sovereign or great feudal potentate remonstrated with parsimonious burghers, he charged them with scandalous disobedience to the declared will of God, whose prophet had told the Israelites concerning the king whom they sought,—“He will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots and to be his horsemen; and he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers; he will take the tenth of your heep, and ye shall be his servants.” Samuel was warning the people of the usual temper and dealings of kings with their subjects, as a matter of fact; the feudal potentate of the fifteenth century borrowed his words to be the divine sanction of lordly prerogatives as matters of moral and indefeasible right.

on their own grounds and fighting with their own weapons. Now and again, he shifts the question back into positions which are supposed to be abandoned before the controversy can really begin. For example, in one place he compares God to a temporal ruler, who in the siege of a hostile town cannot always be sure of sparing innocent persons. "No," aptly interrupts one of the interlocutors; "but why should not this good prince take under his protection the loyal inhabitants of this town, and transport them to some happy province where they may be rewarded for their fidelity?" Well, this is just what God does when innocent beings perish in a general catastrophe, De Maistre replies, referring evidently to the rewards that await the just in the next world. For one thing, this rather reminds one of the fanatical priest who implored a victorious captain to put to death every one of the inhabitants of a certain place, whether orthodox or heretical; "*Dieu saura reconnaître les siens.*" In De Maistre's case, such a position involved not only an indirect justification of inhumanity, but a *petitio principii* as well. The discussion which it is the professed work of his book to conduct, is only possible on condition that its field is confined to the rewards and punishments of this world. It is just, however, to De Maistre to say that there are few writers on his side who are so free from the detestable logical sin of pretending to argue on grounds and principles of reason, when in reality they postulate the acceptance of all the dicta of authority; who when the scale is turning against them with reference to the rewards and pains of time, achieve an imitation of victory by clandestinely slipping eternity into the dish.

Nothing can be more clearly put than De Maistre's answers to the question which the circumstances of the time placed before him to solve. What is the law of the distribution of good and evil fortune in this life? Is it a moral law? Do prosperity and adversity fall respectively to the just and the unjust, either individually or collectively? Has the ancient covenant been faithfully kept, that whose hearkens diligently to the Divine voice, and observes all the commandments to do them, shall be blessed in his basket and his store and in all the work of his hand? Or is God a God that hideth himself? Writers on natural theology have, as a rule, taken care to restrict their vision and discourse exclusively to those circumstances in the order of the world, which seem to imply the controlling watchfulness of perfect benevolence and unvarying tenderness towards all created things. They see only the steady recurrence of the seasons, the rich fruitfulness of the earth, the fitness of the human organisation for the circumstances in which it is placed, the helpfulness of the humbler organisations that are man's ministers, the glorious ideas and apprehensions that are implanted in his nature, and so forth. They invite the pious gratitude of men for the sunshine, but say nothing of the

hurricane. All that is black and mischievous alike in the external world and in human nature they are wont to ignore, or else to solve by the arbitrary invention of a second deity, the devil. One is all benevolence, while the other is made up of malignity, and the benign government of the universe was satisfactorily asserted by the attribution of all good things to the one, and of all evil to the malice of the other,—a malice, by the way, as entirely unaccountable as it is fatal. De Maistre did not resort to this grotesque explanation of the disasters which come upon men. He did not account for the occasional triumph of the wicked, and the occasional depression of the righteous, by the hypothesis that there is a division of the patronage of the universe between two contending powers. To ask that temporal rewards and punishments should follow respectively virtue and wickedness, he held most wisely to imply a fundamental misconception of the conditions of the divine government. “We do not wonder,” he says, “that in a battle the cannon-ball hits the righteous man as well as the wicked, or even spares the wicked while it destroys the righteous. There is no more reason why we should be surprised that misfortunes sometimes appear to single out the just, and to pass by on the other side in the case of the unjust.” The true question which the impugners of the divine government habitually misstate, is whether a bad man is sometimes seen to be exempt from calamity because he is bad, and the good man stricken by it because he is good. If this were the fact, that the good man suffered for being good, and the bad man triumphed for being bad, then the moral problem would be insoluble. There is a confusion between two questions:—Why does the just man suffer? and Why does man suffer? When evil overtakes the righteous, it is not in their quality of righteous, but in their quality of men. Every human being in his quality of man is subject to all the misfortunes to which humanity is liable. “To say that crime is happy in this world, and innocence unhappy, is a thorough contradiction in terms; it is just like saying that poverty is rich and opulence poor. But this shows the perversity of men. It is not enough that God should have attached unspeakable happiness to the exercise of virtue; it is not enough that he should have promised to this the greatest share beyond all comparison in the general distribution of the good things of this world; these infatuated people, *dont le raisonnement a banni la raison*, refuse to be satisfied. It is absolutely necessary that their imaginary Just Man should be beyond suffering; that no ill should ever befall him; that the rain should not wet him; that the mildew should respectfully stop short at the boundaries of his field; and that if he should perchance forget to bar his door, then God should be under the obligation of sending an angel with a flaming sword, lest some *fortunate* robber should come and carry off the gold and pretty things

of the Just.”¹ Justice in the husbandman has nothing to do with the copiousness of the yield of his land. If his yield is inferior to the supply of the wicked husbandman, it is because certain general laws regulate agricultural things; and so long as there is no special and particular interruption of them for the benefit of the bad, nor to the detriment of the good, then the good have no rightful grounds of complaint against the Ruler of the universe.

So far it will be seen that De Maistre is strictly in the path that leads to the root of the entire matter. If he had followed it as steadily to the end, he must have come to the Positive solution. But this he had no intention of doing, and the admirable vigour with which he began to confront the question, and to pursue a solution which it perhaps demands some fortitude to accept, first begins to waver, and then swiftly changing face, carries him to one of the most terrible theological suppositions that have ever been propounded. His main position is plain: Material prosperity, all outward good fortune, is acquired and retained by certain means; it follows certain conditions which very often do not lie in the moral order at all. We shall see presently to what extent and in what sense moral conditions enter into even external success and comfort. Meanwhile it is clear that De Maistre admits that there is no necessary connection, and holds it to be no disparagement of the divine method of governing the world, that there should not be this necessary connection between success and virtue. Instead, however, of consistently adhering to this, and explaining it as he well might without weakening his hold of theistic principle, he instantly sets to work to soften down his position and make it contribute as little as possible to the permanent elucidation of the difficulty. It is true that he always keeps away from what he justly stigmatises as *la folle hypothèse de l'optimisme*; but he shrinks, perhaps involuntarily, from the only really tenable theory in its complete and logical form. After all, he asks, what is virtue? “Strip our miserable virtues of all that we owe to temperament, to sense of honour, to opinion, to pride, to want of power, to opportunity or circumstance; what is left?” This, it will be observed, is in the well-known theological vein, which vindicates providence at the cost of mankind, and exalts the divine clemency and justice by lowering the level of human dignity. Necessarians are unjustly reproached with robbing man of all credit or discredit for the way in which he exercises his will; to deny the freedom of the will, it is said, is to rob virtue of all merit, and therefore of all claim to praise. Yet the persons who especially resort to this kind of talk, seldom speak of our virtues except as miserable rags, just as De Maistre does here. Even if we concede that virtue is but a sorry possession at the very best, it is still undeniable that some men have more of it

(1) *Soirées*, 3ième entretien, i. 212.

han others; and the thesis is that external prosperity distributes itself, upon the whole, without relation or proportion to virtuous quality. De Maistre believed this, yet could not refrain from a return upon insinuations which really neutralise and stultify his elaborate position. Let us take another instance of this half reluctance to accept a truth which his reasoned observation imposes. Although his whole argument professes to be a solution of the fact which he does not deny, that virtue does not appear to bring any outward good thing to the persons who practise it, yet he more than once dwells upon the long life which holy persons have often enjoyed; and he quotes with exultation Voltaire's recognition of the length of days which the saints of old in their religious solitude constantly attained. De Maistre was much too acute, however, seriously to rest on an argument which might prove that Voltaire was a more righteous person than St. Paul. There is one more example of his lurking desire to be able to point out the temporal advantage of virtue, which is too quaint to be passed over. There are some diseases, he says, of a special and peculiar character, like phthisis, dropsy, apoplexy; while there are others which can only be described by general names, as *malaises*, *incommodités*, *douleurs*, *fièvres innommées*. 'Now'—and this is the astounding part of the passage—"the more virtuous a man is, the more sheltered he is against *diseases that have names*." What can be more monstrous than thus to make a purely artificial division of diseases, and then to hang a sort of apology for divine providence upon it? As if good men seldom died of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Why not say that the more virtuous a man is, the more sheltered he is against capillary lucts or the Eustachian canal?

This curious attempt to connect diseases that have special names with moral offences is the more remarkable because he has expressly said, in his most striking manner, that the mode of a man's death is indifferent to the Supreme Being. "If it is decided," he says in one place, "that a certain number of children must die, I do not see what difference it makes to them whether they die in one way or another. Whether a dagger pierces a man's heart, or a little blood collects in his brain, he falls dead equally; but in the first case we say that he has ended his days by a violent death. *For God, however, there is no such thing as violent death*. A steel blade fixed in the heart is a malady, just like a simple callosity that we should call a polypus."¹ For the innocent children who were crushed to death beneath the falling houses at the earthquake of Lisbon, what mattered it before God, whether they came to an end in this way or by scarlatina, epilepsy, and difficult teething? Whether three or four

(1) *Soirées*, 4ième entretien, i. 263.

thousand perish spread over a great space, or all at once and at a blow by an earthquake or a rising of the sea, is the same thing for the Reason, though it makes an enormous difference for the Imagination.

This brings us to the most characteristic part of De Maistre's speculations on this subject. He perceived that the optimistic conception of the Deity as benign, merciful, infinitely forgiving, was very far indeed from covering the facts. So he insisted on seeing in human destiny the ever-present hand of a stern and terrible judge, administering a Draconian code with blind and pitiless severity. God created men under conditions which left them free to choose between good and evil. All the physical evil that exists in the world is a penalty for the moral evil that has resulted from the abuse by men of this freedom of choice. For these physical calamities God is only responsible, in the way in which a criminal judge is responsible for a hanging. Men cannot blame the judge for the gallows; the fault is their own in committing those offences for which hanging is prescribed beforehand as the penalty. Those curses which dominate human life are not the result of the cruelty of the divine ruler, but of the folly and wickedness of mankind, who seeing the better course, yet deliberately choose the worse. The order of the world is overthrown by the iniquities of men; it is we who have provoked the exercise of the divine justice, and called down the tokens of his vengeance. The misery and disaster that surround us like a cloak, are the penalty of our crimes and the price of our expiation. As the divine St. Thomas has said, *Deus est auctor mali quod est pœna, non autem mali quod est culpa*. There is a certain quantity of wrong done over the face of the world; therefore the great Judge exacts a proportionate quantity of punishment. The total amount of evil suffered makes nice equation with the total amount of evil done; the extent of human suffering tallies precisely with the extent of human guilt. Of course you must take original sin into account, "which explains all, and without which you can explain nothing." "In virtue of this primitive degradation we are subject to all sorts of physical sufferings *in general*; just as in virtue of this same degradation we are subject to all sorts of vices *in general*. This original malady therefore [which is the correlative of original sin] has no other name. It is only the capacity of suffering all evils, as original sin is only the capacity of committing all crimes."¹ Hence all calamity is either the punishment of sins actually committed by the sufferers, or else is the general penalty exacted for general sinfulness. Sometimes an innocent being is stricken, and a guilty being appears to escape. But is it not the same in the transactions of earthly tribunals? And yet we do not say that they

(1) *Soirées*, i. 76.

re conducted without regard to justice and righteousness. "When God punishes any society for the crimes that it has committed, he does justice as we do justice ourselves in these sorts of circumstances. A city revolts; it massacres the representatives of the sovereign; it shuts its gates against him; it defends itself against his arms; it is taken. The prince has it dismantled and deprived of all its privileges; nobody will find fault with this decision on the ground that there are innocent persons shut up in the city."¹

The reader will observe the following points in this marvellous theory:—

1. That De Maistre's deity is a colossal Septembriseur, a veritable Marat enthroned high in the peaceful heavens, demanding ever-renewed holocausts of blood in the name of divine justice, exactly as the Terrorists cried for holocausts in the name of the public safety. "Give me," cried the Friend of the People, "the lives of ten, twenty, thirty, three hundred thousand, ci-devants and aristocrats, and the state will be saved. The foundation of the commonwealth can only be cemented by their blood, which has peculiar virtue in it. You say hundreds of them, women and youths, have done no harm; has not their order done harm?" Just so, the being to whom De Maistre ascribed the government of the universe is supposed on his theory to cry out for an uninterrupted supply of human misery and destruction. It may seem odd that De Maistre should have invited our reverence and love for such a conception; he lived, however, in times when the Parisians had begun to invest even *mère Guillotine* with endearing associations.

2. It is true, as a general rule of the human mind, that the objects which men have worshipped have improved in morality and wisdom as men themselves have improved, and that the quiet gods, without effort of their own, have grown holier and purer by the agitations and toil which civilise their worshippers; in other words, that the same influences which elevate and widen our sense of human duty, also give corresponding height and nobleness to our ideas of the divine character. The history of the civilisation of the earth is the history of the civilisation of Olympus also. It will be seen that the

(1) De Maistre found a curiously characteristic kind of support for this view in the fact that evils are called *fléaux*: flails are things to beat with: so evils must be things with which men are beaten; and as we should not be beaten if we did not deserve it, *regal* suffering is a merited punishment. Apart from that common infirmity which leads people, after they have discovered an analogy between two things, to argue from the properties of the one to those of the other, as if, instead of being analogous, they were identical, De Maistre was particularly fond of inferring moral truths from etymologies. He has an argument for the deterioration of man, drawn from the fact that the Romans expressed in the same word, *supplicium*, the two ideas of prayer and punishment (*Soirées, même entretien*, i. p. 108). His profundity as an etymologist may be gathered from his analysis of *cadaver*: *ca-ro, da-ta, ver-mibus*. There are many others of the same quality.

deity whom De Maistre sets up is below the moral level of the time in respect of Punishment. In intellectual matters he vehemently proclaimed the superiority of the tenth or the twelfth over the eighteenth century, but it is surely carrying admiration for those loyal times indecently far to seek in the vindictive sackings of revolted towns, and the miscellaneous butcheries of men, women, and babes, which marked the vengeance of outraged sovereignty in those times, the most apt parallel and analogy for the systematic administration of human society by the Almighty. It is open to a man with De Maistre's convictions to say to the State, "The man whom you have just hung for murder was born and bred up amidst associations of violence, lawlessness, disregard of life, and absolute mental darkness: is not the punishment of such an offender a visitation of the sins of the fathers on the children, and an act therefore of the same kind of injustice which you charge against the divine government?" This would have been a pertinent thing to say once when penalties were inflicted vindictively and retributively. But the retributive theory is no longer held by enlightened minds. We value punishment as a deterrent and reforming agency, and as that only. Now the mass of general evil which has been visited upon men, and which still confronts them with undiminishing volume as a punishment for the general degradation by original sin, cannot be deterrent, because the sin has been committed long ago, and can neither be undone nor repeated. Therefore what is it but vindictive and retributive castigation, inflicted without any view to prevent the repetition of the offence, since it cannot be repeated. This is an idea which no enlightened man now holds. Such punishment can no longer be regarded as moral in any deep or permanent sense; it implies a gross, harsh, and revengeful character in the executioner, that is eminently perplexing and incredible to those who expect to find an idea of justice in the government of the world, at least not materially below that attained in the clumsy efforts of uninspired publicists.

3. In mere point of administration, the criminal code which De Maistre put into the hands of the Supreme Being works in a more arbitrary and capricious manner than any device of an Italian Bourbon. As Voltaire asks,—

"Lisbonne, qui n'est plus, eut-elle plus des vices
Que Londres, que Paris, plongés dans les délices?
Lisbonne est abimée, et l'on danse à Paris."

Stay, De Maistre replies, look at Paris thirty years later, not dancing, but red with blood. This kind of thing is often said, even now; but it is really time to abandon the prostitution of the name of Justice to a process which brings Louis XVI. to the block and consigns De Maistre to poverty and exile, because Louis XIV., the Regent, and Louis XV., had been profligate men and injudicious rulers. Any

me would befit this kind of transaction better than that which, in the dealings of men with one another, at least, we reserve for the honourable anxiety that he should reap who has sown, that the reward should be to him who has toiled for it, and the pain to him who has deliberately incurred it. What is gained by attributing to a divine government a method tainted with every quality that would vitiate the enactment of penalties by a temporal sovereign?

4. Though De Maistre holds that the scheme of faith is in truth the best friend and harmoniser of reason, he rests the entire superstructure of the divine government upon what he calls the original degradation of man. On this *précarication*, which exhibits itself in our language, thought, conduct, method, he is never weary of expatiating; but he never once explains, or even attempts to explain, in precise and intelligible language, what this original sin was which weighs so heavily on the children of earth. It is avowedly a mystery. Nobody who has asked himself fruitless questions—why the race of man inhabits the earth, or, what is the final upshot of the endless series of successive transfusions among forms of life and growth—is likely to deny that outside the ever-widening circle within which reason reigns and works there lies the sombre and sterile land of mystery eternally unfathomable. But this general recognition of the inscrutability of natural causes is an entirely different process from the assertion of any one special, particular, and defined mystery, to be received as the foundation-stone of a system claiming to be rational in every other part but its foundation-stone.

How long will men of all creeds—Ultramontanes, Anglicans, Presbyterians—continue to pretend to take a stand on Reason, when they are forced to admit that you must believe on the very threshold at something once happened of which they can give you no details, of which there is no shred of authentic record, unless conflicting myths of early races constitute an authentic record, and which has all the air of an artificial invention, devised in primitive times, when men's conceptions of a deity were of a gross and simple kind, for the purpose of explaining human suffering? Even if we had a record of the fall of men from the estate of demi-gods, nobody either before or since De Maistre has attempted rationally—and they pretend to be working with rational instruments—to explain what ought to be their major premiss, that suffering is expiatory of sin. Why and how does misery *purge* degradation? What is this expiatory process? How does the exaction of a fine from a drunkard purge his offence morally? If the apologists would all courageously say, as some of them have done, that these things are mysteries, things absolutely unintelligible, and therefore are true, good; but if they are honest in believing their reconcilableness with reason, then they are bound, at all events, to admit these questions fully into their meditations. De

Maistre saw the necessity for some elucidation of the nature of punishment, sacrifice, purification, and the like, when he wrote that most extraordinary of all his pieces, the *Éclaircissement sur les Sacrifices*. The manner of his elucidation will be sufficiently visible when we say that it turns upon some mysterious qualities which he believed to exist in the blood, and that he supports it, among other arguments of about the same calibre, by two strange allegations—that the happiest changes in nations have almost invariably been brought about by bloody catastrophes, and that the families which endure longest are those which have lost most members in war. One can understand the curious fascination which the character of the public executioner always exercised over De Maistre's mind.¹ He was nothing less than a mysterious high-priest of society, and the type (as we have already seen) of the supreme government of the whole earth.

5. De Maistre's explanation of pain and misery is equally open with all others which issue from the same laboratory to the objection of failing to satisfy that sense which the progress of scientific knowledge is every day intensifying, of the kinship of all sentient beings. The pleasure and pain of brutes are in some aspects identical, and where they are not identical are closely analogous to the same sentiments in men. We desire some community of explanation where there is such community of circumstance. What is the law of the distribution of pleasure and pain among these humbler creatures? Has there been original sin here too? Did some fabled ancestor of elephant or oyster inflict a curse upon his descendants? All through animated creation we behold pain and disaster. When a weasel throttles a rabbit, we explain the fact by reference to the great principle of the Conditions of Existence. When a shark crushes the bones of a man who has fallen overboard, we are to attribute the wretch's fate to heaven's judgment, by supposing either that he had sinned specially, or that his bloody end was a trifling instalment of the fine inflicted on the race for having sinned generally. Would it not be simpler and more rational to explain all the pain as well as all the happiness of all creatures with organisations capable of perceiving the difference between the two states, by reference to a single principle? This principle we have in the Conditions of Existence. De Maistre appears to have been on the verge of recognising the adequateness of this—as we have already noticed. But the ingenuity of men who have resolved to move in the theological groove is inexhaustible in finding artificial reasons why they should remain in it.

Finally, De Maistre was prevented by the methods of his time from examining in the only effective way possible those questions of

(1) The elaborate picture of the Executioner in the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg* (i. p. 39), is very striking.

the origin and nature of Justice, which in truth are the key to all fertile speculations on the government of the universe. He never thought of morality in connection with growth and development. It represented to him some entity, absolute and rigid, established and promulgated once for all. Now philosophic history shows that Justice is the social idea in its highest, widest, and most binding expression; and, therefore, that its form and precepts vary with the variations in the general conditions of communities. It signifies the moral principle which obliges each so to shape his conduct and relations, his claims and his achievements, that they harmonise with the highest good of all. The same account would apply to Virtue, spoken of generally. Justice or virtue, therefore, being thus only means to the universal weal, of which material prosperity and strength are elements, it flows from the definition that provided the moral sentiment of a community is enlightened by a correct intellectual appreciation of the circumstances amid which its movement is, material goods will come to it in proportion to its love of justice and virtue, and the average amount of conformity to the particular precepts in which they are specialised. To this extent it is perfectly true that justice is likely, under certain conditions, to conduce to external prosperity and security. For example, in the case where De Maistre asks whether we expect God to send down an angel to guard against the robber the doors of the just man who has not taken the precaution to bolt them, he really misses what might have been said in favour of his own suppressed half belief that after all it is well with the just even externally; because in communities where prosperity happens to be an institution, respect for it in the individual case is one of the components of a just character, so that by setting an example of justice in his own person, our honest man on whose behalf God refuses to send an angel is, in fact, adopting the best means open to him, beyond bolts and bars, of securing his gold and precious things. Beyond and outside of this, the only certain result of virtue in a man is that he has the soothing and elevating consciousness of being virtuous.

De Maistre's ideas upon Prayer fit in rather oddly with his theories of the chastising judge, and of the sufferings which overtake all men in their quality of human beings; and he exhibits the inconsistencies on this subject common to men who come near to the Positive standpoint while still holding tight as with one hand to theological hypotheses. God, he says, is not responsible for evil, because it is a punishment for sin, which you may avoid first by forbearing from sinful acts (one would like to know how he reconciled this with his notions about original sin), and next by prayer. He vindicates prayer in the first instance by the usual sarcastic onslaught upon the con-

ception of eternal and immovable laws, as if, says he, there were no such things as secondary laws by which an almighty being could interfere to accomplish the objects of devout solicitation. But in his discourse on this subject the atmosphere of law very soon becomes too oppressive, and he is not long in throwing himself back upon *les secrets du monde spirituel*. Beginning by resting on prayer as a really controlling objective agency, he comes at last by a silent but judicious transition to place it among the almost exclusively subjective influences. At first we find prayer held out as a means of tempering and even wholly averting external disaster; but by-and-bye we learn that its *vertu purifiante*, its subjective efficacy, in other words, is infinitely more valuable than anything that we can ask in our miserable ignorance. Just as in his former enterprise to show that some temporal reward falls to virtue, he winds up by showing that virtue is filthy rags and deserves no reward at all; so here, while starting from the point that prayer modifies the heavenly judgments and stays the divine hand, being encountered on his argumentative way by the objection that prayer does not often succeed in effecting this modification, he indignantly assails the supplicants—*Areugles et insensés que nous sommes! au lieu de nous plaindre de n'être pas exaucés, tremblons plutôt d'avoir mal demandé, ou d'avoir demandé le mal*. It is quite true, he holds, that the prayers of a nation are heard, only let us be sure that we know first what is a nation, and second that we know what is true prayer. The more you examine the thing, he says in one place, the more convinced you will be that there is nothing so difficult in the whole world as to utter a genuine prayer. It is thus that the hopes of men are ever mocked; the officious theologist proffers us a fair and stout support along the stony roadways, and ere we have well grasped it he shreds it all away in sophistical explanations.

It will be inferred from De Maistre's general position that he was no friend to Physical Science. Just as we others see in the advance of the methods and boundaries of physical knowledge the most direct and sure means of displacing the unfruitful subjective methods of old, and so of renovating the entire field of human thought and activity, so did De Maistre see, as his school has seen since, that here was the stronghold of those whom he held foes. "Ah, how dearly," he exclaimed, "has man paid for the natural sciences!" Not but that providence designed that man should know something about them; only it must be in due order. The ancients were not permitted to attain to much or even any sound knowledge of physics, indisputably above us as they were in force of mind—a fact shown by the superiority of their languages, which ought to silence for ever the voice of our modern pride. Why did the ancients remain so ignorant of natural science? Because they were not Christian. "When all Europe was Christian, when the priests were

he universal teachers, when all the establishments of Europe were Christianised, when theology had taken its place at the head of all instruction, and the other faculties were ranged around her like maids of honour round their queen, the human race being thus prepared, then the natural sciences were given to it." Science must be kept in its place, for it resembles fire which, when confined in the grates prepared for it, is the most useful and powerful of man's servants; scattered about anyhow, it is the most terrible of scourges. Whence the marked supremacy of the seventeenth century, especially in France? From the happy accord of religion, science, and chivalry, and from the supremacy conceded to the first. The more perfect theology is in a country, the more fruitful it is in true science; and that is why Christian nations have surpassed all others in the sciences, and why the Indians and Chinese will never reach us so long as we remain respectively as we are. The more theology is cultivated, honoured, and supreme, then, *toutes choses égales d'ailleurs*, the more perfect will human science be—that is to say, it will have the greater force and expansion, and will be the more free from every mischievous and perilous connection.¹

Little would be gained here by serious criticism of a view of this kind from a positive point. How little, the reader will understand from De Maistre's own explanation of his principles of proof and evidence. "They have called to witness against Moses," he says, history, chronology, astronomy, geology, &c. The objections have disappeared before true science; but those were profoundly wise who despised them before any inquiry, or who only examined them in order to discover a refutation, but without ever doubting that there was none. Even a mathematical objection ought to be despised, for though it may be a demonstrated truth, still you will never be able to demonstrate that it contradicts a truth that has been demonstrated before." His final formula he boldly announced in these words:—*Que toutes les fois qu'une proposition sera prouvée par le genre de preuve qui lui appartient, l'objection quelconque, MEME INSOLUBLE, ne doit plus être écoutée.* Suppose for example that by a consensus of testimony, it were perfectly proved that Archimedes set fire to the fleet of Marcellus by a burning-glass; then all the objections of geometry disappear. Prove if you can, and if you choose, that by certain laws a glass to be capable of setting fire to the Roman fleet must have been as big as the whole city of Syracuse, and ask me what answer I have to make to that. "*J'ai à vous répondre qu'Archimède brûla la flotte romaine avec un miroir ardent.*"

The interesting thing about such opinions as these, is not the exact height and depth of their falseness, but the considerations which could recommend them to a man of so much knowledge, both of

(1) See the *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon*, vol. ii. 58 seq.

books and of the outer facts of life, and of so much natural acuteness as De Maistre. Persons who have accustomed themselves to ascertained methods of proof are apt to look on a man who vows that if a thing has been declared true by some authority whom he respects, then that constitutes proof to him, as either the victim of a preposterous and barely credible infatuation, or else as a flat impostor. Yet he was no ignorant monk. He had no selfish or official interest in taking away the keys of knowledge, entering not in himself, and then that would enter in hindering. The true reasons for his detestation of the eighteenth century philosophers, science, and literature, are simple enough. Like every wise man, he felt that the end of all philosophy and science is emphatically social, the construction and maintenance and improvement of a fabric under which the communities of men may find shelter, and all the other conditions for living their lives with dignity and service. Then he held that no truth can be harmful to society; if he found any system of opinions, any given attitude of the mind, injurious to tranquillity and the public order, he instantly concluded that, however plausible they might seem when tested by logic and demonstration, they were fundamentally untrue and deceptive. What is logic compared with eternal salvation in the next world and the practice of virtue in this? The recommendation of such a mind as De Maistre's is the intensity of its appreciation of order and social happiness. The obvious weakness of such a mind and the curse inherent in its influence, is that it overlooks the prime condition of all; that social order can never be established on a durable basis so long as the discoveries of scientific truth in all its departments are suppressed, or incorrectly appreciated, or socially misapplied. De Maistre did not perceive that the cause which he supported was no longer the cause of peace and tranquillity and right living, but was in a state of absolute and final decomposition, and therefore was the cause of disorder and blind wrong living. Of this we shall see more in a third and concluding chapter.

EDITOR.

MR. DARWIN'S HYPOTHESES.

PART II.

EVERY one who has pursued embryological researches, and in a lesser degree, every one who has merely read about them, must have been impressed by this marvel of marvels : an exceedingly minute portion of living matter, so simple in structure that a line will define it, passes by successive modifications into an organism so complex that a treatise is needed to describe it ; not only does the simple cell, in which the ovum or the spermatozoon originates, pass into a complex organism, reproducing the forms and features of the parents, and with these the constitutional peculiarities of the parents (their longevity, their diseases, their mental dispositions, nay their very tricks and habits), but it may reproduce the form and features, the dispositions and diseases, of a grandfather or great-grandfather which had lain dormant in the father or mother. Consider for an instant what this implies. A microscopic cell of albuminous compounds, wholly without trace of organs, not appreciably distinguishable from millions of other cells, does nevertheless contain within it the "possibilities" of an organism so complex and so special as that of a Newton or a Napoleon. If ever there was a case when the famous Aristotelian notion of a "potential existence" seemed justified, assuredly it is this. And although we can only by a fallacy maintain the oak to be contained in the acorn, or the animal contained in the ovum, the fallacy is so natural, and indeed so difficult of escape, that there is no ground for surprise when physiologists, on first learning something of development, are found maintaining that the perfect organism existed already in the ovum, having all its lineaments in miniature, and only growing into visible dimensions through the successive stages of evolution.¹ The preformation of the organism seemed an inevitable deduction from the opinions once universal. It led to many strange, and some absurd conclusions ; among them, to the assertion that the original germ of every species contained within it all the countless individuals which in process of time might issue from it ; and this in no metaphysical "potential" guise, but as actual boxed-up existences (*embottés*) ; so that Adam and Eve were in the most literal sense progenitors of the whole human race, and contained their progeny already shaped within them, awaiting the great accoucheur, Time.

This was the celebrated "emboîtement" theory. In spite of obvious objections it gained scientific acceptance, because physiologists could not bring themselves to believe that so marvellous a structure as

(1) "Nulla in corpore animale pars ante aliam facta est, et omnes simul creatæ existunt."—HALLER, *Elementa Physiologiae*, viii. 148.

that of a human organism arose by a series of successive modifications, or because they could not comprehend how it was built up, part by part, into forms so closely resembling the parent-forms. That many and plausible reasons pleaded in favour of this opinion is evident in the fact that illustrious men like Haller, Bonnet, Vallisneri, Swammerdam, Réaumur, and Cuvier, were its advocates; and if there is not a single physiologist of our day who accepts it, or who finds any peculiar difficulty in following the demonstrations of embryologists, how from the common starting-point of a self-multiplying epithelial cell parts so diverse as hairs, nails, hoofs, scales, feathers, crystalline lens, and secreting glands may be evolved, or how from the homogeneous germinal membrane the complex organism will arise, there are very few among the scorers of the dead hypothesis who seem capable of generalising the principles which have destroyed it, or can conceive that the laws of Evolution apply as rigorously to the animal and vegetable *kingdoms* as to the individual *organisms*. The illustrious names of those who advocated the preformation hypothesis may serve to check our servile submission to the authorities so loudly proclaimed as advocates of the fixity of species. The more because the two doctrines have a common parentage. The one falls with the other; and no array of authorities can arrest the fall. That the manifold differentiations noticeable in a complex organism should have been evolved from a membrane wholly destitute of differences is a marvel, but a marvel which Science has made intelligible. Yet the majority of those to whom this has been made intelligible still find an impossibility in admitting that the manifold forms of plant and animal were successively evolved from equally simple origins. They relinquish the hypothesis of preformation in the one case, and cling to it in the other. Evolution, demonstrable in the individual history, seems preposterous in the history of the class. And thus is presented the instructive spectacle of philosophers laughing at the absurdities of "preformation," and yet exerting all their logic and rhetoric in defence of "creative fiats"—which is simply the preformation hypothesis writ large.

It would not be difficult to show that the doctrine of Epigenesis, with which Wolff for ever displaced the doctrine of Preformation, leads by an inevitable logic to the doctrine of universal Evolution; and that we can no more understand the appearance of a new organism which is not the modification of some already existing organism, than we can understand the sudden appearance of a new organ which is not the modification of some existing structure. In the one case as in the other we may disguise the process under such terms as creative fiat and preformation; but these terms are no explanations; they re-state the results, they do not describe the process; whereas Epigenesis describes the process as it passes under our eyes.

If any reader of these pages who, from theological or zoological suspicion of the Development Hypothesis, clings to the hypothesis of a creative Plan which once for all arranged the organic world in Types that could not change, will ask what rational interpretation can be given to the succession of phases each embryo is forced to pass through, it may help to give him pause. He will observe that *none* of these phases have any adaptation to the future state of the animal, but are in positive contradiction to it, or are simply purposeless; *many* of them have no adaptation even to its embryonic state; whereas all show stamped on them the unmistakeable characters of *ancestral* adaptations and the progressions of Organic Evolution. What does the fact imply? There is not a single known example of an organism which is not developed out of simpler forms. Before it can attain the complex structure which distinguishes it, there must be an evolution of forms which distinguish the structures of organisms lower in the series. On the hypothesis of a Plan which pre-arranged the organic world, nothing could be more unworthy of a supreme intelligence than this inability to construct an organism at once without previously making several tentative efforts, undoing to-day what was so carefully done yesterday, and repeating for centuries the same tentatives and the same corrections in the same succession. Do not let us blink this consideration. There is a traditional phrase much in vogue among the anthropomorphists, which arose naturally enough from the tendency to take human methods as an explanation of the divine—a phrase which becomes a sort of argument—"The Great Architect" (the emphasis of capitals seeming indispensable). But if we are to admit the human point of view, a glance at the facts of embryology must produce very uncomfortable reflections. For what should we say to an architect who was unable, or being able was obstinately unwilling, to erect a palace except by first using his materials in the shape of a hut, then pulling it down and rebuilding them as a cottage, then adding storey to storey and room to room, *not* with any reference to the ultimate purposes of the palace, but wholly with reference to the way in which houses were constructed in ancient times? What should we say to the architect who could not form a museum out of bricks and mortar, but was forced to begin as if going to build a mansion; and after proceeding some way in this direction, altered his plan into a palace, and that again into a museum? Would there be a chorus of applause from the Institute of Architects, and "favourable notices in the newspapers" of this profound wisdom? Yet this is the sort of succession on which organisms are constructed. The fact has long been familiar; how has it been reconciled with Infinite Wisdom? Let the following passage answer for a thousand:—"The embryo is nothing like the miniature of the adult. For a long while the body in its entirety and its details presents the strangest of spectacles. Day by day and hour by hour the aspect of the scene

changes, and this instability is exhibited by the most essential parts no less than by the accessory parts. One would say that Nature feels her way, and only reaches the goal after many times missing the path—on dirait que la nature tâtonne et ne conduit son œuvre à bon fin qu'après s'être souvent trompée."¹ Writers have no compunction in speaking of Nature feeling her way and blundering; but if in lieu of Nature, which may mean anything, the Great Architect be substituted, it is probable that the repugnance to using such language of evasion may cause men to revise their conceptions altogether; they dare not attribute ignorance and incompetence to the Creator.

Obviously the architectural hypothesis is incompetent to explain the phenomena of organic development. Evolution is the universal process; not creation of a direct kind. Von Baer, who very properly corrected the exaggerations which had been put forth respecting the identity of the embryonic forms with adult forms lower in the scale, who showed that the mammalian embryo never was a bird, a reptile, or a fish, nevertheless emphasized the fact that the mammalian embryo passes through all the lower typical forms; so much so that, except by their size, it is impossible to distinguish the embryos of mammal, bird, lizard, or snake. "In my collection," he says, "there are two little embryos which I have omitted to label, so that now I am quite incompetent to say to what class they belong. They may be lizards, they may be small birds, or very young mammals; so complete is the similarity in the mode of formation of the head and trunk. The extremities have not yet made their appearance. But even if they existed in the earliest stage we should learn nothing from them, for the feet of lizards, mammals, and the wings of birds, all arise from the same common form." He sums up with his formula: "The special type is always evolved from a more general type."²

Such reminiscences of earlier forms are intelligible on the supposition that originally the later form was a modification of the earlier form, and that this modification is repeated; or on the supposition that there was a similarity in the organic conditions, which similarity ceased at the point where the new form emerged. But on no hypothesis of creative Plan are they intelligible. They are useless structures, failing even to subserve a temporary purpose. Sometimes, as Mr. Darwin remarks, a trace of the embryonic resemblance lasts till a late age: "Thus birds of the same genus, and of closely allied genera, often resemble each other in their first and second plumage; as we see in the spotted feathers in the thrush group. In the cat tribe most of the species are striped and spotted in lines; and stripes or spots can plainly be distinguished in the whelp of the lion and the puma. We occasionally, though rarely, see something

(1) QUATREFAGES: *Metamorphoses de l'Homme et des Animaux*, 1862, p. 42.

(2) VON BAER: *Ueber Entwicklungsgeschichte*, i. 221.

f this kind in plants. The points of structure in which the embryos of widely different animals of the same class resemble each other, often have no direct relation to their conditions of existence. We cannot, for instance, suppose that in the embryos of the vertebrata the peculiar loop-like courses of the arteries near the bronchial slits are related to similar conditions in the young mammal which is nourished in the womb of its mother, in the egg of a bird which is hatched in a nest, and in the spawn of a frog under water." It would be easy to multiply examples, but I will content myself with three. The tadpole of the Salamander has gills, and passes his existence in the water; but the *Salamandra atra*, which lives high up among the mountains, brings forth its young full-formed. This animal never lives in the water. Yet if we open a gravid female, we find tadpoles inside her with exquisitely feathered gills, and (as I have witnessed) these tadpoles "when from the mother's womb untimely ripped," if placed in water, swim about like the tadpoles of water newts. Obviously this aquatic organisation has no reference to the future life of the animal, nor has it any adaptation to its embryonic condition; it has solely reference to ancestral adaptations, it repeats a phase in the development of its progenitors. Again, in the embryo of the naked Nudibranch, we always observe a shell, although the animal is without a shell, and there can be no purpose served by the shell in embryonic life.¹ Finally, the human embryo has a tail, which is of course utterly purposeless, and which, although to be explained as a result of organic laws, is on the creative hypothesis only explained as an adherence to the general plan of structure—a specimen of pedantic trifling worthy of no intellect above the pongo's.²

Humanly appreciated, not only is it difficult to justify the successive stages of development, the incessant building up of structures immediately to be taken down, but also to explain why development was necessary at all. Why are not plants and animals formed at once, as Eve was mythically affirmed to be taken from Adam's rib, and Minerva from Jupiter's head? The theory of Descent answers this

(1) Curiously enough, while the Nudibranch, which is without a shell, possesses one during its embryonic life, there is another mollusc, *Neritina fluviatilis*, which possessing a shell in its subsequent life is without one during the early periods, and according to LAPARDE begins an independent existence capable of feeding itself before it acquires one. See his admirable memoir on the *Neritina*, in *Müller's Archiv.*, 1857.

(2) Has any advocate of the hypothesis that animals were created as we see them now, fully formed and wondrously adapted in all their parts to the conditions in which they live, ever considered the hind legs of the seal, which he may have watched in the Zoological Gardens? Here is an animal which habitually swims like a fish, and cannot use his hind limbs except as a rudder to propel him through the water; but instead of having a fish-like tail he has two legs flattened together, and nails on the toes—toes and nails being obvious superfluities. Now which is the more rational interpretation, that these limbs, in spite of their non-adaptation, were retained in rigid adherence to a Plan, or that the limbs were inherited from an ancestor who used them as legs, and that these legs have gradually become modified by the fish-like habits of the seal?

question very simply ; the theory of Creation can only answer it by affirming that such was the ordained plan. But the theory of Descent not only gives the simpler and more intelligible answer to this question, it gives an answer to the further question which leaves the theory of Creation no loophole except a sophism—namely, why the formation of organisms is constantly being frustrated or perverted? And, further, it gives an explanation of the law noticed by Milne Edwards, that Nature is as economical in her means as she is prodigal in her variation of them : “ On dirait qu’avant de recourir à des ressources nouvelles elle a voulu épuiser, en quelque sorte, chacun des procédés qu’elle avait mis en jeu.”¹ The applause bestowed on Nature for being so economical, is a curious transference to Nature of human necessities. Why, with a whole universe at her disposal, should Nature be economical? Why must she always be working in the same groove, and using but a few out of the many substances at her command? Economy is a virtue only in the poor. If Nature, in organic evolutions, is restricted to a very few substances, and a very few modes of combination, always creating new forms by modification of the old, and apparently incapable of creating an organism at once, this must imply an inherent necessity which is very unlike the free choice that can render economy a merit.

There may indeed be raised an objection to the Development Hypothesis on the ground that if the complex forms were all developed from the simpler forms, we ought to trace the identities through all their stages. If the fish developed into the reptile, the reptile into the bird, and the bird into the mammal (which I, for one, think very questionable), we ought to find, it is urged, evidence of this passage. And at one time it was asserted that the evidence existed; but this has been disproved, and on the disproof the opponents of Evolution take their stand. Although I cannot feel much confidence in the idea of such a passage from Type to Type, and although the passage, if ever it occurred, must have occurred at so remote a period as to leave no evidence more positive than inference, I cannot but think the teaching of Embryology far more favourable to it than to our opponents. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the passage did take place, ought we to find the embryonic stages accurately reproducing the permanent forms of lower types? Von Baer thinks we ought; and lesser men may follow him without reproach. But it seems to me that he starts from an inadmissible assumption, namely, that the development must necessarily be in a straight line rather than in a multiplicity of divergent lines. “When we find the embryonic condition,” he says, “differing from the adult, we ought to find a corresponding condition somewhere in the lower animals.”² Not necessarily. We know that the mental

(1) MILNE EDWARDS, *Intro. à la Zoologie Générale*, 1851, p. 9.

(2) VON BAER, *op. cit.*, I. 203.

development of a civilized man passes through the stages which the race passed through in the course of its long history, and the psychology of the child reproduces the psychology of the savage. But as his development takes place under conditions in many respects different, and as certain phases are hurried over, we do not expect to find a complete parallel. It is enough if we can trace general resemblances. Von Baer adds, "That certain correspondences should occur between the embryonic states of some animals and the adult states of others seems inevitable and of no significance (?). They could not fail, since the embryos lie within the animal sphere and the variations of which the animal body is capable are determined for each type by the internal connection and mutual reaction of its organs so that particular repetitions are inevitable." A profound remark, to which I shall hereafter have occasion to return, but its bearing on the present question is inconclusive. The fact that the embryonic stages of the higher animals resemble in general characters the permanent stages of the lower animals, and very closely resemble the embryonic stages of those animals, is all that the Development Hypothesis requires. Nor is its value lessened by the fact that many of the details and intermediate stages seem passed over in the development of the higher forms, for the recapitulation can only be of outlines not of details; since there are differences in the forms there must be differences in their histories.

In the preceding observations the object has simply been to show that the phenomena to be explained can be rationally conceived as resulting from gradual Evolution, whereas they cannot be rationally interpreted on any other hypothesis. And here it may be needful to say a word respecting Epigenesis.

The Preformation hypothesis, which regarded every organism as a simple educt and not the product of a germ, was called by its advocates an evolution hypothesis—meaning that the adult form was an outgrowth of the germ, the miniature magnified. Wolff, who replaced that conception by a truer one, called his, by contrast, Epigenesis, meaning that there was not simply *out-growth* but *new growth*. "The various parts," he says, "arise one *after* the other, so that always one is secreted from (*excernirt*), or deposited (*deponirt*) on the other; and then it is either a free and independent part, or is only fixed to that which gave it existence, or else is contained within it. So that *every part is the effect of a pre-existing part, and in turn the cause of a succeeding part.*"¹ The last sentence expresses the conception of Epigenesis which embryologists now adopt; and having said this, we may admit that Wolff, in combating the error of preformation, replacing it with the truer notion of gradual and successive formation, was occasionally open to the criticism made by Von Baer, that he missed the true sense of Evolution, since the new

(1) WOLFF: *Theorie der Generation*, 1764, § 67.

parts are not *added on* to the old parts as new formations, but *evolved from* them as transformations. "The word Evolution, therefore, seems to me more descriptive of the process than Epigenesis. It is true that the organism is not preformed, but the course of its development is precisely the course which its parents formerly passed through. Thus it is the Invisible—the course of development—which is predetermined."¹ When the word Epigenesis is used, therefore, the reader will understand it to signify that necessary succession which determines the existence of new forms. Just as the formation of chalk is not the indifferent product of any combination of its elements, carbon, oxygen, and calcium, but is the product of only one series of combinations, an evolution through necessary successions, the carbon uniting with oxygen to form carbonic acid, and this combining with the oxide of calcium to form chalk, so likewise the formation of a muscle, a bone, a limb, or a joint has its successive stages, each of which is necessary, none of which can be transposed. The formation of bone is peculiarly instructive, because the large proportion of inorganic matter in its substance, and seemingly deposited in the organic tissue, would lead one to suppose that it was almost an accidental formation, which might take place anywhere; yet although what is called connective tissue will ossify under certain conditions, true bone is the product of a very peculiar modification, which needs to be preceded by cartilage. That the formation of bone has its special history may be seen in the fact that it is the last to appear in the animal series, many highly-organized fishes being without it, and all the other systems appearing before it in the development of the embryo. Thus although the mother's blood furnishes all the requisite material, the foetus is incapable of assimilating this material and of forming bone, until its own development has reached a certain stage. Moreover, when ossification does begin, it begins in the skull; and the only approach to an internal skeleton in the Invertebrates is the so-called skull of the Cephalopoda. Not only is bone a late development, but cartilage is also; and although it is an error to maintain that the Invertebrates are wholly destitute of cartilage, its occasional presence having been fully proved by Claparède and Gegenbaur, the rarity of its presence is very significant. The animals which can form shells of chalk and chitine, are yet incapable of forming even an approach to bone.

Epigenesis depends on the laws of succession, which may be likened to the laws of crystallisation, if we bear in mind the essential differences between a crystal and an organism, the latter retaining its individuality through an incessant molecular change, the former only by the exclusion of all change. When a crystalline solution takes shape, it will always take a definite shape, which represents what may be called the *direction* of its forces, the polarity of its con-

(1) VON BAER: *Selbstbiographie*, 1866, p. 319.

stituent molecules. In like manner, when an organic plasma takes shape—crystallises, so to speak—it always assumes a specific shape dependent on the polarity of its molecules. Crystallographers have determined the several forms possible to crystals; histologists have recorded the several forms of anatomical Elements, Tissues, and Organs. Owing to the greater variety in elementary composition, there is in organic substance a more various polar distribution than in crystals; nevertheless there are sharply defined limits never overstepped, and these constitute what may be called the specific forms of Elements, Tissues, Organs, Organisms. An epithelial cell, for example, may be ciliated or columnar, a muscle-fibre striated or non-striated, a nerve-fibre naked or enveloped in a sheath, but the kind is always sharply defined. A nerve-centre may be a single ganglion with two nerves issuing from it, or a fused mass of ganglia with many outgoing nerves. An intestinal tube may be an uniform canal, or a canal differentiated into several unlike compartments, with several unlike glandular appendages. A spinal column may be an uniform solid axis, or a highly diversified segmented axis. A limb may be an arm, or a leg, a wing, or a paddle. In every case the anatomist recognises a specific type. He assigns the uniformities to the uniformity of the substance thus variously shaped, under a history which has been similar; the diversities he assigns to the various conditions under which the processes of growth have been determined. He never expects a muscular tissue to develop into a skeleton, a nervous tissue into a gland, an osseous tissue into a sensory organ. He never expects a tail to become a hand or a foot, though he sees it in monkeys and marsupials serving the offices of prehension and locomotion. He never expects to find fingers growing anywhere except from metacarpal bones, or an arm developed from a skull. The well known generalisation of Geoffroy St. Hilaire that an organ is more easily annihilated than transposed, points to the fundamental law of Epigenesis. In the same direction point all the facts of growth. Out of a formless germinal membrane we see an immense variety of forms evolved; and out of a common nutritive fluid this variety of organs is sustained, repaired, replaced; and this not indifferently, not casually, but according to rigorous laws of succession, that which precedes determining that which succeeds as inevitably as youth precedes maturity, and maturity decay. The nourishment of various organs from a common fluid, each selecting from that fluid only those molecules that are like itself, rejecting all the rest, is very similar to the formation of various crystals in a solution of different salts, each salt separating from the solution only those molecules that are like itself. Reil long ago called attention to this analogy. He observed that if in a solution of nitre and sulphate of soda a crystal of nitre be dropped, all the dissolved nitre crystallises, the sulphate remaining in solution; whereas on reversing the experi-

ment, a crystal of sulphate of soda is found to crystallise all the dissolved sulphate, leaving the nitre undisturbed. In like manner muscle selects from the blood its own materials which are there in solution, rejecting those which the nerve will select.

Nay, so definite is the course of growth, that when a limb or part of a limb is cut off from a crab or a salamander, a new limb or new part is reproduced in the old spot, exactly like the one removed. Bonnet startled the world by the announcement that the *Nais*, a worm common in ponds, spontaneously divided itself into two worms; and that when he cut it into several pieces, each piece reproduced head and tail and grew into a perfect worm. This had been accepted by all naturalists without demur, until Dr. Williams, in his "Report on British Annelida, 1851," declared it to be a fable. In 1858, under the impulse of Dr. Williams's very emphatic denial, I repeated experiments similar to those of Bonnet, with similar results. I cut two worms in half, and threw away the head-bearing segments, placing the others in two separate vessels, with nothing but water and a little mud, which was first carefully inspected to see that no worm lay concealed therein. In a few days the heads were completely reformed, and I had the pleasure of watching them during their reconstruction. When the worms were quite perfect, I again cut away their heads, and again saw these reformed. This was repeated, till I had seen four heads reproduced; after which the worms succumbed.

The question naturally arises, Why does the nutritive fluid furnish only material which is formed into a part like the old one, instead of reproducing another part, or one having a somewhat different structure? The answer to this question is the key to the chief problem of organic life. That a limb *in situ* should replace its molecular waste by molecules derived from the blood, seems intelligible enough (because we are familiar with it), and may be likened to the formation of crystals in a solution; but how is it that the limb *which is not in existence* can assimilate materials from the blood? how is it that the blood, which elsewhere in the organism will form other parts, here will only form this particular part? There is, probably, no one who has turned his attention to these subjects who has not paused to consider this mystery. The most accredited answer at present before the world is one so metaphysiological that I should pass it by, were it not intimately allied with that conception of Species, which it is the object of these pages to root out. It is this:

The organism is determined by its Type, or, as the Germans say, its Idea. All its parts take shape according to this ruling plan; consequently, when any part is removed, it is reproduced according to the Idea of the whole of which it forms a part. Milne Edwards, in a very interesting and suggestive work, concludes his survey of organic phenomena in these words: "Dans l'organisme tout semble calculé en vue d'un résultat déterminé, et l'harmonie des parties ne résulte pas de

l'influence qu'elles peuvent exercer les unes sur les autres, mais de leur co-ordination sous l'empire d'une puissance commune, d'un plan préconçu, d'une force pré-existante."¹ This is eminently metaphysiological. It refuses to acknowledge the operation of immanent properties, refuses to admit that the harmony of a complex structure results from the mutual relations of its parts, and seeks *outside* the organism for some mysterious force, some plan, not otherwise specified, which regulates and shapes the parts. Von Baer, in his great work, has a section entitled, "The nature of the animal determines its development;" and he thus explains himself: "Although every stage in development is only made possible by the pre-existing condition [which is another mode of expressing Epigenesis], nevertheless the entire development is ruled and guided by the Nature of the animal which is about to be (von der gesammten Wesenheit des Thieres welches werden soll), and it is not the momentary condition which alone and absolutely determines the future, but more general and higher relations."² One must always be slow in rejecting the thoughts of a master, and feel sure that one sees the source of the error before regarding it as an error; in the present case I think the positive biologist will be at no loss to assign Von Baer's error to its metaphysical origin. Without pausing here to accumulate examples both of anomalies and slighter deviations which are demonstrably due to the "momentary conditions" that preceded them, let us simply note the logical inconsistency of a position which, while assuming that *every separate stage* in development is the necessary sequence of its predecessor, declares the *whole of the stages* independent of such relations! Such a position is indeed reconcileable on the assumption that animal forms are moulded "like clay in the hands of the potter." But this is a theological dogma, which leads (as we saw, pp. 613 and 614) to very preposterous and impious conclusions; and whether it leads to these conclusions or others, positive Biology declines theological explanations altogether. Von Baer, although he held the doctrine of Epigenesis, coupled it, as many others have done, with metaphysical doctrines to which it is radically opposed. He believed in Types as realities; he was therefore consistent in saying, "It is not the Matter and its arrangements which determine the product, but the nature of the parent form—the Idea, according to the new school." How are we to understand this Idea? If it mean an independent Entity, an agency external to the organism, we refuse to acknowledge its existence. If it mean only an *à posteriori* abstraction, expressing the totality of the momenta, then indeed we acknowledge that it determines the animal form; but this is only an abbreviated way of expressing the law of Evolution, by which each stage determines its successor. The Type does not *dominate* the momenta, it *emerges* from them; the animal organism

(1) MILNE EDWARDS: *Intro. à la Zoologie Générale*, 176.

(2) VON BAER: *Entwicklungsgeschichte*, i. 147.

is not cast in a mould, but the imaginary mould is the form which the polarities of the organic substance assume. It would seem very absurd to suppose that crystals assumed their definite shapes (when the liquid which held their molecules in solution is evaporated) under the determining impulse of phantom-crystals, or Ideas; yet it has not been thought absurd to assume phantom forms of organisms.

The conception of Type as a determining influence arises from that fallacy of taking a resultant for a principle, which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of philosophy. Like many others of its class it exhibits an interesting evolution from the crude metaphysical to the subtle metaphysical point of view, which at last insensibly blends into the positive point of view. At first the Type or Idea was regarded as an objective reality, external to the organism it was supposed to rule. Then this notion was replaced by an approach to the more rational interpretation, the Idea was made an internal not an external force, and was incorporated with the material elements of the organism, which were said to "endeavour" to arrange themselves according to the Type. Thus Treviranus declares that the seed "dreams of the future flower;" and "Henle, when he affirms that hair and nails grow in virtue of the Idea, is forced to add that the parts endeavour to arrange themselves according to this Idea."¹ Even Lotze, who has argued so victoriously against the vitalists, and has made it clear that an organism is a mechanism, cannot relinquish this conception of legislative Ideas, though he significantly adds, "these have no power in themselves, but only in as far as they are grounded in mechanical conditions." Why then superfluously add them to the conditions? If every part of a watch, in virtue of the properties inherent in its substance, and of the mutual reactions of these and other parts, has a mechanical value, and if the sum of all these parts is the time-indicating mechanism, do we add to our knowledge of the watch, and our means of repairing or improving it, by assuming that the parts have over and above their physical properties the metaphysical "tendency" or "desire" to arrange themselves into this specific form? When we see that an organism is constructed of various parts, each of which has its own properties inalienable from its structure, and its uses dependent on its relation to other parts, do we gain any larger insight by crediting these parts with desires or "dreams" of a future result which their union will effect? That which is true in this conception of legislative Ideas is that when the parts come together there is mutual reaction, and the resultant of the whole is something very unlike the mere addition of the items, just as water is very unlike oxygen or hydrogen; further, the consensus of the whole impresses a peculiar direction on the development of the parts, and the law of Epigenesis necessitates a serial development, which may easily be interpreted as due to a preordained plan.

(1) LOTZE: Art. *Lebenskraft*, in *Wagner's Handwörterbuch der Physiologie*, p. xxvi.

In a word, this conception of Type only adds a new name to the old difficulty, adding mist to darkness. The law of Epigenesis, which is simply the expression of the material process determined by the polarity of molecules, explains as much of the phenomena as is explicable. A lost limb is replaced by the very processes and through the same progressive stages as those which originally produced it. We have a demonstration of its not being reformed according to any Idea or Type which exists apart from the immanent properties of the organic molecules, in the fact that it is not reformed at once, but by gradual evolution; the mass of cells at the stump are cells of embryonic character, cells such as those which originally "crystallised" into muscles, nerves, vessels, and integument, and each cell passes through all its ordinary stages of development. It is to be remembered that so intimately dependent is the resultant on the determining momenta that any external influence which disturbs the normal course of development will either produce an anomaly, or frustrate the formation of a new limb altogether. One of my tritons bit off the leg of his female;¹ the leg which replaced it was much malformed, and curled over the back so as to be useless; was this according to the Idea? I cut it off, and examined it; all the bones were present, but the humerus was twisted, and of small size. In a few weeks a new leg was developed, and this leg was normal. If the Idea, as a ruling power, determined the growth of this third leg, what determined the second, which was malformed? Are we to suppose that in normal growth the Idea prevails, in abnormal the momenta? That it is the polarity of the molecules which at each moment determines the group those molecules will assume, is well seen in the experiment of Lavalle mentioned by Bronn.² He showed that if when an octohædral crystal is forming, an angle be cut away so as to produce an artificial surface, a similar surface is produced spontaneously on the corresponding angle, whereas all the other angles are sharply defined. "Valentin," says Mr. Darwin, "injured the caudal extremity of an embryo, and three days afterwards it produced rudiments of a double pelvis and of double hind limbs. Hunter and others have observed lizards with their tails reproduced and doubled. When Bonnet divided longitudinally the foot of the salamander several additional digits were occasionally formed."³ Where is the evidence of the Idea in these cases?

(1) I had kept these tritons four years in the hope that they would breed; but in spite of their being subjected to great varieties of treatment, for months well supplied with food, and for months reduced almost to starvation, they never showed the slightest tendency to breed; another among the many illustrations of the readiness with which the generative system is affected even in very hardy and not very impressionable animals. CLAPARÈDE observed the still more surprising fact that the *Neritina fluviatilis* (a river snail) not only will not lay eggs, but will not even feed in captivity. He attributes it to the stillness of the water in the aquarium, so unlike that of the running streams in which the mollusc lives. See *Müller's Archiv.*, 1857.

(2) BRONN: *Morphologische Studien über die Gestaltungs-Gesetze*, 1858.

(3) DARWIN: *On Domestication*, ii. 340. In the *Annales des Sciences*, 1862, p. 358, M.

I repeat, the reproduction of lost limbs is due to a process which is in all essential respects the same as that which originally produced them ; the genesis of one group of cells is the necessary condition for the genesis of its successor, nor can this order be transposed. But—and the point is very important—it is not every part that can be reproduced, nor is it every animal that has reproductive powers. The worm, or the mollusc, seems capable of reproducing every part ; the crab will reproduce its claws, but not its head or tail ; the insect will reproduce no part (indeed the amputation of its antennæ only is fatal), the salamander will reproduce its leg, the frog not. In human beings a muscle is said never to be reproduced ; but this is not the case in the rare examples of supplementary fingers and toes, which have been known to grow again after amputation. The explanation of this difference in the reproductive powers of different animals is usually assigned to the degree in which their organisms retain the embryonic condition ; and this explanation is made plausible by the fact that the animals which when adult have no power of replacing lost limbs, have the power when in the larval state. But although this may in some cases be the true explanation, there are many in which it fails, as will be acknowledged after a survey of the extremely various organisms at widely different parts of the animal series which possess the reproductive power. Even animals in the same class, and at the same stage of development, differ in this respect. I do not attach much importance to the fact that all my experiments on marine annelids failed to furnish evidence of their power of reproducing lost segments ; because it is difficult to keep them under conditions similar to those in which they live. But it is significant that, among the hundreds which have passed under my observation, not one should have been found with a head-segment in the process of development, replacing one that had been destroyed ; and this is all the more remarkable from the great tenacity of life which the mutilated segments manifest. Quatrefages had observed portions of a worm, after gangrene had destroyed its head and several segments, move about in the water and avoid the light !¹

A final argument to show that the reproduction is not determined by any ruling Idea, but by the organic conditions and the necessary stages of evolution, is seen in the re-appearance of a tumour or cancer after it has been removed. We find the new tissue appear MALM describes a fish in his collection the tail of which had been broken, and the bone which grew out at the injured spot had formed a second tail with terminal fin.

(1) In the valuable memoir on the *Anatomy and Physiology of the Nematoids*, by Dr. CHARLTON BASTIAN, which appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1866, we read that even these lowly-organised worms have little power of repair. Speaking of the "paste eels" (*Anguilulidæ*) he says, "I may state as the result of many experiments with these that the power they possess of repairing injuries seems very low. I have cut off portions of the posterior extremity, and though I watched the animal for days after, could never recognise any attempt at repair." Perhaps, however, the season may have some influence ; and Dr. WILLIAMS's denial respecting the Nais may be thus explained.

with all the characters of the normal tissue of the gland, then rapidly assume one by one the characters of the diseased tissue which had been removed; and the reason is, that the regeneration of the tissue is accompanied by the same abnormal conditions which formerly gave rise to the tumour: the directions of "crystallisation" are similar because the conditions are similar. In every case of growth or re-growth the momenta being the same, the result must be the same.

It seems a truism to insist that similarity in the results must be due to similarity in the conditions, yet it is one which many theorists disregard, and especially do we need to bear it in mind when arguing about Species. It is this law of causation which may occasionally be invoked against Mr. Darwin himself, who seems to me inclined to attribute resemblances to kinship which might more properly be attributed to a community of conditions. As I shall in future papers have several opportunities of discussing this point in detail, I will here only touch on the suggestive topic of the analogies observed not simply among animals at the extreme ends of the scale, but also between animals and plants where the idea of a direct kinship is out of the question.

My very imperfect zoological knowledge will not allow me to adduce a long array of instances, but such an array will assuredly occur to every well-stored mind, for I have been frequently impressed with the occurrence of analogies in the remotest quarters. It is enough to point to the many analogies of Function, more especially in the reproductive processes—to the existence of burrowers, waders, flyers, swimmers in various classes—to the existence of predatory mammals, predatory birds, predatory reptiles, predatory insects by the side of herbivorous congeners,—to the nest-building and incubating fishes; and in the matter of Structure the analogies are even more illustrative when we consider the widely-diffused spicula, setæ, spines, hooks, tentacles, beaks, feathery forms, nettling-organs, poison-sacs, luminous organs, &c., because these have the obvious impress of being due to a community of substance under similar conditions rather than to a community of kinship. The beak of the tadpole, the cephalopod, the male salmon, and the bird, are no doubt in many respects unlike; but there is a significant likeness among them, which constitutes a true analogy. I think there is such an analogy between the air-bladder of fishes and the tracheal rudiment which is found in the gnat-larva (*Corethra plumicornis*).¹ Very remarkable also is the resemblance

(1) This beautiful and transparent larva reminds one in many respects of the Pike as it poises itself in the water awaiting its prey. It is enabled to do so without the slightest exertion by the air-bladders which it possesses in the two kidney-shaped rudiments of tracheæ, and which in the gnat become developed into the respiratory apparatus. The resemblance to the air-bladder of fishes is not simply that it serves a similar purpose of sustaining the body in the water, it is in both cases a rudiment of the respiratory apparatus, which in the fish never becomes developed. WISMANN calls attention to an organ in the larvæ of certain insects (the *Culicidæ*), which

of the *avicularium*, or "bird's-head process," on the polyzoon known popularly as the Corkscrew Coralline (*Bugula avicularia*), which presents us in miniature with a vulture's head—two mandibles, one fixed, the other moved by muscles visible within the head. No one can watch this organ snapping incessantly without being reminded of a vulture, yet no one would suppose for a moment that the resemblance has anything to do with kinship.

Such cases are commonly robbed of their due significance by being dismissed as coincidences. But what determines the coincidence? If we assume, as we are justified in assuming, that the *possible directions* of Organic Combination and the resultant forms are limited, there must inevitably occur such coincident lines; and the hooks on a Climbing Plant will resemble the hooks on a Crustacean or the claws of a Bird, as one form in which under similar external forces the more solid but not massive portions of the integument tend to develop. I am too unacquainted with the anatomy of plants to say how the hooks so common among them arise; but from examination of the Blackberry, and comparison of its thorns with the hooks and spines of the Crustacea, I am led to infer that in each case the mode of development is identical—namely, the secretion of chitine from the cellular matrix of the integument.

Another mode of evading the real significance of such resemblances is to call them analogies, not homologies. There is an advantage in having two such terms, but we ought to be very clear as to their meaning and their point of separation. Analogy is used to designate similarity in Function with dissimilarity in Structure. The wing of an insect, the wing of a bird, and the wing of a bat, are called analogous, but not homologous, because their anatomical structure is different: they are not constructed out of corresponding elements. The foreleg of a mammal, the wing of a bird, or the paddle of a whale, are called homologous, because in spite of their diverse uses they are constructed out of corresponding anatomical parts. To the anatomist such distinctions are eminently serviceable. But they have led to some misconceptions, because they are connected with a profound misconception of the relation between Function and Organ, which we shall have to consider in our next article. Embryology teaches that the wing of the bird and the paddle of the whale are developed out of corresponding parts, and that these are not like the parts from which the wing of an insect or the flying-fish will be developed; nevertheless, the most cursory inspection reveals that the wing of a bird and the paddle of a whale are very unlike in structure no less than in function, and that their diversities in function correspond

has what he calls a tracheal gill, and which has this striking analogy with the fish-gill that it separates the air from the water, and not, as a trachea, direct from the atmosphere. See his remarkable memoir *Die nachembryonale Entwicklung des Muscidens*, in *Siebold und Kolliker's Zeitschrift*, 1864, p. 223.

with their diversities in structure ; whereas the wing of an insect, of a bird, and of a bat, are in fundamental characters very similar ; and, corresponding with such similarities, there are similarities in function. In fact, both Analogy and Homology imply that amid a diversity of momenta, expressed in the variety of the results, there are certain momenta in common, which are expressed in the resemblance of the results. Thus, to take an extreme case, the suffocation which results from drowning and that which results from breathing an atmosphere deprived of its oxygen, are phenomena very different in many of their conditions ; but that essential point which constitutes the analogy is the same in both, namely, the prevention of the exit of carbonic acid from the blood. Dr. Paris, in his " Pharmacologia," observes that an extensive list of animal substances have been discarded from the *Materia Medica* since it has been known that their properties are due to the same principle—*i.e.*, gelatine, albumen, carbonate of lime, &c. ; and again that every animal substance containing nitrogen yields ammonia. Such discoveries have banished earthworms, vipers skinned and deprived of their entrails, human skulls, dried blood, elk's hoof, urine of a child, &c. Thus amid a variety of substances producing similarity of effects there was detected one element common to them all, and it was this which produced the effect similar in all. It is important to bear in mind that whenever an analogy occurs it is founded on a *corresponding* similarity in the momenta ; and that the wings of an insect, a bird, and a bat, although variously formed, and therefore not homologous, are also similarly formed, and therefore analogous, the analogy both of structure and function being due to, and limited by, the amount of resemblance ; for in truth, although we say that the flight of an insect, a bird, and a bat is " the same thing," this is very loose speech, and very misleading. The flight is different in each case, the weight to be moved, the rapidity with which it is moved, the precision of the movements, the endurance of the movements, all differ, all depend on differences in the mechanism ; on the other hand, they agree in being methods by which the force of gravity is overcome, and the body propelled through the air by a rapidly-moving instrument ; and for this the conditions require a light organ capable of pressing on a large surface, and moved by powerful muscles : whether it be formed of feathers or membrane the physical result will be similar.

I shall have hereafter to recall this point in discussing whether the analogies of organisms imply a community of kinship, or, as I maintain, simply a community in organic laws. Homologies may be thought more decisively to point to kinship, and very often they do so beyond a doubt ; but we shall see how impossible it is to draw the line between homologies and analogies in many cases ; and shall be compelled to recur to the more general statement that similarity in the conditions necessarily produces similarity in the results. This view is, however, too

divergent from the one current among biologists to be accepted without some preliminary explanation, and I must ask the reader to suspend his judgment until the grounds have been laid open to him. He is requested not to suppose that by "conditions" are meant the external conditions only, to the exclusion of the organism: "the conditions" involve the whole of the causes converging to a given result.

When we see an annelid and a vertebrate resembling each other in some special point which is not common either to their classes or to any intermediate classes—as when we see the woodlouse (*Oniscus*) and the hedgehog defend themselves in the same strange way by rolling up into a ball—we cannot interpret this as a trace of distant kinship. When we see a breed of pigeons and a breed of canaries turning summersaults, and one of the Bear family (*Ratel*) given to the same singular habit, we can hardly suppose that this is in each case inherited from a common progenitor. When we see one savage race tipping arrows with iron, and another, ignorant of iron, using poison, there is a community of object effected by diversity of means, but the analogy does not necessarily imply any closer connection between the two races than the fact that men with similar faculties and similar wants find out similar methods of supplying their wants. Even those who admit that the human race is one family, and that the various peoples carried with them a common fund of knowledge when they separated from the parent stock, may still point to a variety of new inventions and new social developments which occurred quite independently of each other, yet are strikingly alike. Their resemblance will be due to resemblance in the conditions. The existence, for example, of a religious worship, or a social institution, in two nations widely separated both in time and space, and under great historical diversities, is no absolute proof that these two nations are from the same stock, and that the ideas have the same parentage. It may be so; it may be otherwise. It may be an analogy no more implying kinship than the fact of ants making slaves of other ants (and these the black ants!) implies a kinship with men. Given an organisation which in the two nations is alike, and a history which is in certain characteristics analogous, there must inevitably result religious and social institutions having a corresponding resemblance. I do not wish to imply that the researches of philologists and ethnologists are misdirected, or that their conclusions respecting the kinship of mankind are to be rejected; I only urge the consideration that perhaps too much stress is laid on community of blood, and not enough on community of conditions. And here, again, this phrase reminds me that until certain principles of Biology have been agreed upon, nothing but misconception of my position can be expected. In the next paper some attempt will be made to expound these principles and apply them.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

IN the two volumes which his young countryman, Count Maffei, has just brought out in marvellously correct and idiomatic English, we have D'Azeglio's experiences, from the earliest reminiscences of his childhood up to the very period in which his political career may be said to have begun. With respect to his exploits as a patriotic warrior and statesman, we are dependent on such information as his editor and translator has supplied us, both in the notes and in an excellent introduction. That is the history of D'Azeglio's life, and it is easily to be made out of the pages of recent Italian annals; but, in these volumes, we have the romance of that life, the romance of the whole life; we have the inmost soul of the man, its aspirations no less than its regrets, the revelation of the motives which influenced action or which determined inaction,—a full confession of what was done and what was left undone, the thought everywhere given as complement to the deed.

The book of memoirs was undertaken when the writer was sixty-five years old; when he felt that he had done with existence, and what was left to him was a period of blank retirement—a foretaste of the grave. The *compte rendu* is final; it gives the last results and conclusions beyond any chance of revision—the writer's convictions, as it were, stiffened in death. D'Azeglio died in January, 1866. He was far in his last days from foreseeing the portentous vicissitudes by which, only six months later, the coping-stone was laid on that edifice of Italian nationality, at the foundation of which he had himself so powerfully laboured. D'Azeglio could not have foretold Sadowa; he had not preconceived Solferino. Indeed, those two battles fought by foreigners to rid Italy of the presence of foreigners were not merely out of his reckonings; they were also out of his wishes. His motto was that of Charles Albert, and of 1848, "Italy shall manage for herself." Revolution, in his conceit, should be the result of regeneration; the change should be moral and social no less than political. The Italians should first have aspired to be men. That being accomplished, the whole world could not have prevented their being freemen. That not being accomplished, the whole world could not have made them more than freedmen. Therein, we believe, is the key to D'Azeglio's mind, and to the book which is its immediate emanation. Italy and fortune, in his estimation, had achieved wonders. They had conquered their king and dynasty; they had blotted out Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and Naples; they had beggared the Pope; they had—two-and-

twenty millions of them—proclaimed Italy “one and indivisible;” they had accomplished what seemed to him impossible, what hardly appeared to him desirable. Only what victory had they achieved over themselves? What had they done towards what he deemed so easy, towards what he had so long urged and would have enforced, towards the rehabilitation of their moral character? That was the question he put to himself and to them; a question that remains to be answered. Had even D’Azeglio not died in sight of the land of promise, had he lived to see the last Austrian driven from the Quadrilateral, the burden of his song would still have been the same. The Italians might have Venice as they had had Milan. They could get Rome as they had got Venice. But what had they done, what were they doing, to put themselves into such a position as to feel sure that what the foreigner had given, the foreigner could never take away? What proofs had they given, or were they giving, of their aptitude for self-defence or self-government?

It was with a view to inculcate upon his countrymen the necessity of a moral revolution that D’Azeglio laid before them the narrative of that change that had been wrought upon himself, for he also had been one of them; and no sermon, he conceived, could be more efficacious than the example of the reclaimed sinner. Could every Italian be made into a D’Azeglio, he reasoned—most unconsciously, for nothing was more alien from his nature than the slightest shadow of pharisaic pride—Italy might hope to secure by valour what had been bestowed upon her by fortune.

Born with the very dawn of the present century, Massimo D’Azeglio constituted a connecting link between Old and New Italy. Brought up in a society in which the word Frenchman was synonymous with liberal, and that of Austrian with conservative, he belonged to a family distinguished for its heroic loyalty to the House of Savoy, and was the son of a nobleman who had devoted himself to the service of his native princes, and had been involved in their ruin. But, although the young Massimo grew up among this reactionary party at a time in which their fidelity and sufferings entitled them to respect and sympathy, although he had before him the example of the exceptionally high character of his father, he was not slow in perceiving the hopeless rottenness of that decrepit society; and when, upon its recovering its ascendancy, nothing would have been easier for him than to share its honours and privileges, he gave himself no rest till he had broken with his caste at once and forever; and, strongly attached as he was to his family, and not stranger to the worst dissipations which constituted high life in the Piedmontese capital for a few years after the restoration, he found courage in his heart to begin life again, upon that ground of self-dependence which alone, as he fancied, could entitle him to self-

respect; he turned his back upon home and country, and removed to Rome, almost penniless, with a settled determination to earn his bread as a landscape-painter.

As he voluntarily stepped down among the lower ranks of society, with a heart warming to the sons of toil whose fellowship he had courted, he soon perceived, however, that there was in that unfortunate Italy of his "in the lowest deep a lower deep," that the atmosphere of Rome was a hundred times more corrupt than that of Turin, and that the lower strata of both were by no means less mephitic than the upper ones. His first feeling was "despair at being a noble;" his second, "shame at being an Italian." The sight of the English in Rome was particularly galling to him, and for a good reason. "Their cold bearing, the quiet self-possessed pride written on their faces," he says, "all seemed invented on purpose to mortify me, to make me feel my inferiority, to give me to understand that when a country has for centuries belonged to whoever chose to take possession of it, a native of that country may be tolerated by foreigners, but as to being on terms of equality with them—never." Nothing could be more salutary than "this sense of humiliation, which," as he soon adds, "kept him sad company almost through life," and which strangely contrasted with the conceit of Gioberti, who wrote a book to vindicate for his countrymen the first rank among nations, or that of Mazzini, who was sure that Italy has twice ruled the world, and that her turn could not fail to come for the third time.

Strong and active as this instinct of the necessity for his own regeneration and that of his country at all times was in the depth of D'Azeglio's heart, it did not prevent him from keeping up a genial, sympathetic appearance, which gained him easy admittance into every rank of society, and insured his popularity wherever he appeared. There was nothing in the least stern or forbidding in his austerity. With a handsome countenance, a commanding person, a consummate blandness and courtesy of address, he combined a readiness of humour, dry and caustic, which to a great extent enabled him not only to touch pitch without too much defiling himself, but even without altogether dissembling his disgust at the contact. He was in the world, yet not of it. Nothing can be more repulsive, yet nothing more amusing, than the candour and simplicity with which he paints the interior of that shocking Roman society. There was nothing in it that he could believe in, revere, or love; nothing in its religious, political, or domestic relations in which his upright mind could seek a refuge against utter desolation; but he had another world of his own, a world of thought and work, into which he could withdraw at his pleasure; he had his own sense of right, his hidden purpose, which not only bade him not to give in

to evil, but even to turn his knowledge of evil into a means of eventually grappling with it.

It was only upon quitting Rome, however, after spending the ten best years of his life between the toils of the apprenticeship of his art and the follies of his attachment to an unworthy object—it was only upon returning to his northern latitudes of Turin and Milan that he seemed to become aware that he had a mission, and dedicated himself in all earnestness to its fulfilment. At Milan he made himself known as a novel-writer no less than as a landscape-painter; and both in his pictures and in his books he gave people to understand that he had a meaning. His intent was to revolutionise Italy; but it was a revolution which every Italian should begin with himself. By deep thought and hard work he had himself effected his own redemption. Whoever would in the same manner labour at his own regeneration was sure, in his opinion, to contribute to the emancipation of the country. It was not true, he contended, that no scope was left for action in an enslaved community; not true that any government could degrade a people beyond the point to which the people themselves consented to their own degradation; not true that any tyranny had power to kill the soul.

D'Azeglio settled at Milan in the very seat of Austrian domination. He took the bull by the horns; he wrote patriotic novels; he painted patriotic pictures; he went with his manuscripts and canvases up to the police. He knocked at the censor's door; applied for permission to publish and exhibit. Books and paintings were "destined to rouse the Italians against the foreigner;" yet the *imprimatur* was given for the novels, and the halls of the Brera made room for the pictures. D'Azeglio himself never was fully aware of the momentous victory that had been achieved. Henceforth, it was understood, opinion, within legal limits, was emancipated in Italy. It became clear that the Italians' own pusillanimity had stood in the way of free utterance far more than all the rigour of Austrian censorship. "You are not allowed to speak out, you say?" D'Azeglio seemed to ask. "Are you sure that you have ever tried? Speak out, all of you, at once, as I do; surely Austria has not hangmen, she has not dungeons, enough to silence you all."

The effect of the publication of "Ettore Fieramosca" and of "Niccolò de' Lapi" was tantamount to the gain of a great pitched battle over the Austrians. The Italians felt that an immense advantage had been secured; but they were also aware that it had been obtained on one condition—that patriotism should henceforth only take the field with fair weapons and with an open countenance. D'Azeglio seemed to have taken the hint from that honest mountaineer, who, being sent to explore the nakedness of a neighbouring territory, entered the enemy's camp in full daylight, and with a

great flourish of trumpets, announcing himself as "Der Spion von Tri." Agreeably to the principles of the new school which he founded in Milan, there was to be an end at once and for ever of the tenebrous work of subterranean Italy; a hearty detestation of that perverse doctrine that "the end justified the means," which the Carbonari and Young Italy sects had borrowed from the abhorred Jesuits. The conspiracy was henceforth to be nobody's secret. People should look the Austrians full in the face, and give them plainly to understand that Italy would be sure to give them notice to quit as soon as she could muster up strength commensurate with her goodwill.

In order to gather up this needful strength, it was necessary to enlist the forces of the nation without too nice a discrimination of parties. The aim of all sects, as it is in their nature, had been selection, therefore division. D'Azeglio's impulse was towards reconciliation. Free to every Italian to lend a hand to Italy, even to "that old traitor," Charles Albert, even to "that arch-enemy," the Pope. The writings of Gioberti and the words of D'Azeglio were in perfect unison in that respect:—"Are not priests and monks, cardinals and princes—all of them—men and brethren? Austria alone is against us; whoever is not with Austria is with us." Never was Italian patriotism more efficiently drawn up into one vast camp than at this juncture. Never was the fusion of parties more complete or sincere. After preparing the ground by the word, D'Azeglio went about strewing the seed by actual work. In the autumn of 1845, he undertook a "political tour." Its results were an alliance between the patriots of central Italy and Charles Albert of Sardinia. In the summer of the following year, Pius IX. came to the Pontificate. In the spring of the next, again, Piedmont, Rome, Naples, and the minor States—people and governments—took the cross for the liberation of Lombardy.

Italy, it is well known, made sad work of that crusade. But that was, nevertheless, the only instance in which that country took the field single-handed and with one mind. D'Azeglio, staunch to his principles, stood up among the foremost ranks of the patriot combatants. One of the very first shots laid him low, and deprived him, in good time for him, of any share in those events by which a movement which had begun under such glorious auspices ended in the most glaring confusion and shame.

After the disaster of Novara, D'Azeglio found himself by the side of Victor Emmanuel, his good angel no less than his prime minister. Italy was lost for the moment. D'Azeglio considered how he could save Piedmont—save her not from foreign outrage, but from her own madness. He forced a peace upon a country that could not make war; he gave that country freedom in return for peace. He won for the king that title of "honest man" which could not be

denied to the minister; and when senseless opponents taunted him with inaction, and asked him "what he had been doing?" he answered that "he had been living;" and with the Austrians at Milan, the French in Rome, the *coup d'état* in Paris, and reaction rampant all over the Continent, the mere fact that little constitutional Piedmont had managed for three years to keep soul and body together could indeed be boasted of as no inconsiderable achievement. However, stirring times were not in the long run suited to D'Azeglio's eminently artistic habits; and, after a three years' premiership, he made room for the more aspiring Cavour.

Count Maffei, in his introduction, has sketched the characters of those two statesmen with considerable skill, and pointed to the "abyss" which parted one from the other. "D'Azeglio," he says, "belonged to the past, Cavour to the new generation. The one had prepared the movement, the other carried it into execution." He adds that "poor D'Azeglio was tired, suffering from his badly healed wound, and that a sort of moral lassitude began to pervade him." D'Azeglio himself declared "*qu'il n'était pas dévoré d'ambition, et qu'il n'en pourrait plus physiquement.*" His rival, on the contrary, if we accept Count Maffei's estimate, "was ambition and energy incarnate." Even in a subordinate capacity, his activity was so strongly felt in the cabinet, that D'Azeglio used to say of him, "With this little man at my side, I am like Louis Philippe: I reign, but do not govern."

The abyss which separated the two great men, however, was owing to something besides difference of age and temperament. D'Azeglio was a man of uncompromising uprightness, the soul of honour even amid the worst errors and follies of his youth. He would not aid a fair cause by foul means. He was a statesman as he had been a patriot, a diplomatist as he had been a conspirator—"all fair and above-board." Cavour looked to the end, and troubled himself little about the means. To do nothing was to him the only wrong-doing; not to succeed was the only crime. Already, in 1852, the two friends split, upon Cavour "ratting" from the Right, to which both belonged, and going over to Rattazzi—that evil genius of Italy, from Novara to Villafranca, from Aspromonte to Mentana. On the occurrence of that coalition, or *connubio*, as it was called, D'Azeglio resigned his office, without, however, at any time going over to the opposition. He was not only the most loyal of retired ministers, but the most amenable to the views and purposes of his successor. In 1854 he thought a Crimean campaign rather too bold a card for half-bankrupt Piedmont to play. In 1859 he had less faith in the results of the Plombières engagements than he who had just come back from that interview. In both instances, however, D'Azeglio found his rival's arguments unanswerable; he was won over to his policy, and

lent it no inconsiderable support. "He hesitated no longer, and enlisted himself among the *Cavourini*." He gave Cavour full credit for that vastness of comprehension, for that soundness of judgment; above all things, for that promptness of action, of which he, the artist and novelist, found himself no longer capable. For all that, however, D'Azeglio could not persuade himself that "honesty should not at all times be the best policy." He saw Cavour putting no end to his official lies, when he deemed it expedient to reassure the Savoyards against the reports of their contemplated annexation to France. He saw him using Boncompagni, a diplomatic agent, in all the dirty work of a conspiracy against the government to which he was accredited. He saw him sending his fleet after Garibaldi with open instructions to thwart the adventurer's expedition, and secret orders "to be too late to oppose his landing." D'Azeglio could not reconcile himself to a course which "he could not consider quite honourable," and which he did not, therefore, look upon as wise. D'Azeglio was no friend to the King of Naples, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to any of the Italian princes; but even against them he did not think that double dealing and treachery could be justified. "God in his goodness," he tells us, "had planted in his heart a love of righteousness, and a hatred of injustice and deceit. He had always hated those evils, no matter who was to profit or to be injured by them. He hated them if they profited his enemies; he hated them if they profited his friends, if they profited himself. He would still loathe them if they were profitable to the persons most dear to him in the world, or even if they forwarded the fulfilment of his most ardent yearning to see Italy really reconstituted."

And not only did he think that no evil should be done that evil should come of it; he deemed it impossible that real good should come of evil. It might be very well for Cavour to attempt to outwit Napoleon; but the fox should not forget that the lion's last argument against craft is force. Cavour managed the annexation of Romagna and Tuscany; but, to say nothing of his loss of Savoy and Nice, he forfeited, for himself and his countrymen, that self-respect upon which alone independence should be based. And, after all, it was with the end itself, no less than with the means, that D'Azeglio felt disposed to quarrel. The aim of all his endeavours had been the independence of Italy; but it was doubtful in his mind whether that object had been secured by unity; it was doubtful whether the south was rather a source of strength than of weakness to the north. D'Azeglio's aim was merely union, not unity; his plan was a federation; his ideas had not travelled far beyond the combination of 1848. His cry was still, "Long live Italy, and peace to all Italians!" An Italy to be won by all Italians, for all Italians; a country to be conquered by unaided national efforts.

Cavour's achievements upset all D'Azeglio's calculations; they brought bewilderment into his mind, but no conviction. The question was for him not how soon the national edifice could be raised, but how long it would endure. It was by French, not by Italian arms that Solferino had been fought; it was by French connivance, more than by Italian contrivance, that Castelfidardo had been won. It was only on French sufferance that Italy existed; and to secure French indulgence to what degrading stratagems had she not to resort, to what galling humiliations had she not to submit? Two-and-twenty millions of Italians had been made into a nation; two hundred thousand of them had been mustered into an army; but Austria was still unbroken in the heart of the country; and to drive her from her fortresses how many of those two hundred thousand soldiers, how many of those twenty-two millions of people, could be counted as men? Cavour died in 1861. He was followed by men who fancied they inherited his genius because they emulated his cunning; who were a match for his unscrupulousness, but who knew nothing of his daring. Cavour ended with the assertion on his dying lips that "Italy was made;" but it appeared to D'Azeglio that it was "all to make." It was still all to make when his own hour struck in January, 1866; and it might still seem to him all to make at the present day; for what was, six months later, taken from the foreigner was due to foreign hands, and there is as yet no surety that those who have given may not at their own pleasure take away. No wonder if disenchantments and causes of alarm saddened the good patriot at the close of his life, as he sought a refuge against gloomy thoughts in his smiling solitude of Cannero, on Lake Maggiore. No wonder, if "his very appearance," as Count Maffei describes it, "was a living image of the weariness of his mind after the many trials he had gone through." No wonder, if a "settled sadness was blended with the soft and simple expression of courtesy on that noble countenance, conveying proofs of his immense solicitude for the prospects of his beloved country." His fixed idea was the regeneration of the national character, and what progress had been made in that direction since fortune and cunning had achieved for Italy what D'Azeglio thought should and could only be due to valour and genius? D'Azeglio did not, luckily for him, live to see how indifferently the Italians fought at Custozza and Lissa; but he had sufficient experience of the political and military organisation of the new kingdom to feel sure that disorder must infallibly lead to disgrace. And, unfortunately, it was not merely as fighting-men that the Italians proved unequal to the splendid position which the caprice of France and the self-interest of Prussia had so marvellously made for them. In every branch of administration, in parliamentary work,

in the management of all home and foreign business, their incapacity showed itself with equally glaring evidence. Truly a government is not to be built up or a nation made in a day ; and the Italians could not be expected to have got up their statecraft by intuition. What D'Azeglio complained of was the utter deadness of their sense of right and wrong ; the futility of their attempts to establish liberty on any other basis than that of morality, their proneness to persevere in their old way of duplicity and chicanery ; their incapacity for true devotion and self-sacrifice. D'Azeglio remembered enough of old Italy to feel sure that, with all its narrowness and bigotry, it had virtues of which the very traces were lost in the new community. He lamented that the cause of freedom should not call forth such instances of chivalrous loyalty as were exhibited in support even of the worst form of despotism ; he regretted that the new school of patriots should show so great a falling off from that to which those of his own generation belonged—such men as his brother Robert, Cesare Balbo, Giacinto Collegno, and the whole of that noble army of martyrs. At the time of the political movement of 1821 in Piedmont, D'Azeglio's father, who, he tells us, although no supporter of blind absolutism, was an enemy to revolutionary changes, old as he was, put on his uniform, and hastened to join the king at the palace, where many of the nobles, chiefly old men who had long been on the retired list, had already assembled. D'Azeglio's mother had been ill in bed for several months. Before the old veteran left his house in pursuit of duty, he ran up to the invalid's apartment, embraced his beloved wife, and said with mingled tenderness and decision, " Our sentiments have always been in unison ; you certainly will not change on this occasion. I am now going, and shall stay at my post to the last : perhaps I may not return. God be with you ! " God was with the good lady, indeed, as she assures us, since she had the strength to answer, " Go, stay at your post, and die, if die you must. I should be unworthy of you if I said otherwise." D'Azeglio quotes the description of this affecting scene from his mother's diary, and then adds : " Compare yourselves with these noble souls, ye Italian men and women ; and remember that when you have become like them, Italy will be really a nation." It is not, of course, the thoughts or opinions of those old loyalists that D'Azeglio holds up to his countrymen's imitation. But devotion like theirs, he conceives, could ennoble even a bad cause : incapacity for sacrifice would disgrace the very best.

It is impossible not to perceive, however, that the very excess of his zeal for his country made Massimo d'Azeglio less than just to his countrymen. The tendency of the old man to make himself the eulogist of his best days is everywhere apparent. In youth, as he himself avows, he had been blinded by his partiality to democracy.

In his mature age his reason was disturbed by the revulsion of aristocratic predilections. He generalised too freely on the examples of disinterestedness which his own household and his immediate circle exhibited. All retrogradist nobles were not such mirrors of chivalrous loyalty as the Marquis Cesare, his father; all Jesuits were not such patterns of earnest piety as Father Taparelli, his brother. Nor were the individual instances of heroic devotion to a cause rare among other ranks of society, among other political denominations, even among those extreme democratic parties with which the discontented patrician had so little sympathy. The Cairoli family at Pavia, for instance, give their country as much cause for pride as the D'Azeglio family at Turin. Nor, notwithstanding the disheartening state of degradation into which the great mass of the Italian people are still plunged, is there any reason to look upon their moral character as so utterly irreclaimable as D'Azeglio, with the natural impatience of a man who measures God's time by the short span of his own existence, was, perhaps, too apt to believe. With national no less than individual diseases, it is very often necessary that things should grow much worse, before they at all begin to get better. It is in the nature of all revolutions to bring the dregs to the surface; but those dregs, it should be remembered, were the results of the long sediment of former stagnation. The conversion of a dismal swamp into a running stream must needs prove a healthy process in the end; but it is fraught with difficulty and danger in its earliest stages: it either taints the blood or else it breaks the heart of many of those who first lay hand to the work.

A. GALLENGA.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

MR. ARNOLD is not only a very interesting writer, but a very bold writer. He has the courage to despise points of form, and to disregard the unconscious expectations which the title of a book naturally begets. In an official Report, presented to the School Commissioners upon "Schools and Universities on the Continent," no one would have expected to find an able criticism of the "London University." But whether in strictness this criticism be quite in place or not, every one attached to that University will be most glad to have it, as it is one of the acutest which has ever appeared, and the most favourable perhaps that an Oxford man, and attached to Oxford, has ever written. Oxford breeds people who hate her, and these have been favourable to London; but Mr. Arnold loves Oxford, and when he praises a University utterly unlike it, it is an effect of conviction, not a freak of ill-temper. Yet I cannot say that I think Mr. Arnold understands the conditions under which the University of London acts; as is natural, he knows simply nothing of her internal history; he is altogether blind to the latent causes which stop her action. If I were to write on Oxford I should doubtless use what the great Oxford teacher calls "unreal words"—words which would show I had not in my mind a vivid image of the facts; I should not like to say so much of Mr. Arnold,—he has studied the University of London far too well; still there are shades and touches which he does not know.

Mr. Arnold is bolder, too, than a mere critic ever can be; he proposes or imagines, at least, a scheme of reform. He sketches a great future of what the University of London might be, and seems half to wonder that those who rule it do not at once create that future. I have but a few pages before me, but I should like shortly to bring out—what is the great truth which Mr. Arnold so finely inculcates, and, on the other hand, what are the impediments to instant action, which those who know the ground and have tried to move where he directs feel at every step.

The charm of Mr. Arnold's language is so exquisite that it is always painful to translate his meaning into other words, and happily the following passage puts his conception of the University and his plan for it very plainly. After speaking of the defects of Oxford and Cambridge, after calling them *hauts lycées* ("finishing schools for the upper classes," as poor Clough used to put it); he then continues:—

"The University of London labours under a yet graver defect as an

organ of scientific or superior instruction. It is a mere *collegium*, or board, of examiners. It gives no instruction at all, but it examines in the different lines of study, and gives degrees in them. It has real University examinations, which Oxford and Cambridge have not; and these examinations are conducted by an independent board, and not by college tutors. This is excellent; but nevertheless it falls immensely short of what is needed. The idea of a University is, as I have already said, that of an institution not only offering to young men facilities for graduating in that line of study to which their aptitudes direct them, but offering to them, also, *facilities for following that line of study systematically, under first-rate instruction*. This second function is of incalculable importance; of far greater importance, even, than the first. It is impossible to overvalue the importance to a young man of being brought in contact with a first-rate teacher of his matter of study, and of getting from him a clear notion of what the systematic study of it means. Such instruction is so far from being yet organised in this country, that it even requires a gifted student to feel the want of it; and such a student must go to Paris, or Heidelberg, or Berlin, because England cannot give him what he wants. Some do go; an admirable English mathematician who did not, told me that he should never recover the loss of the two years which after his degree he wasted without fit instruction at an English University, when he ought to have been under superior instruction, for which the present University course in England makes no provision. I dare say he *will* recover it, for a man of genius counts no worthy effort too hard; but who can estimate the loss to the mental training and intellectual habits of the country, from an absence,—so complete that it needs genius to be sensible of it, and costs genius an effort to repair it,—of all regular public provision for the scientific study and teaching of any branch of knowledge?"

And again, a little further on:—"The University of London should be re-cast and faculties formed in connection with it, in order to give some public voice and place to superior instruction in the richest capital of the world; and for this purpose the strangely devised and anomalous organisations of King's College and University College should be turned to account, and *co-ordered*, as the French say, with the University of London. Contributions from Oxford and Cambridge, and new appointments, might supply what was wanting to fill the faculties, which in London, the capital of the country, should, as at Paris or Berlin, be very strong. London would then really have, what it has not at present, a University." No one can deny that this is a noble conception; if half of it only could be once accomplished, the University of London would be not only one of the first, but by far the first University in Great Britain. By virtue of its position it could effect more, and secure that what it did should be

een better, than any other. London, skilfully picked, would yield a set of professors that no English city would rival ; and their teaching would fall on an audience that cannot be equalled in the whole world for number, variety, and, if I may so say, curiously-*invested* intelligence. But yet I could find plenty of men, and those the best friends of the London University, and those to whom she is indebted most, who would discard at once this plan of Mr. Arnold's as Utopian, visionary, and absurd ; who would say "the University of London is only an examining body, *can* be only an examining body, *shall* be only an examining body."

Every generation is unjust to the preceding generation ; it respects its distant ancestors, but it thinks its fathers were "quite wrong." And this revolt of nature is a principal propelling force, and a power in civilisation ; for, without it, some set of strong men, consistently acting for a few generations, would soon stereotype the world. Yet this tendency is as unamiable as it is unfair, or even more unamiable. We enter into the fresh riches our fathers made for us, and at once we begin to say they are not the right sort ; we enjoy and we grumble. We live in the house, and we say, "If *I* had been the builder, that corner would not have stood out ; if I could have had my way, the stairs would have been of oak ; and how very obstinate my father always was about the smoke in the kitchen !" But we forget very likely that we are of a weaker force and more inefficient mind, and that, if we had had to build, probably there would have been no house at all. Just so with the London University. We, who were educated at it, grumble at much of it. I at least have often done so, and have often heard others. But yet I know well how much the founders of the University have done ; how difficult in their case was every sort of success ; how easy every sort of failure. If some of us who criticise had had the founding of the University, I fear it would not have lasted till this time.

Thirty years ago it was a great step to establish an independent and examining University. That improvement was a purely English idea, but like so many English ideas, it existed only in solution ; it was there, but it was hidden. Just as the English are the inventors of Cabinet government—of government by a committee of Parliament which can dissolve Parliament, and just as we have hidden away this masterpiece of polity under an historical growth of King, Lords ; and Commons, and a pompous theory of three branches—just so we invented a *testing* University—a University distinct from the studies whose effects it verified. I fancy we came upon the idea by chance. The University of Oxford, for example, had ceased either to examine or to instruct. Adam Smith, a Scotch Balliol scholar, tells us that when he was there the University had given up even "the pretence of teaching." "The examination at Oxford,"

said Lord Eldon, "was a farce in *my* time. I was only asked who founded University College, and I said—though, by the way, the fact is very doubtful—King Alfred." Possibly the Tory Chancellor exaggerated a little, but still he is an excellent witness against Oxford. At the Nadir of that University, it neither examined nor taught. Then some strong men revived the College teaching. When the Scotch reviewers attacked Oxford, Coppleston was able to show that Oriel College taught better than any school in Scotland. Then improvers tried to amend the University, but there was no longer any room for its tuition; there was better tuition already; so they revived the examining function, and suggested the new idea of a central verifying body surrounded and aided by many instructing bodies. Historical nations, I apprehend, mostly come upon their improvements in some such way as this. A miscellaneous *débris* of old things has come down to them, and, without much thinking, they pick out of the heap the particular bit that looks best for the particular matter in hand. The inestimable gain of historical nations is, that they inherit this mixed mass of materials; and their countervailing disadvantage is that the accumulation of old *débris* hides the shape of the work, and that they have no plain intelligible theory to bequeath to common nations which must build *de novo*.

At any rate, when the London University started, the notion of a University which did not teach those whom it tested, was very strange. Even when I was a student, some years later, the outer world did not understand it; there are many to whom the knowledge has not penetrated yet. Even Mr. Arnold, though he recognises the full value of the idea—though he sees that the London University carries it into practice more thoroughly than Oxford or Cambridge, (where, though the colleges as such, do not regulate the examination, yet members of the colleges—college tutors—do regulate it, because they are the examiners);—even Mr. Arnold has a vestige of puzzle on the matter. He knows that the foreign Professors, from whom he is fresh, do not understand a University without tuition, and he dares not tell them that a graduating machine, as Lord Brougham used to say, not preparing for degrees, and therefore conferring them without favour and without the suspicion of favour, is an English creation of the first magnitude.

I acknowledge that there is an excuse for him. He says that a University should "provide facilities for following that line of study systematically, and under first-rate instruction." I should rather say a perfect University would possess an attendant apparatus for such instruction—would be surrounded by sufficient colleges. You cannot "have it both ways;" you cannot obtain an article without paying its price. If you want a University which is trusted without suspicion to decide on the results of tuition, because it has no share

a tuition, you must not let it begin to interfere in tuition. But it might retain effectual satellites—those “anomalous bodies, University College and King’s College,” which give, and were affiliated because they give, appropriate instruction. Years ago many of us contended that no degree should be given by the University of London save to persons trained in, and so to say, vouched for by such colleges; and I still maintain that for “Plato’s Republic” such would be the ideal conception. There is no falser notion than Carlyle’s, that the true University of the present day is a “great collection of books.” No University can be perfect which does not set a young man face to face with great teachers. Mathematics in part may teach themselves, may be learned at least by a person of great aptitude and at great cost of toil from written treatises; but true literature is still largely a tradition, it does not go straight on like mathematics, and if a learner is to find it for himself in a big library, he will be grey-headed before his work is nearly over. And besides ‘character forms itself in the stream of the world’—by the impact of mind on mind. There are few impacts so effectual as that of ardent student upon ardent student, or as that of mature teacher upon immature student. I concede to Mr. Arnold that a perfect University would be attended by appropriate colleges for teaching its students, and would grant its full degrees to no one not so educated. But in the London University we could not attain this, though we tried. Some of the very strongest among its founders thought the collegiate system an English superstition, and believed that examinations were enough alone. And also there was the great difficulty that good colleges cannot be found all over England; that it would have long retarded the work of the University to confine its examinations to the very few colleges that would be worthy the name; that almost at the outset many bodies that were only high schools had been affiliated,—that many others quite equal were asking to be recognised, and could not be refused except by an invidious and unjust distinction. In the London University the collegiate system had not a chance, for there were far too few good colleges, much too many schools claiming to be colleges which were not, and a senate which did not believe in colleges.

But though Mr. Arnold would do harm if he persuaded the University of London to descend into the arena and become one of the trainers of the students it examines, though he could not find suitable colleges scattered over England to give effectual instruction, yet I think he has hold of a great idea, which ought to be separated from the less valuable elements with which he has mixed it. I believe that it is a misconception to regard a University as having but two possible duties—that of examining students, and that of instructing those students; I believe it has a third

duty—a duty to the world. Mr. Arnold gives some outline of the history of the French Universities; he goes back to times when France was the metropolis of European learning in the same sense that Germany has been lately; he tells us of the great times of the University of Paris. “Hither,” he says, “repaired the students of other countries and other universities, as to the main centre of mediæval science, and the most authoritative school of mediæval teaching. It received names expressing the most enthusiastic devotion: the *fountain of knowledge*, the *tree of life*, the *candlestick of the house of the Lord*. ‘The most famous University of Paris, the place at this time and long before whither the English, and mostly the Oxonians, resorted,’ says Wood. *Tandem fiat hic velut Parisiis ad instar Parisiensis studii quemadmodum in Parisiensi studio* say the rules of the University of Vienna, founded in 1365. Here came Roger Bacon, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Dante; here studied the founder of the first university of the Empire, Charles IV., Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia, founder of the University of Prague; here Henry II. in the twelfth century proposed to refer his dispute with Becket; here, in the fourteenth, the schism in the papacy and the claims of the rival Popes were brought for judgment.” And this account implies what everything confirms, that Universities in their first age not only taught and examined young students, but influenced society at large, gave lectures which broke up adult thought, diffused ideas which interfered with fixed creeds, and which were felt as powers even by those who disagreed with them. The Universities in that age had a social function as well as a national function; they influenced the whole grown up society besides teaching particular young students.

This is what I understand certain reformers to mean when they ask that the University of London should be made a seat of learning. Professor Seeley, one of the most skilful of living writers, says:—“With our present habits of thought, it is not very easy for us to conceive a real University. We understand competition; that means fighting. We understand trying for fellowships; that means money-making. But the University proper has no connection with either of these intelligible things; it is neither an almshouse of pensioners, nor a cockpit of competition, but a seat of learning.” If I interpret aright, Mr. Seeley means that a University ought to have about it a set of men who live in the still air of science and learning, who are to influence their age, who are to make, if they can, some kind of impression, not upon “the masses,” for that would be absurd, but the augmenting number of cultivated and half-cultivated people.

I believe that there never was a time in English history when there was such an appetite for knowledge. The visible success of physical science has awakened a sort of craving to know about nature

which nothing before ever resembled. That sort of knowledge has been tested by "results," and no one can impugn the answer which they give. Railways, telegraphs, steamships, are so many "marks," which count for much in the perpetual examination of knowledge by the world. Years ago, when Lord Bacon wrote the "Advancement of Learning," it was not very easy to find a sharp conclusive proof that any difficult knowledge was good. The obvious pursuits, as contemporary languages, reading, writing, speak for themselves, and want no advocate. But when the claim of any hard, settled study came to be set forth, the case was laboured, and the effect of its exposition, though conclusive to the best minds, was very dubious upon all others. But now there is, at least, one kind of very hard knowledge which works its own way, needs no pushing, makes every one admit that some one ought to know it, and makes most people wish that they themselves knew it. And the definite fame of this so to say advertised knowledge extends into other and distant regions. All other modern sciences, such as geology or ethnology, which have no plain influence on visible machines, nor palpable effect on indisputable results, share the repute of the more effectual sciences. The method is the same; the evidence, to those who know it, of like character. And to the world at large "science" is one entity; it is the force which sends quick messages, which makes fast trains, which helps ships to sail safely. All the world wants to know about science; there is an irritable accumulated curiosity in us, and about us, such as history never saw equalled.

All branches of knowledge share in this curiosity more or less. There is a sort of feeling that we do not know where we stand in things, and that we ought to know; that the "modern spirit" rules or questions most things without knowing how far it denies them and how far it confirms them—at least without knowing it broadly. Modern science is indisputably developing a new temper of mind; something which as a diffused mental habit the ancients had not, the Middle Ages had not, till now modern times had not. An instinct of revision is felt to be abroad in human opinion, of which thinking men want to know the direction, and wish, if they could, to see the end. There is a dissatisfaction with old beliefs, and a difficulty in finding satisfying new beliefs, which engenders a passion for true teaching.

There is another co-operating force. Now-a-days mankind are thrown into big cities where they have little to do; where they are loosely connected with, and see very little of each other; where they want something on which to employ their minds. Formerly people lived in country towns, where there was a sort of impact of mind on mind—a perpetual contention and reaction—a formative process, though often a violent and barbarous one. In a small town with a

few streets and a common life, every one knew every one, and every one acted upon every one. But among the ninety families who live in the ninety similar houses in New Street, Hyde Park, not five know one another. And most of them know no one else well; a certain dull distance pervades everything; occupied men know that they have a "visiting list," but they would come to grief if Mr. Lowe examined them on its contents. A new vacancy of mind is created by new habits which seeks for occupation, and would be very grateful for good occupation. The sort of success which such lectures as those of the Royal Institution at present have show the wonderful appetite there is for such teaching. If the London University could give anything like it, it would give it with greater prestige, greater authority, and, I think, greater attractiveness. People would be attracted by the very authority; they would come there because they knew that the teaching in its kind was first-rate, (whatever, which might often be arguable, was the intrinsic and ineradicable defect of that kind). And a University would be free from the sort of taint which every other lecturing body must have. It would have no wish, it need be thought to have no wish, to be *overpopular*; it would choose really learned professors, really sound professors, and would wish them to teach thorough thought.

I suppose the Oxford professoriat has now something like the function I mean. Its functions are not to the students *before* examination, but to grown-up men *after* examination. I apprehend that Mr. Arnold's lectures on poetry had no part or share in the studies of Oxford undergraduates; they prepared men for no examinations; they competed with no college which did prepare them. They were careful "studies" addressed to thoughtful men already educated; they would have been fit for no other audience. I could not find an instance to describe my notion more exactly. I wish to see at the London University many accomplished men addressing high-class lectures to high-class hearers.

But though I have exceeded my limits, I must point out (or I should be unfair) two practical difficulties which Mr. Arnold cannot be expected to divine, but which those nearer well know. Several "movements" have in truth been made in this direction, though no substantial result has been attained—no actual lecture has ever been given; but by means of this experience the dangers in the path are known.

First. There is a great dread of losing the place which the University has gained. It is now admitted to be an impartial judge of teaching, because it does not itself teach,—but if it began to teach, even though the teaching were of a different species, and were addressed to the "after-degree" world, the University might begin

to be suspected. On paper this danger may not seem so extreme as it is ; but in practice the difficulty of distinguishing the teachings is great, and those who created the University dislike, as by an apprehensive instinct, everything which might undo their work or impair it. I doubt if the present Senate would be willing administrators of a professorial plan, and the conception is so delicate that it would fail if those who were entrusted with it did not believe in it.

Secondly. There is the most dangerous of all difficulties—a religious difficulty. The University of London is now supported by all religious bodies—by orthodox Dissenters, by Unitarians, by Roman Catholics, by English Churchmen. The *dryness* and limitation of its work is a great help in gaining that support ; it lessens the number of disputable decisions—it precludes a theatrical prominence in any decision. But yet this combined support by antagonistic bodies has not been gained easily. Years of cautious and conscientious management have been necessary to gain it—so delicate is education, and so scrupulous men's temper. But if impressive lectures were delivered at the University by conspicuous lecturers, the difficulty would be enhanced tenfold. There might be much in many lectures which many would object to ; very often there would be something which some would object to. Gradually it might, and no doubt would, come to be comprehended that the contents of these lectures were not certified to be true by the University ; that the University only put forward the lecturer as a man of eminence in science or learning who was worth attention. And in time it would be seen, too, that these superior lectures had nothing to do with the common University work ; that the examination system went on apart from and independently of them ; that all persons might derive exactly all the advantages they now derive from the examinations, after these lectures were established, and though they might disapprove of some of the lectures. But the task would be nice, success hard, failure easy, and infinite caution would be wanted in the beginning.

These brief remarks on a great subject will explain, I think, why I cannot accept for the London University Mr. Arnold's plan exactly as he puts it and conceives it, but why, also, I believe there is an analogous work which some one must soon undertake in London, which ought at once to be undertaken, and which the University would have singular, and perhaps unequalled, advantages for doing well.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S "ISABEL."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S "Isabel" is a miracle of disappointment; or rather—not to speak at random concerning an artist so laborious and so eminent—a miracle of labour and technical resource, and yet, as I venture to think all must agree, who will take the pains to study the beautiful poem of Keats quoted by the painter as the foundation of his picture, a total miscarriage in conception. The discrepancy indeed between the enormous power of the picture as a piece of biting and almost terrible colour on the one hand, and, on the other, the mingled vacancy and confusion, not to say chaos, in the main idea, and principally of course the face of the heroine, is so great as to leave the impartial spectator, after he has collected his wits and recovered from his first impressions, in something like amazement. It would almost seem as if, in the scaffolding of his subject, the painter had lost all command of the central idea. Prize-fighters we know lose vital power by excess of training; and I am involuntarily reminded of the story told by Washington Irving of the Dutchman who took a run of three miles to jump over a mountain, but found himself so out of breath when he got to the bottom that he sat down to walk over it at his leisure. Mr. Holman Hunt has taken a run of many miles through the details of his picture to arrive at his mountain, but how he got over, that is another matter. All this is strong language, I know, and I know quite well to what I expose myself. I know that I am criticising no tyro, but one of our most popular and finished painters—a master with an established reputation, with an army of enthusiastic admirers at his back, and with no less a swordsman than the great Mr. Ruskin himself as interpreter-general and lieutenant-commander of this, certainly I must admit, very imposing and by no means contemptible array. I know also that to meet so many Goliaths, so panoplied and equipped, I bring only a sling in one hand and a poem in the other, nor can I boast the poet's inspiration. However, perhaps a little common sense (I hope), and much conviction (I know), may stand me in some stead.

But, lest I should unnecessarily prejudice my readers against me before they have time to consider what I really have to say, let me disclaim all partisanship with schools, and sects, and coteries. Any views of Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures which I may entertain have nothing to do with the question, whether he is, or was, or to what extent he may still be, or be not, a Præ-Raphaelite. I neither worship nor condemn the Præ-Raphaelites. As a baby-school of earnestness of purpose and conscientious detail they have unquestion-

ably been of use to English art. They have also helped to blast the deepening groove of older conventionality, and lent new life and possibilities to future study and future discovery. Then, again, so far from being in any sense prepossessed against Mr. Hunt, I went to see this, his last picture, with such a recollection of his "After-glow" in my mind, and such a din of recent praise from all the critics in my ears, that I wonder myself how I did not fall flat when, on entering the room, I found myself in front of the miraculous "Isabel." I really was prepared to do so. Startled I certainly was, and greatly. But the gradual convalescence which followed the first impression resembled neither the effects of love nor the effects of admiration. The first impression was one of surprise (not the sudden pang of pity and extorted sympathy, even when coupled with some reprobation); the second of puzzlement; the third of mingled technical wonder and technical pain; the last, a complete and analytical dissatisfaction with the conception, coupled with increased wonder over the prodigious mechanical strength of the painter. Let any indifferent person, fond of pictures and accustomed to examine them, submit himself or herself to the ordeal of two or three visits to Mr. Holman Hunt's "Isabel," and say whether that is not in every case very much the sequence of his or her emotions.

However, when I confess that I greatly admire some of Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures, I must in common honesty not deny that I cannot, for instance, in spite of every wish, bring myself to like his pea-green Christ in the "Light of the World," with what seems to me an idiotic frown upon a pretty, weak, fashionable face, and a lantern in his hand, which always sets me thinking of a lantern carried once upon a time by a tall and amiable stable-boy of my father's, with a round cap upon his head. As for the title, the "Light of the World," it seems to me, with all deference, that the proper title would have been the "Light of Owls," for the picture is more suggestive of owls, and bats, and moths, than of anything else; and one almost wonders why they are not seen flying round the lantern. In truth, this picture, apart from the painting, might, so far as the idea is concerned, with sundry modifications, have represented something or other in a fantastical way connected with a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The subject itself was magnificent; the conception a mere effeminate conceit, sufficiently well calculated, no doubt, to disconcert those detractors who thought that Mr. Holman Hunt could paint nothing pretty. Then, again, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Christ preaching in the Temple." Here we have another miracle of painting. But the conception is partly effeminate and—I really beg pardon for the word, there is positively no other—vulgar. It is difficult to say whether the conceited boy Christ, looking like a second-rate precocity, or the weak-visaged and fussy mother, is more distressing to the artistic sense. If these

descriptions provoke the anger of my opponents, let me assure them that they need only read a little further to convince themselves how fully and how warmly I am disposed to do justice to Mr. Holman Hunt's extraordinary qualities. But in the meantime let me say very frankly, and very boldly, in the first place, that I find it difficult to conceive how educated men, who are not swayed by mere enthusiasm, can fail to see that the first picture is an effeminate and pretty crotchet, the second, by some inexplicable fatality, even vulgar—for Mr. Holman Hunt is certainly not a vulgar painter, whoever else may be so. This, however, is no argument, it is simply the assertion of an opinion. But in the next place, I will say with equal frankness, that the field of art belongs to us all, our common patrimony and ground of human recreation; and if conceptions are enthusiastically proclaimed by one party as divine, which to others are not merely indifferent, but really painful and, artistically speaking, offensive, the enthusiasts must not expect to monopolise the ground without a hand-to-hand fight, and a good many amicable blows. For my part, if the pleasures of art were confined to conceptions like those of the last two pictures, such pleasures would cease to have any existence. And it is the bias and direction given to taste by Mr. Hunt's enthusiasts which provoke opposition. Let me add, whoever else may suffer in the encounter, one thing is certain—Mr. Hunt will be the gainer; he, at all events, can afford to pat me on the back with complacency. He knows that he does not know me, and that I do not know him. Personal considerations in the matter there are none. The better he is abused the better his admirers will think of his pictures, whatever effect the criticism may have upon outsiders. So far, therefore, my conscience is at rest.

His "Afterglow," one of his most ambitious pictures, I really admire so sincerely, that in this case at least I possibly outholman-hunt the Holmanhuntites. And why? Because while the painting is almost equally marvellous, the subject is so simple (or rather the absence of subject), that no superadded conception is there to mar the exquisite beauty of the painting. The "Afterglow," however, is one of Mr. Holman Hunt's less familiar pictures; and I ought to give some slight account of it, to recall it to the reader, inasmuch as all this is not mere random digression, but rather introductory to the main purport of the criticism. The "Afterglow," then, represents a harvest afternoon on the Nile. An Egyptian girl fills the centre of the canvas, and presents a full face to the spectator. She bears upon her head a sheaf of corn, upon which pigeons of gorgeous colour, painted with power almost paralysing to the eye, cluster, half-clinging in half-flight. In the foreground, at her feet, other pigeons hurry about, as pigeons hurry, snatching up the falling grain. Behind, in the distance, a glow of long, flat, fertile Nile-land, with

its sheaves and camels, and that ineffable hue of roses, mixed with gold, which unlocks the spectator's heart, puts him in a trance, and leaves him sadder, when he comes to life again. And the girl? A prodigy of bronze and rich blood, blood of which, if Harvey had not discovered the circulation, the discovery would have been not Harvey's, but Holman Hunt's; and repose, and life, and lazy energy, pent up in a proud, sleek, well of fire—(I shall be told that I am praising Mr. Hunt very warmly—well, I think I have earned the right)—a picture which, if slavery had not been abolished, might abolish it, and bring twenty millions of sovereigns dancing out of slave-owning pockets. The poetry of lazy and lovely animalism, of life trembling on the verge just short of overflowing, untold possibilities of elementary enjoyments, an Egyptian wealth of half-hidden suggestion, and half-revealed realities—all are there. And nothing beyond. No dramatic expression, no threads of thought, no struggle of moral forces, no subtle anatomy of the passions, blending or at war, no conflicting tides of civilised opinion—nothing, absolutely nothing but the naked poetry of proud, unsullied nature, clean realism, a glory of existence.

How different the theme in "Isabel!" How opposite upon any theory of representation whatsoever! Could painter hit upon a more intricate, a finer subject for analytic art, a more subtle and manifold crux and test of true conception and higher knowledge? Harrowing love; perverted gentleness; distorted idealism, twisted to the uses of a horrible craft and hideous satisfaction; mystery; a raging lust to snatch even death from out the hands of fate, to defy the grave; revenge as in hyper-delicate natures turned not outwardly upon others, but inwardly to self-torture; the lunacy of moral grief with intellectual self-possession; cold, slow, lasting passion in a frame burning fiercely unto death after the wild fever of a happy love, the wilder frenzy of bereavement; and all this in the nature alone capable of the highest forms of idealistic perversion—the nervous, delicate, fiery, headlong, restrained, yet simple all-in-all nature—ice without, volcano within;—is this Mr. Holman Hunt's conception? The answer is that Mr. Hunt's "Isabel" has all the health, all the vigorous superabundant animalism of his Egyptian girl in the "Afterglow;" that is to say, without quite the same animal gloss, the same, if I may use the expression, animal sheen and brilliancy. Both are splendid animals, but one a pleasing animal, the other marred by an effort to embody some sort of meaning which is utterly foreign to her nature.

Let me first describe Keats' "Isabel." I may dismiss Boccaccio, for Mr. Hunt, by quoting Keats, has indicated the true godfather of his ideas.

"*Fair Isabel, poor, simple Isabel!*" such is the key-note of

the poem, from which even in the horrible sequel Keats never departs. She loves Lorenzo, "a young palmer in Love's eyes," with a mutual love, long cherished, long undeclared. She is the sister, living in the palace of two wealthy Venetian merchant princes; Lorenzo their clerk. Lorenzo and Isabel "could not in the self-same mansion dwell without some stir of heart, some malady." At meals they sit wrapt each in other's thoughts. At night each "dreams to the other," and "nightly weeps." His voice fills her ear, "pleasanter than noise of trees or hidden rill." She spoils her "half-done broidery," muttering his name. "O may I never see another night, Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune," is her evening prayer to her pillow; "To-morrow I will ask my lady's boon," his evening promise to himself. But, alas! "Honeyless days and days pass on." Sweet Isabel's "untouched" cheek falls sick "within the rose's just domain, thin as a young mother's." And so day follows day, adding to, not diminishing, the restraint of these sensitive and delicate natures. "How ill she is!" said he. "I may not speak, and yet I will. . . . If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears, and at the least 'twill startle off her cares." At last she half surprises his secret, he hers; "his erewhile timid lips grew bold, and poesied with hers in dewy rhyme." "Parting they seemed to tread upon the air," only to meet again; and so for many a day, "close in a bower of hyacinth and musk," "free from whispering tale," they "shared the fragrance of each other's heart." Alas! for the treacherous path of true love. A plague upon the lady's brothers! "How was it these ledger-men could spy fair Isabella in her downy nest? How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye a straying from his toil? Yet so they did." "Many a jealous conference had they; many a time they bit their lips alone; and at the last these men of cruel clay cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone, for they resolved in some forest dim to kill Lorenzo, and there bury him. . . . She weeps alone, for pleasures not to be; sorely she weeps until the night comes on; and then, instead of love, oh, misery! . . . The breath of winter . . . continually bereaves the sick west of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay of death among the bushes and the leaves, to make all bare before he dares to stray from his north cavern; so sweet Isabel by gradual decay from beauty fell because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes she asked her brothers, with an eye all pale, striving to be itself, what dungeon climes could keep him off so long? They spake a tale time after time to quiet her. . . . Lo, a vision. . . . In the drowsy gloom, the dull of midnight, at her couch's foot Lorenzo stood and wept; the forest tomb had marred his glossy hair. . . . 'Isabel, my sweet! red whortle-berries droop above my head, and a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet; around me beeches and high chestnuts shed their leaves and prickly nuts. . .

o shed one tear upon my heather-bloom, and it shall comfort me
 ithin the tomb . . . though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
 at paleness warms my grave, as though I had a seraph chosen
 om the bright abyss to be my spouse; thy paleness makes me
 lad.' . . . See, as they creep along the river-side how she doth
 hisper to that aged dame, and, after looking round the champaign
 ide, shows her a knife. 'What feverous hectic flame burns in thee,
 ild? What good can thee betide that thou should'st smile again?'
 he evening came, and they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed; the
 int was there, the berries at his head . . . clearly she saw, as
 her eyes would know, pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well . . .
 on she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon her silk had played in
 urple phantasies; she kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
 id put it in her bosom, where it dries and freezes to the bone those
 uinties made to still an infant's cries. . . . At last they feel the
 ernel of the grave . . . with duller steel than the Perséan sword
 ey cut away no formless monster's head, but one whose gentleness
 d well accord with death, as life . . . love never dies, but lives,
 immortal Lord . . . if love impersonate was ever dead, pale Isabella
 ss'd it, and low moan'd. 'Twas love; cold—dead, indeed, but
 ot dethron'd . . . in anxious secrecy they took it home, and then
 e prize was all for Isabel: she calm'd its wild hair with a golden
 mb, and all around each eye's sepulchral cell, pointed each fringed
 sh, the smeared loam with tears, as chilly as a dripping well, she
 rench'd away; and still she comb'd and kept sighing all day—and
 ill she kiss'd and wept; then in a silken scarf—sweet with the
 ews of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby, and divine liquids come
 ith odorous ooze through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully—she
 rapp'd it up; and for its tomb did chose a garden-pot, wherein she
 id it by, and covered it with mould, and o'er it set sweet basil,
 hich her tears kept ever wet . . . and she forgot the stars, the
 moon, the sun, and she forgot the blue above the trees, and she
 rgot the dells where waters run, and she forgot the chilly autumn
 reeze, she had no knowledge when the day was done, and the new
 moon she saw not: but in peace hung over her sweet basil ever-
 ore and moisten'd it with tears unto the core . . . and so she
 ver fed it with thin tears, whence thick and green and beautiful it
 rew. . . . Oh! melancholy, linger here awhile! Oh! music, music,
 reathe despondingly. Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe, for
 imple Isabel is soon to be among the dead . . . she withers like a
 alm cut by an Indian for its juicy balm."

I have gone through Keats' poem at some length partly because
 he reader, who has not the poem at hand, may like to have a general
 outline of Keats' conception, partly to show the great capabilities of

the subject, and, above all, its essentially idealistic and romantic nature.

Let me now describe, as faithfully as I can, Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, and the first and general impression conveyed to the spectator apart from any reference to the story. First, as to colours—a strange, sharp contrast of opaline white drapery on a large pink figure, with hard, dark blues, lurid yellows, as of some poison plant, and livid greens. Starting out of the canvas a magnificent girl draped in white, with the lines and muscles of an athlete, turns a full face upon the spectator, with her head inclined upon a mayolica flower-pot, out of which a splendid plant of basil grows aloft. Her raven hair streams all round the roots of the plant; one arm embraces the vase, letting the hand droop idly over the rim; the other arm gathered against the fore-shortened bosom rests its bent fingers against the opposite side of the beloved vase. The vase itself rests upon a wooden *prie-dieu*, upon which, half drawn up, a miracle of painting, the left leg reposes. The right foot, well planted, stands full upon the marble floor of curious device. The whole attitude is one of lazy, half-waking, staring, unconcern—the health and richness of the hands and feet, a perfect wealth of blood and velvet, are not to be surpassed. The neck and shoulders are those of a girl who might walk twenty miles every day of her life. And the face? The undeveloped face of a possible shrew and terrible vixen. Large black or brown eyes vacantly glaring out of the canvas, with a possibility of very vicious and very violent temper in the whites; no sentiment, no idealism—pouting lips, full, firm, ripe, unblanched (as for the critic who thinks he sees a quiver in the upper lip, I envy his imagination); a general look of faint disgust, as if she had had a tiff with mamma about some pet project the night before, and was lazily recalling it; a turbid brow indicative of possible violence, but not a trace of the labyrinthine web of ideal emotions, and the terrible frenzy of ideal attachment which alone could dictate an action at once so horrible, so harrowing, yet so exquisitely and poetically tender—the tenderness and poetry of a love which swallows up even death. In a word, Mr. Holman Hunt has painted a shrew in her teens *before* her trials, and so to speak, in the green tree. Keats has painted an exquisitely tender and headlong nature *after* a long course of heartrending frenzy, and in the fallen and disintegrating fruit. If I were to suggest the type of character that would suit the picture, I should unhesitatingly say that of the celebrated Rachelle when dying of illicit love in *Phædra*. Mr. Hunt has painted a common-place, violent-tempered Italian girl, with a vicious eye and a muddy brow.

The sins, then, as they appear to me, of the picture are, I submit, not against any mere theory of idealism in painting. They are against truth in the conception itself upon any theory either of realism

or idealism. Realism is as much bound to adhere to truth as idealism. As much realism may be brought to bear upon the subtle conflict of expressions and after-storm of terrible passion as in the painting of a mere animal. But, of course, one implies very different kind of work to the other—not less, but more. Experiments in the colour and painting of a Gabbio watering-pot, or a mayolica vase, are one thing, the knowledge and study of the subtlest anatomy of human expression in its varied phases another. I do not presume to dictate to Mr. Holman Hunt what school he will adopt; I only venture to point out as an outside spectator that the picture is not true to the subject as a conception on any theory, either of realism or idealism. His Isabel is quite the girl who later in life might have cut off her *living* lover's head if he displeased her; quite capable, too, of murdering the brothers who murdered her lover; not by any means the girl whose first thought on dreaming the truth was to recover the darling head, and keep it for ever, even in death, instead of being revenged upon the ruthless destroyers of her bliss. Instead of heavenly sweetness breathed upon and devastated by demon's woe, and a paradise of expression, furrowed into waste and wilderness and a thousand cross channels, by the hurricane of an overwhelming calamity, we have muscularity run mad, angry health, vacant peevishness, and in the place of the actual effects of storm and tempest in the past, vague possibilities of future ill-temper.

This criticism is therefore independent of the value of the picture, merely as a picture,—independent of its mechanism, and technical composition. I shall not enter into the controversy between the Præ-Raphaelites and their antagonists. I shall not discuss whether Mr. Holman Hunt's "Isabel" is one picture, or in reality, several pictures in one. Unquestionably many parts—might I not say any part?—could be cut out and framed separately, and it would stand alone and be enough to immortalise the painter as a technical colourist. I shall not suggest that the hands, though beautiful, do not belong to one another, being of different type, and that both are of larger pattern than the feet. With two or three models to paint from, it is easy to fall into a slight discrepancy. Again, it may be thought, that the figure, from head to centre, is too long in proportion for the length between the hip and the feet. Moreover, the external line is not altogether graceful, while it suggests a foregone resolve to attitudinize. All these criticisms are below and outside my purpose.

But even if such trifles are true, and I leave them to the decision of others, what a miraculous picture it is, if, forgetting the poem and the subject, you look at it simply as a picture without any higher than a commonplace idea—say of a powerful girl, who has just left her couch in the early dawn, and vacantly embraced some cool and charming

object! What life, what vigour, what a fine acrimony of absorbing colour!—what conscience, what skill, what patience, what a boundless command of means! "Such colour," said a first-rate judge, "has not been seen since Vandyke—passes Vandyke." "If," said another, "you could give Leighton Holman Hunt's colour, and Holman Hunt Leighton's drawing, you would have one of the greatest painters, past or present." Not that the colour, as a whole, is pleasing, so much as startling, owing to its prodigious force and a combination evidently intended not to be pleasant but in some scientific way to correspond with the unpleasant nature of the subject. There is a passage in Keats' poem describing how, to allay their baffled curiosity, Isabel's brothers, having stolen her pot of basil, discovered its horrible contents:—

"The thing was *vile with green and livid spots,*
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face."

You no sooner arrive at these lines in the poem, than they clutch the imagination, and leave a stain and glamour of colour very difficult to shake off. Mr. Holman Hunt has idealised this impression with surpassing skill; there is a terrible, and, as it were, sublimised and indefinable horror of livid greens, and yellows, and dark blues, showing that Mr. Holman Hunt had read Keats' poem very carefully, and that it is an error to suppose that he quotes it simply as a label to his picture. But his idealisation was all spent upon his colours and his details, yet even there, may I be permitted to say so with all deference, totally misapplied. This dreadful glamour of greens, and yellows, and blues, and ghostly opaline glasses, between dawn and day, would have been exactly in place had he been painting the discovery of Lorenzo's head by the two brothers. There it would have contributed most powerfully to intensify the horror and hatred excited in the spectator's mind. But "poor, simple Isabel," with all her perverted idealism and atrocious sufferings, was not to be invested with a cruel atmosphere of repulsion. The first impression of the spectator on seeing the picture ought to be a pang of terrible pity—a yearning of hopeless love at sight of the silken cord for ever broken, the golden bowl shattered past recall—awe, if you please, at the effects of the devastation of all that was once so lovely and so devoted, but not repulsion. Will any candid person maintain that such an impression is either his first or his last? No doubt the more you look at the picture, the more you are fascinated by the power and the skill of the painter, and the extraordinary science and conscientious labour in every part. That cloth of embossed silks and gold in oranges and yellows, which probably surpasses the realism of the best French realist; that lamp in Venetian glass; the opaline watering-pot and its wonderful reflection

upon the inlaid wood of the *prie-dieu*; the hazy distance of the receding alcove or bedchamber, with Isabel's bed at the end; the splendid mayolica vase containing the basil—all these, for power, and learning, and colour, and skill, and certainty of effect, are enough to stamp Mr. Holman Hunt as one of the greatest of English colourists. The following item, in connection with the composition of the picture, throws a curious light upon Mr. Holman Hunt's conscientious industry. He could not find a mayolica vase to his taste. Yet he would not trust himself to a slipshod imagination. He designed a vase, had it cast, painted it himself, obtained a fragment of mayolica to study the glaze, and then painted from the model so created. I owe this anecdote to the kindness of a personal friend. This vase is exceedingly beautiful and original, and it was stated in the room that no less an authority than Professor Owen himself considered it of so exquisite design, that Minton might well buy the patent and produce it for sale.

A word in conclusion on criticism in general. There are, of course, many kinds of criticism, in painting and in art generally. The criticism of the man who eats his dinner is one thing; that is criticism as to results. The criticism of one cook upon another cook's proceedings in the kitchen is a different kind of criticism: it is the criticism of methods and procedure. A painter alone is competent to criticise methods. Results are intended for a wider circle, and are open to wider remark. This is my apology for the criticism I venture to offer. Still I may be thought to have spoken with too much confidence and too much self-assertion. Let me make a clean breast of it. I asked myself, how I should show most respect for Mr. Hunt. I said, 'Mr. Hunt is a great man, an artist of life-long labour and devotion to his art, and you are nobody.' Should I mince my words, and shuffle, and suggest, and insinuate, and qualify, and veil my thought, and hide my sting? And I said, 'no, if he was standing in the room by his picture he would prefer, could he look into the exact thought of his spectators great and small, learned and unlearned. In the name of all the Smiths and all the Joneses who may think as I do, he shall have mine, without exaggeration and without abatement, just as they come into my mind, when I sit in my slippers, my pipe in my mouth. May they not darken the cloud that rises from his!' I admit at once that had I known Mr. Holman Hunt personally, I could not have written with the same freedom. That is a question of courtesy and common intercourse. But where malice is absent, and no question of personal consideration arises, surely the most absolute sincerity is the truest homage which reverence can render to merit.

BERNARD CRACROFT.

MR. ROBERT LYTTON'S POEMS.¹

THE task of criticising a collection of the poems of one who has written much without having yet taken a distinct place in our poetic literature is singularly burdensome and thankless. For it will seem ungracious to praise with a reservation; it is always unpleasant to do so; and by subjecting his works to analysis, there is danger of conveying an idea among careless readers that none of them are of compact worth. But it is to a poet in Mr. Lytton's position that criticism, which is too often an impertinence, may really be of service. If his style and manner are not perfectly formed, he may listen to the judgment of a student of his craft; and if he will apprehend that he is not yet out of the fight, though he has won distinction, he will bear taking some rough blows in good-humour, perhaps with profit. That he has a steady and a large ambition is shown by the number and by the improving quality of his publications. That he has hitherto failed to create enthusiasm for his poetic gifts must also, I think, be said, notwithstanding his popularity and merit. He has gained the public ear, but he has not gained the entire approval of those by whom enduring fame is given. The attempt to criticise him, therefore, without seeming to be guilty of what is called carping criticism—in other words, without seeking to discover how it is that he has either offended the taste or missed the sympathy of this select class—would be a waste of labour, and not true kindness to him. I would not apply the critical lens to a very young writer, who expects to leap from publication to praise. He is sure to learn in time that it is the privilege of but two or three of his seniors. Nor would I venture to bring such a form of criticism to bear on the poems of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. What they are they will be in spite of me, and of their kind their poems are incomparably excellent. Poets like these must be studied by the light of their own manifested powers. They have subjected their faults, and made them peculiarities or characteristics of their work, springing originally from penetrative insight, from imaginative complexity of perception, or from defective or superabundant energy of expression. They are to themselves “both law and impulse”—the flower of this generation of English poets; and as no man of science will take up a flower to make of it a theme for the exposition of his peculiar taste in natural objects, so will no one, seriously estimating the value and the reach of criticism, presume to discuss the compositions of accomplished poets for the purpose of stating that they could have pleased him better.

(1) *CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS*. By the Hon. R. Lytton. London: Chapman and Hall. 1867.

At any rate, if they are not perfect, no scolding will cure them, and it has been tried hard on Mr. Browning, who could scarcely have known anything of the breadth of his influence over his countrymen until he found himself surrounded by imitators, and saw them set above their master. Mr. Lytton ranks at present with the intermediate class of poets; writers much too strong to be injured by criticism; capable of delivering it themselves, and upon themselves; and the mould of whose work is still plastic. In a modest preface to the "Chronicles and Characters," he claims "a patient perusal as a preliminary to any final judgment of a work which has occupied nearly even years of his life." It is a protest against the 'I like' and 'I don't like' of summary reviewers, and an invitation to criticism. Reviewers of poetry are always able men—able to express their opinions—and between heavy puffs and contemptuous notices, the public gains from them in the end some approximate idea of a poet's value. But they rarely speak of his aims and of the indication of great and good work to come from him; and in their business of interpreting public opinion to the public, they assume too broadly that they have the right to throw him aside if he shall not have pleased their private tastes.

"Suus cuique attributus est error:

Sed non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est."

They might remember this sound and wholesome critical precept, even though they should suppose themselves to be dealing with a Sufferus. We have not so many men of genius or of cleverness who are anxious to build up a name in letters, that it is necessary to turn an amazed frown on them when they produce an ambitious book not quite after the prevailing fashion; nor is our modern literature so rich in good things that we can afford to leave its growth to the fatness of the soil, and cherish only what delights a dilettante appetite. Göthe held, even in Germany, that art should be cultivated. The defenders of such literary gateways as we possess resemble too often the old Austrian out-station gendarmes, who used frequently to examine a passport by reading it upside down, and then declare it imperfect and unsatisfactory. No one would complain if they were zealous and acute keepers of the way. The grievance, to men feeling these matters a grievance, is, that they let in a multitude, and have now and then to chase them out again with shocking severity. I bear in mind one unfortunate, unmatched for a loyal ode or a British sentiment in portly verse, who, as poet and sage (I refrain in charity from writing down a famous name, now melancholy to look upon as an old football), was raised to the heights where idols sit, and nourished our nurseries and drawing-rooms, surely not in absolute contempt of their authority. Whether he beguiled, or forced, or, as they assert, crept through, the reviewers' ranks, the vengeance of the gods that never cease kicking has been taken on him, and one cannot but

accuse them of the double betrayal of a want of sensibility. And while this really representative bard of his country lived in the profound esteem of multitudes, Mr. Browning was continuing his struggle for recognition, much like 'the plants in mines' that his Paracelsus speaks of. So, though they have the importance of the weathercock to the sons of time, they are something less than infallible in pronouncing his verdicts. It cannot be otherwise with officials now acting as trumpets to the native literary appetites of their countrymen, and now undertaking to hammer a notion of things strange and new into them, after a process to which they have previously submitted. Mr. Browning's extraordinary gift of poetic humour does not, it is true, allow him to be put as a fair test of their general powers of discernment, which are beyond estimation; and seeing that they and their public are in close alliance, each in turn correcting and polishing the other, the individual may well consent to wither for their advancement. One marvels a little that any man happy enough to be independent of literature should, under these circumstances, pertinaciously issue volume upon volume in hot haste. Mr. Lytton's first volume, his "Clytemnestra," with the minor poems attached to it, was full of high promise. "Incarcerate him and keep him away from the publishers" has been said of a young poet by one who knew the perils of an opening success. Had Mr. Lytton kept back his next volume for something approaching to the prescribed Horatian term to which he has subjected his latest, he would not now be offering vastly superior work to experience the mortification of finding it less thankfully accepted. Ambition is a noble infirmity; but besides being careful to curb the incessant desire to gratify it, we must not forget that the perpetual strain of effort is the waste of power. Or I should say, I think it holds in poetry that much writing wastes the powers. Publishing much is at least an evil that none will dispute. Those who cannot help themselves, and are in the chains, must do it. But those who are not should benefit from the pre-eminent advantage they enjoy. Prose is always ready to satiate the appetite for labour: they deal with it more than they will believe, and prose travels to limbo without a shriek. The road is wide for it in that direction. Prose strengthens the hand. It does not of necessity call up fictitious sentiments to inflate a conception run to languor. I allude especially to the habit of producing numberless minor poems on purely sentimental subjects. A large and noble theme has a framework that yields as much support as it demands. Lyrics yield none; and when they are not spontaneous, they rob us of a great deal of our strength and sincerity. If they are true things coming of a man's soul, they are so much taken from him: if the reverse, they hurry him rapidly to waste. There should not be such a thing as a habit of lyrical composition. This effusion of song is not natural to us. The greatest of

lyrists have the power but rarely, and if they published songs, and odes, and snatches only, their works would be remarkably contracted. In a stimulating season, when prompted by the passions of youth or of a generous sympathy, they give abundance, but that abundance does not make volumes—at least, not publishable volumes. A great lyricist (and we have one among us), inflamed by the woes of an unhappy people throbbing for fulness of life and freedom, sings perforce; but he has a great subject, and we do not see that it is his will which distinctly predominates in his verses. Shelley's lyrical pieces are few, considering the vigour of his gift of song; and so are those of Burns, and of Campbell and Hood. Heinrich Heine added a new element to his songs and ballads: an irritant exile breathed irony into them, and shaped them into a general form and significance. He is the unique example of a man who made himself his constant theme, and he pursued it up to the time when he was rescued from his "mattress-grave." By virtue of a cunning art he caused it to be interesting while he lived. I feel the monotony of it begin to grow on me often now when I take up the *Buch der Lieder*, the *Neuer Frühling*, and the *Romanzero*. Goethe's songs were the fruits of a long life. He tells us how they sprang up in him, and I do not doubt of his singing as the birds sing; but without irreverence it may be said that in many cases this was merely a self-indulgent mood to which German verse allured the highest of German poets. I love the larger number of them for his sake, not for their own. The Tuscan Giusti, one of the truest of modern lyricists, published very little. Alfred de Musset's songs, all of them exquisite, might be compassed in half-a-dozen pages of this Review. In fact, it is from observation or meditation that poetry gets sinew and substance, and the practice of observing or meditating soon tames in poets the disposition to pour out verses profusely.

Mr. Lytton has published an excess of lyrical pieces. He is, I should say, an intellectual poet with a dramatic tendency, not lyrical. The design of the "Chronicles and Characters" would argue for him the possession of a mind *contentus paucis lectoribus*, but there is still a slight *ad captandum* flavour in some of the minor poems and their metres which detracts from the merit of the volumes as a whole. He conceived possibly that variety and lightness were wanted to relieve the severe intellectual pressure. He might have trusted to his natural strength without any fears of the sort. I will first touch on his poetical qualifications for his work, and find such fault as I can. The sterner bent of his imagination does not deprive him of a vivid sense of beauty, or of warm colours to paint it in. The apparition of the Lydian queen to Gyges, in the poem of "Gyges and Candaules," is richly painted:—

“At length, deep down the opposing gallery,
 From out the long-drawn darkness flash'd a light;
 And, peering from his purple privacy,
 He spied, with red gold-bound and robed in white,
 Sole as the first star in a sleepy sky,
 That while men watch it, grows more large and bright,
 The slow queen sweeping down the lucid floor;
 And in her hand a silver lamp she bore.

“Before her, coming, floated a faint fear
 Into his heart who watch'd her whiteness move
 Swan-like along the lamp-lit marble clear,
 And, lingering o'er her in the beams above,
 The wing'd and folded shadow shift and veer,
 Her airy follower—”

The alliteration here is subordinate to the charm of the verse. But what of lines like these?—

“And first self-scorn shut all his sullen sense
 Within himself: but soon the odours sweet,
 Stream'd from the misty lamps, and that intense
 Rich-scented silence, seeming to entreat
 Some sound to ease its sumptuous somnolence
 Lured out his thoughts—”

The fifth line is pure sibillation. Nor does Mr. Lytton pursue this art in liquids or in single consonants only. The reader is tempted to think that the poet is trying to get force of expression from the violent iteration of similar sounds, and that he beats a gong instead of sweeping a lyre.

Since Cupid with Lely's “Campaspe played at cards for kisses,” and

“An Austrian army awfully array'd
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,”

one would have supposed that this old outworn net of the Sirens had small chance of catching a poet. The curious thing, too, is that vowels, naturally and pardonably seductive to those who would produce melody in verse, attract Mr. Lytton but slightly. It is as if barbarous jewellery sometimes exercised more influence over him than the charm of tones. Yet he has a vivid sense of rhythmical beauty. His versification of M. Auguste Dozon's *Recueil of Serbski Pesme* is admirable for grace and tenderness: see “The Battle of Kossovo,” “The Malady of Moïo,” and minor pieces. He has rendered them with a hand in perfect affinity with their simple poetic charm. Here is one:—

“*He.* And art thou wed, my belovèd?
 My belovèd of long ago!
She. I am wed, my belovèd, and I have given
 A child to this world of woe.
 And the name I have given my child is thine;
 So that, when I call to my little one,
 The heaviness of this heart of mine
 For a little while may be gone.

For I say not . . . 'Hither, hither, my son !'
But . . . 'Hither, my love, my beloved !' "

girl replies to her lover, repeating his images :—

"By the sweet heavens, young lover!
No odour from the orange have I stole ;
Nor have I robb'd for thee,
Dearest, the amber dower
Of the building bee,
From any hollow tower
In oaken bole :
But if on this poor breast thou dost discover
Fragrance of such sweet power,
Trust me, O my beloved and my lover,
'Tis not of basil, nor the immortal flower,
But from a virgin soul."

Some exquisite love-poems, to be found in Talvi's collection, which on Göthe's enthusiastic praise even in the garb she gave them, are missing in Mr. Lytton's volume. It would be a boon to the language if he would add them to another edition of his *Serbski Pesme*. He has shown—and it is not a common feat—that he can convey almost uninjured their delicate passion, their soft mournful fervour, and the varying colours distinguishing them above the love-songs of any other race. None but a poet keenly sensible of simplicity could have reproduced them. This makes it the more astonishing that he should still occasionally strike a false note in his lyrics. There is appended to the "Jacqueline of Holland," republished in the new volumes, a large melody, bearing perhaps a burden of relationship to Webster. A little care bestowed on it would have made it wholly beautiful.

"Pluck the pale sky-colour'd periwinkle,
That haunts in dewy courts and shuns the light ;
Gather dim violets and the wild eyebright,
That green old ruin'd walls doth oversprinkle ;
And cull, to keep her company
In death, rue, sage, and rosemary,
And flowery thyme from the faint bed o' the bee ;
For they, when summer's o'er, make savour sweet
To cherish winter : strew black-spikèd clove
And mint, and marjoram, to make my love
A misty fragrance for her winding-sheet.
But pull not up red tulips, nor the rose,
For these be flaunting flowers that live i' the world's gay shows."

Our native eyebright is not characteristically a climber of ruins, and the 'faint' bed of the bee seems a sentimental intrusion (I find also 'pert' violet, an odd epithet for a modest flower, in another poem); but the charge of a lapse of emotional simplicity falls on the epithet 'misty.' To entreat kind souls to make his love "a misty fragrance for her winding-sheet" is to paint and not to sing a sorrow, and diverts lyrical pathos, much as if a horn were to

air itself in two or three fantastic twirls in the Dead March in *Saul*. Description has at once taken the place of the voice of grief. In point of melody and natural colour, the Dirge of Jacqueline has the true quality of a dirge, though I should say that the last line, by its length and summary, renders it too conclusive, too final to the ear for grief. It appears to close the vault, leaving bones only and a good character within.

The poet has habituated himself to lyrical composition so strongly that the "Opis and Arge," in which is found the key-note of his *Chronicles and Characters*, is set to a series of lyrical pieces. Now the whole collection of poems here is hung on an intellectual design; necessarily the indicatory poems are surcharged with it. The virgins of Herodotus are tuned to sing thoughts that are not flexible in the lighter measures, and a strange contrast is produced by the alternation of their entangled strains with the admirably smooth and clear descriptive rhymed lines of the poet. The thoughts are pregnant, but one has to seize the lyric bodily and dissect it to get at them.

"Listen, sister!
For my spirit in the throng
Of the ages rushes strong.
When the strong archetypal moulders
Of mortal clay
Have bequeath'd to unborn beholders
The forms that stay
Fix'd and fast
In the flux of time,
For man's thought, cast
In a mould sublime,
And the few fine spirits first needed
To build up the walls of the world
(From the protoplast freshly proceeded),
Having, each from his fortress, unfurl'd
The standard of man's realm, made fuller
For all men by one man alone,—
Our marble, or music, or colour,
Or language,—are gather'd and gone
From the sun's sight, like stars of the morning
Lost in level enlargements of light,
When the world needs no longer their warning
Or witness to steer through the night,
Then the men that come after, not equal
In height, but more spacious in span," &c.

The idea grows darkly visible, but how much better it would have stood out in lines of plain volume like these which are given to picturesque description:—

"The sparkle of a golden sandal shined
One moment on the mountain peak. A white
And vaporous hem of eddying vesture, drawn
Across a saffron-colour'd cliff from sight
Slowly, left all along the mountain lawn,

Among the tawny grass and camomile,
 A tremulous streak, soon quench'd in day's strong smile
 Of waving splendour. Then those mariners all
 Rose up amazed, and drew out of the deep
 The hookèd anchor, and drove out to sea
 Their little bark beneath a shadowy shore.
 But, while they set the sail and plied the oar,
 Full-lighted on the heavenly mountain wall
 Leapt the large Sunrise, and all round shook free
 His flaming wings : when lo ! on every steep,
 Wrapt with the aurean vapour rolling high,
 An august image stood, majestic,
 With lifted arm, far off, 'twixt earth and sky."

One has only to quote the finer passages to correct any transient unjust impression that a critical examination may produce.

"Life's image, born of the brain
 In the form which the hand hath fashioned,
 Shall for ever unmarr'd retain
 Life's moment the most impassioned ;
 All power that in act hath been
 Put forth, shall perish never ;
 And life's beauty once felt and seen
 Is life beautified for ever."

Here the lines are crisper, and the thought clearer to vision, but the same criticism is applicable to them, I think.

The "Chronicles and Characters" are a Legend of the Ages, differing from M. Victor Hugo's, inasmuch as Mr. Lytton's aim, when he keeps to it rigorously, is less to exhibit the gradual development of the deeper and sweeter nature of humanity than to make note of mental progress and the growth of human culture. Hugo starts with Eve and ends with the Judgment trump ; Mr. Lytton from Mythology downward to the present time, over which he pronounces a short optimistic sermon by way of epilogue :—

"Rejoice in the good that God gives
 By the hand of beneficent Ill,
 And be glad that He leaves to our lives
 Means to make them heroical still."

Hugo does not touch on Neo-Platonism or the Philosophies. He finds themes in the Old Testament and the New, and in the New it is Christ raising Lazarus, Divine Love active on behalf of humanity, and the hardness of the priests :—

"Ceux qui virent cela crurent en Jésus-Christ,
 Or, les prêtres, selon qu'au livre il est écrit,
 S'assemblèrent, troublés, chez le prêteur de Rome ;
 Sachant que Christ avait ressuscité cet homme,
 Et que tous avaient vu le sépulcre s'ouvrir,
 Ils dirent : ' Il est temps de le faire mourir.' "

Mr. Lytton ventures on the Passion of the Cross, and an intellectual Satan claiming his place among the progressive steps of man as Prince of this world, addressing the Angel of the Watch thus :—

“ Look on me. I am
 Man's mind's eternal protest against Law,
 Man's life's eternal protest against Love.
 A time there may be, though it must be far,
 When man, by knowledge reconciled to Law
 In things material, shall convert to good
 All that for ages I have made to them
 Material evil.”

“ When man no more
 My work provides, thine own shall lack provision ;
 Whose task on earth is but the consequence
 Of my procedure ; temporary both.”

Hugo does not look on evil with this reposeful sentiment. His *Ratbert* is hard and horrible. His mountain *Momotombo* has a word to say against men—or their priests. He paints black deadly black, and touches it with no light lancet-point. With the exception of the powerful “*Irene*” in the Byzantine episodes, Mr. Lytton shows the intellectual temper towards the devil and his doings—“the only critic of God's works who does not praise them ;” and when he abandons that, he is, by the impulse of his mind, dramatic. The philosopher insists to escape being compromised by a positive violent condemnation of ‘beneficent Ill,’ unless he is forced to it by some character bare of all suggestive humours, unprovocative of the sedate irony he loves, though always without irreverence, to indulge. It will be seen that his *Legend of the Ages* has a distinct mark of its own. If he fails, it is not in conception ; and he fails in execution only from having attempted more than was possible for poet to accomplish. He has taken the widest field he could select, and made it as difficult to himself as ingenuity could devise to build up a complete work in it. There could have been no artistic prompting in him, for example, to write the mediæval pieces (*Fair Yoland with the Yellow Hair—Trial by Combat*) after the mediæval manner. I presume so, for these poems are positive failures. Compare them with Mr. Morris's “*Haystack in the Floods*” in his first volume of poems. This low-toned mediævalism, depending upon colour, monotony, and mist, must spring out of a poet's nature, and is not to be seized in passing. Mr. Lytton has not the archaic tongue. The mediævalism of Hugo's prodigious combat between Roland and Oliver, and of his *Aymerillot*, is based on huge outlines and the childlike simplicity of the filling in. No paladin of the army of the great Charles being willing to oblige him by taking Narbonne, *Aymerillot*, a modest little fellow of twenty years, without plume or scutcheon, undertakes the business single-handed :—

“ Charles, plus rayonnant que l'archange céleste,
 S'écria : ‘ Tu seras, pour ce propos hautain,
 Aymery, de Narbonne et comte palatin,

Et l'on te parlera d'une façon civile.
Va, fils !'

Le lendemain Aymery prit la ville."

It is a veritable coup de tonnerre du moyen âge. At the close of the fifth day of tough fighting on the borders of the Rhone, Oliver proposes a settlement of their dispute to Roland :—

" ' Roland, nous n'en finirons point.
Tant qu'il nous restera quelque tronçon au poing,
Nous lutterons ainsi que lions et panthères.
Ne vaudrait-il pas mieux que nous devinssions frères ?
Écoute, j'ai ma sœur, la belle Aude au bras blanc ;
Épouse-la.'

' Pardieu ! je veux bien,' dit Roland.
Et maintenant buvons, car l'affaire était chaude.'
C'est ainsi que Roland épousa la belle Aude."

This is the breath of primitive mediævalism.

It would have been wiser and, I think, more in harmony with Mr. Lytton's design, had he also gone to legendary sources for this feature, instead of tasking invention and colouring his work in a known style that he was in no way bound to undertake. From the eleventh to the thirteenth century, at least, there were plenty of salient legends if he thought fit to shun the fountain of Malory and the Arthurian cyclus ; and there was Froissart for a guide, and the Provençal and Spanish romances to choose from. These poems and "Last Words," a representation of the sentimentalism of modern days, discredit his executive power, as would be the case with that of almost any poet who attempted as much as he has done in these seven hundred pages of verse.

"The Dead Pope," "The Duke's Laboratory," "Adolphus, Duke of Gueldres," are scenic illustrations of the idea in progress. "The Scroll and its Interpreters" keeps close to the thought.

" One asks me why
Is Evil everywhere ? and I reply
That everywhere there may be growth of Good.
Would I forego that growth, even if I could ?
By no means."

It is the learned Jew, Ben Enoch, speaking. But the poem contains a great deal of the writer's studious mind, and deserves an attentive perusal. The concluding couplet, given to Time passing in the silence after the interlocutors have exchanged farewells, does not compliment us for the pains we have been taking, and is not wanted.

It is in the "Siege of Constantinople" that he shows his strength in perfection. I object to the terminating line,—

"In this way Venice took Constantinople,"

which reminds us of the "C'est ainsi que Roland," &c., and does not come well at the close of a long rhymed chronicle, though it should be after the old chroniclers' fashion. He is a master of the narrative rhymed ten-syllable couplet. He can be smooth, crisp, and terse in it, flowing

and redundant at will. The narrative hurries or is retarded for natural scenic passages, taking its course like a full-sailed imperial barge, little impeded by reason of its rich lading. It is, in fact, a fine epical poem of the two sieges, with blind old Enrico Dandolo for the central figure, among crowds of Oriental barbarians and the chivalry of Europe. More vigorous and better sustained narrative verse it would be hard to find. It is as distinctively Mr. Lytton's as the simpler style of the "Jason" is peculiar to Mr. Morris, and without mannerism. For an example of flexibility, the catalogue of the knights marshalled under Dandolo may be viewed as without parallel for spirited conciseness in this exceedingly difficult form of verse, which more than any other tempts to distension and flatness. He has caught at times something of the simple graphic manner distinguishing the chronicler of St. Louis' crusade; but no effort of imitation is anywhere visible. The descriptions of scenery, battle, pomp, and splendour are dwelt on as the circumstances prompt them, and the result, in the reader's mind, is a sense of completeness and finish only attainable by poets that have an abounding energy, and have learnt to command it. Mr. Lytton is one of the few poets who can narrate. The press of narrative holds in check his tendency to dramatise, which is perhaps attributable to a poetic reaction against a rather too despotic intellectual ascendancy. I will give one example of it from the "Thanatos Athanaton," when the Angel of the Watch, to terminate his colloquy with Satan, says :—

"Put forth thy hand.

SATAN.

Where art thou? feebly sounds
Thy voice, vain angel: strong in word, but weak
In act to hold what now I seize. Thy voice
Floats to me fainter, fainter! and thy form
Fades further, further, further, from my ken.
Thou fliest, cherub!

THE ANGEL.

Self-deceiver, no!
Here, where I was, I am; and what I held
I hold. But thee thine ever-changing place
Has changed already. Prince of passing ills,
Already in the Past thy footstep strays,
Seeking the Future."

This effective instance of a subtle idea put in action will show what I mean, and it is proof of an artistic nature that it is never allowed to obtrude on his narrative verse. The allocutions are not prolonged; the dialogues are short and emphatic. Description is rich and simple, and there are no hints of a depth beyond the fathoming of vulgar sight. "Licinius," written in the same verse as the "Siege," is more epigrammatic, aims higher, and is not generally so flowing, for there Mr. Lytton seeks to give the shadow of a meaning behind the visible

one, and passages of very splendid description are here and there marred by dislocated lines, and a—to my mind—objectionable style of painting in catalogue, *ex. gr.* :—

“Evening. At morn the battle.”

The rejection of the verb does not give stateliness, but a twang of pertness oddly discordant with the theme. The opening of *Licinius* is a contrast to the poet's ease of manner when he is breathing the robust air of the *Chroniclers*. These first lines have the effect of stammering :—

“It was the fall and evening of a time
In whose large daylight, ere it sank, sublime
And strong, as bulks of brazen gods, that stand,
Bare-bodied, with helm'd head and arm'd hand,
All massive monumental thoughts of hers
Rome's mind had mark'd in stately characters
Against the world's horizon.”

One cannot say that the lines are confused ; but they seem to hesitate and come uncertainly, not as introductory lines should come. Further on they are exceedingly vigorous. The conception of *Licinius* is clear and full of grandeur. The stout old Roman preparing to give battle for the gods of his country and his ancestry is finely imagined ; but against the objection that this tough veteran of the wars, of a purely Conservative Pagan spirit, should be found antedating a Christian dream, in which Apollo speaks philosophy, and Love—our frank friend Cupid—becomes transformed to a divinity worthy of presiding over modern tea-tables, I can only oppose the plea that the writing is magnificent, and the poem too good to be overshadowed, were the objections ten times more forcible. This also may be said of the tale of *Candaules' queen*, evidently not one of the later pieces of Mr. Lytton's composition, as I suppose the “*Siege of Constantinople*” to be. The poem should be revised. To find among a succession of beautiful verses one like the following, in which it would almost be thought that the poet, having preferred the luscious to the severe method of treatment—the style of the *Eve of St. Agnes* to that of the *Laodamia*—prudently tempered it with a dash of the grotesque, is astonishing :—

“Last she with listless long-delaying hand
The golden sandals loosed from her white feet,
And loosed from her warm waist the golden band.
The milk-white tunic slid off its sweet
Snow-surfaced slope, and left half bare her bland
Full-orb'd breast. But in the fainting heat
Of his bewilder'd heart and fever'd sight,
Here Gyges in the curtain groan'd outright.”

Keats, when his hero is in a like condition of ineffable anguish, says, *Porphyro* grew faint, and has been reproached for it as for a bit of simpering unmanliness. The miserable *Gyges* may certainly have sounded this loud note of warning to all the peeping

Toms of aftertime : it is but too easy for the reader to comprehend his feelings, but in what a line does the poet crave sympathy for the sufferer ! Very little labour is required to render this poem enjoyable throughout. The voluptuousness of colouring proper to the subject is pervaded with tragic sentiment, and we are made conscious that the fair woman, in the supreme beauty of her nakedness, is being outraged, and will have blood for it. "Cræsus and Adrastus" claims higher critical praise for its workmanship, and is simple and pathetic. In both these poems a good story is well told.

The same excellent narrative faculty is shown in the "Apple of Life," which shadows out a poem of old Oriental wisdom. It is the Brahminical legend transferred to the courts of King Solomon. The Hindoo King slaughters his fair unfaithful wife, but Solomon dissolves into wise sentences. Voluminous lines of six anapæstic feet to the line are well suited to the pompous gravity of the Eastern tale, with its semi-transparent mysticism and rich descriptive passages.

" In cluster, high lamps, spices, odours, each side
 Burning inward and onward, from cinnamon ceilings, down distances vast,
 Of voluptuous vistas, illumined deep halls, through whose silentness pass'd
 King Solomon sighing : where columns colossal stood, gathered in groves
 As the trees of the forest in Libanus—there where the wind, as it moves,
 Whispers, ' I, too, am Solomon's servant ! ' huge trunks hid in garlands of
 gold,
 On whose tops the skilled sculptors of Sidon had granted men's gaze to behold
 How the phoenix that sits on the cedar's lone summit 'mid fragrance and fire,
 Ever dying and living, hath loaded with splendours her funeral pyre ;
 How the stork builds her nest on the pine-top ; the date from the palm-branch
 depends ;
 And the shaft of the blossoming aloe soars crowning the life which it ends.
 And from hall on to hall, in the doors, mute, magnificent slaves, watchful-
 eyed,
 Bow'd to earth as King Solomon pass'd them."

The king gives the apple of life to his beautiful Shulamite. She in turn hurries to present it to her lover, Prince Azariah, and calls to him very musically :—

" Ope the door, ope the lattice ! Arise ! Let me in, O my love ! It is I.
 Thee the bride of King Solomon loveth. Love, tarry not. Love, shall I die
 At thy door ? I am sick of desire. For my love is more comely than gold.
 More precious to me is my love than the throne of a king that is old.
 Behold, I have pass'd through the city, unseen of the watchmen. I stand
 By the doors of the house of my love till my love lead me in by the hand."

But the author's strength is best exhibited by some extracts from the "Siege of Constantinople," where he has a fuller theme and larger space. Here is a scene in the Court of Alexius, the usurper :—

" At the Emperor's right hand
 Tracing upon the floor with snaky wand
 Strange shapes, was standing his astrologer
 And mystic, Ishmael the son of Shur,
 A swarthy, lean, and melancholy man,
 With eyes in caverns, an Arabian.

Who seem'd to notice nothing, save his own
 Strange writing on the floor before the throne.
 At the Emperor's feet, half-naked and half-robed,
 With rivulets of emerald that throb'd
 Green fire as her rich breathings billow'd all
 Their thrill'd and glittering drops, crouch'd Jezraäl,
 The fair Egyptian, with strange-colour'd eyes
 Full of fierce change and somnolent surprise.
 She, with upslanted shoulder leaning couch'd
 On one smooth elbow, sphynx-like, calm, and crouch'd,
 Tho' motionless, yet seem'd to move,—its slim
 Fine slope so glidingly each glossy limb
 Curved on the marble, melting out and in
 Her gemmy tunic, downward to her thin
 Clear ankles, ankleted with dull pale gold.
 Thick gushing thro' a jewell'd hoop, down roll'd
 All round her, rivers of dark slumbrous hair,
 Sweeping her burnish'd breast, sharp-slanted, bare,
 And sallow shoulder."

For a contrast take the description of the Venetian fleet passing
 in the Dardanelles, and coming within view of the Constantinople
 the Lower Empire :—

"In his strong pines, adown the displaced deep,
 Shoulders the Pelegrino,—half asleep,
 With wavy fins each side a scarlet breast
 Slanted. Hard by, more huge than all the rest—
 Air's highest, water's deepest, denizen—
 A citadel of ocean, thronged with men
 That tramp in silk and steel round battlements
 Of windy wooden streets, 'mid terraced tents
 And turrets, under shoals of sails unfurl'd,—
 That vaunting monster Venice calls 'The World.'

"And now is past each purple promontory
 Of Sestos and Abydos, famed in story.
 And now all round the deep blue bay uprise
 Into the deep blue air, o'er galleries
 Of marble, marble galleries; and lids
 O'er lids of shining streets; dusk pyramids
 O'er pyramids; and temple walls o'er walls
 Of glowing gardens, whence white sunlight falls
 From sleepy palm to palm; and palace tops
 O'ertopp'd by palaces. Nought ever stops
 The struggling glory, from the time he leaves
 His myrtle-muffled base, and higher heaves
 His mountain march from golden-grated bower
 To bronzen-gated wall,—and on, from tower
 To tower,—until at last deliciously
 All melts in azure summer and sweet sky.
 Then after anthem sung, sonorous all
 The bronzen trumpets to the trumpets call;
 Sounding across the sea from bark to bark
 Where floats the Wingèd Lion of St. Mark,
 The mighty signal for assault."

menico Tintoretto's painting of the storming of Constantinople
 Venetians and crusaders in the hall of the Great Council of the
 Palazzo Ducale, together with the capture of Zara by Tintoretto, and

of Cattaro by Vicentino, a strange confusion of red masts and long lances pushed by men-at-arms, and flying arrows and old engines of war, may have been in Mr. Lytton's vision when he wrote the vivid passage which succeeds :—

“ Swift from underneath upspout
Thick showers of hissing arrows that down-rain
Their rattling drops upon the walls, and stain
The blood-streak'd bay. The floating forest groans
And creaks and reels and cracks. The rampart stones
Clatter and shriek beneath the driven darts.
And on the shores, and at the gates, upstarts,
One after one, each misshaped monster fell
Of creaking ram and cumbrous mangonel.
Great stones, down jumping, chop, and split, and crush
The rocking towers ; wherefrom the spearsmen rush.
The morning star of battle, marshalling all
That movement massive and majestic,
Gay through the tumult which it guides doth go
The grand grey head of gallant Dandolo,
With what a full heart following that fine head—
Thine, noble Venice, by thy noblest led !
In his blithe-dancing turret o'er the sea,
Glad as the grey sea-eagle, hovers he
Through sails in flocks and masts in avenues.

“ Pietro Alberti, the Venetian, whom
His sword lights, shining naked 'twixt his teeth
Sharp-gripp'd, through rushing arrows, wrapt with death,
Leaps from his ship into the waves ; now stands
On the soak'd shore ; now climbs with bleeding hands
And knees the wall ; now left, now right, swift, bright
Wild weapons round him whirl and sing ; now right,
Now left, he smites.

“ In clattering cataract
The invading host roll down. Disrupt, distract,
The invaded break and fly. The great church bells
Toll madly, and the battering mangonels
Bellow. The priests in long procession plant
The cross before them, passing suppliant
To meet the marching conquest.”

Historical scene-painting done with so broad and firm a hand is rare at any time, and greatly to be praised. The poem is maintained throughout at this elevated pitch, devoid of any sensible strain.

The valedictory lines of Thomas Müntzer to Martin Luther are also in conception and execution very good, and harmonious to the general design of the volumes. My personal distaste for broken metres, that lose their music in the attempt to symbolise the effects of an operatic libretto, may make me unjust to the “ *Opis and Arge*,” and the scenic lyrics of “ *Thanatos Athanaton*,” and it seems to me that this last poem should not have had the heavy drag on it of the lengthened dialectical encounter of the rival Princes of Good and Evil. It might be divided into parts. But it is finely imagined, and, as an intellectual conception, a grand centrepiece.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LEONORA CASALONI.

CHAPTER IV.

A WALK ACROSS COUNTRY.

THE next morning Vallardi began, at all events, by being as good as his word. The younger of the two guests at the little mountain priory was still sleeping heavily, when the first rays of the sun rising from the Adriatic, whose blue expanse is visible by the eye ranging over all the extent of the city-studded low country, from that high mountain-top, struggled through the small and dim windows of their little dormitory.

Vallardi, who was well used to that reveillée, shouted out to him—

“Hola! Signor Marchese! You are not in your chamber at the Villa Casaloni! *Tutt altro!* Up with you! It is time we were off, if we are not to let that smug-faced hypocrite, who wished us such pleasant dreams last night, get the start of us!”

In a very few minutes both men were ready for the road. Casaloni hardly noticed that his new friend had a short colloquy of a private nature apparently with the friar, who was called the superior of the little family. Possibly it might have excited his suspicion, if he had noted the circumstance. But though the few words exchanged between the friar and his guest were assuredly of a private nature, and could not have been spoken on the market-place at Rimini with advantage to either of them, they had in fact no reference to Casaloni in any way. And whatever ulterior views Sandro may have had, his present purpose was to bring the young man he had thus picked up, safely to the secure refuge of his own dwelling in the Maremma.

The trade of a conspirator and the lot of a detected one had appeared in very sombre colours to the young Marchese, as he had wandered, with little probability, as it seemed to him, of finding any shelter for his head for the night, over that bleak and desolate mountain on the previous evening. But now, everything wore a totally different aspect. The morning sun was shining gloriously, and tipping the already snow-capped tops of the highest ridge of the Apennine with gold in front of them. The air was deliciously crisp. The turf of the mountain-sides was stiff with rime; and the earth was sonorous under their tread. They swung along at a jolly pace, unharassed by uncertainty; for every step of the ground seemed to be, as in fact it was, perfectly well known to Vallardi.

“That is Pennabilli that you see there on that peak to the right,” said he. “It is the last town in the territory of His Holiness the Pope; and you may swear that the inhabitants wish the frontier

line passed on this side of their miserable little town, instead of on the other, let who would hold rule on the further side! We might pass by it, if we chose. But perhaps it will be better to give it the go by, and strike down the side of the hill on the left, which will bring us into the valley of a stream they call the Marechia. And then a very little more will put us beyond the frontier."

"Bravo! You seem to know the country well. I dare say you are a sportsman, and have beat every covert of it, before now!" said Casaloni cheerily.

"Yes! I know most of it pretty well; and have made a pretty fair bag not far from here before now," said Sandro with a peculiar smile, intended apparently more for himself than for his companion. "There are lots of custom-house stations here and there along the frontier," he continued; "and those who have anything on which they wish to pay duty, make a point of passing by them. Others, to save trouble, pass between them! I suppose you have no special business to transact with the revenue gentlemen, either Papal or Grand-Ducal?"

"Not I!" returned Casaloni with a gay laugh; "and it would be a pity to trouble them for nothing!"

"Quite so! We will leave the valley a little before it passes the frontier, and strike over the shoulder of the hill. I know a *contadino* whose house is the first in Tuscany, and who will give us a bit of bread and drink of wine without asking for a *lascia-passare*. He has an unaccountable prejudice against the *dogana* people."

"He is the sort of innkeeper for my money, just at present!" said Casaloni; "and I don't care how soon we fall in with him."

And with this sort of talk they beguiled the way, while Sandro learned to form a shrewd notion of the sort of man he had in his hands, till the frontier was safely passed, and the promised breakfast at the free-trade-loving *contadino's* house had been found. And then, after a short halt, they started again. The worst part of their day's work, as far as mere fatigue was concerned, was yet to come. The main ridge of the Apennine, glistening with its line of snow, was still before them. And as Vallardi, professedly on his companion's account, but more possibly it may be suspected on his own, judged it still desirable to avoid any of the few and far-between roads that cross it, their walk over the top was a laborious one.

It was his intention to rest that night at another and much larger and better-known Franciscan convent among the mountains—that of La Vernia. They did not reach it till after nightfall; but found, when they did so, much better accommodation than they had been thankful to content themselves with the night before. Here, too, Vallardi seemed to be known, and though there was no avowed or open manifestation of acquaintanceship, it might have been observed that he was certainly no stranger.

The convent of La Vernia is situated also in a very solitary and dreary spot, on a very remarkable peak, or rather mass of isolated rocks rising precipitously and to a great height above the other parts of the ridge of the mountain. It is the ridge which separates the valley of the infant Tiber from the valley of the infant Arno. Our travellers had crossed the former stream, and would have on the morrow to cross the latter.

There is a numerous community of the children of St. Francis at La Vernia,—a large and handsome church,—innumerable chapels in all sorts of strange places among the rocks, most of them with special legends attached to them, marking them as the scenes of some of the recorded incidents in the life of St. Francis, and his personal contests with the fiend,—a convenient *foresteria*, with good beds and good wine,—a courteous welcome,—and no questions asked!

In this convenient and comfortable resting-place, Casaloni and his new friend passed their second night in that close fellowship which companionship in travel, and especially in such travel as theirs, brings about. They were by this time beginning to know each other;—the younger man, it is true, seeing so much of the surface of his companion only as the latter chose to show him; while he was in turn very thoroughly read and understood by the older and more experienced Sandro. For Vallardi was by no means the dull fool it pleased Il Gufone in the pride of his own superior acuteness and alertness of intellect to consider, and often to call him. He was a naturally able man, whose life had made him a practised and by no means contemptible proficient in the art of reading men,—the only subjects of study his mind had been applied to. Casaloni and he had found each other very tolerably pleasant companions; though the nature of the two men was as different as well could be, and their social status and surroundings were separated by so very wide an interval.

As to the impassableness of the barrier raised between the two men by this interval, Englishmen, to whose notions such a social separation would appear insurmountable, would err greatly if they applied ideas gathered from our own social condition and rules to the case in question. A social outlaw, such as Sandro Vallardi, part brigand, part smuggler, and part freebooter, is figured forth to the English mind in the semblance of some Bill Sykes, the brutal ignorance of whose vulgar ruffianism is correctly symbolized to the outer eye by unkemptness of his shock head, the scowl of his low brow, the dirtiness of his smock-frock or jacket, the raggedness of his corduroy breeches, and the muddiness of his nailed high-lows. While the young Marchese, selected as the heir to the estates and representative of the name of a great historic family, presents himself to the imagination in the guise of a young gentleman of such culture, habits, and tastes as may be expected to adorn the English occupier of such a position. But neither prefigurement is correct.

And the incorrectness is so nearly equal in either instance, that the social distance, which has to be travelled over in order that the two types may meet, is passed by a nearly equal departure from the English standard in the case of the two Italians. The Italian scoundrel is very far from being a mere brutal ruffian as his English congener ; and the Italian nobleman is perhaps further still from the cultured refinement of the English gentleman.

Two cultivated Englishmen would hardly be companions in a mountain walk for the duration of a day without some such conversation as may be supposed entirely beyond the reach of such an one as Sandro Vallardi. There is no reason to think that such must needs have been the case between a couple of young Roman nobles in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. English gentlemen are not all intellectual, it is true. But in the case of the most horsey and doggy squire, there would be discrepancies and incompatibilities of manners and of ways of living, which would render the close companionship of one very widely his social inferior disagreeable to him. And this, too, would be to a very much less degree the case between the two Italians. And this, it should be remembered, is a difference very much the creation of the outrunning of the southern nation by the northern in the course of the last hundred years or so. One can easily believe that a young Squire Western might have been well contented with society that would be very distasteful to young Western, his great-grandson, to whom Pall Mall is as familiar as any hedgerow on his own estate.

And half the distance, the annihilation of which enables the two men to meet, is, it must be remembered, annihilated in Italy by an advance from the blackguard side of the field. The Italian blackguard is not so superficially visible and palpable a blackguard as the British blackguard. Various causes contribute to this. Mainly this cause,—that no such general social reprobation weighs on him who lives at variance with the laws in Italy as makes the English social rebel an outcast and a pariah. And no such general reprobation weighs upon him and completes his scoundrelism, because law and social sentiment and opinion in Italy have for centuries been at odds.

Sandro Vallardi and Cesare Casaloni, therefore, had been able to find each other very tolerable company during their walk. It was an amusement to the elder man to observe the unconscious self-exposition of the younger. Sandro judged him to be a weak, easy, good-natured fool, whom he could turn round his finger at any time ; and was rather disposed to like him withal in a sort of idle way, as strong men often will feel towards weak ones, whose weakness gives *them* no trouble. The estimate was not very far wrong, yet not wholly right. Casaloni was not a fool. Il Gufone would have been competent to discover that he was not so. But it was beyond Sandro.

The young man was not only not a fool,—he had some of the proclivities and tendencies of genius in him ; but they were not sufficiently strongly developed, or planted in a soil of sufficient richness, to produce any fruit of value. And the easy, good-natured, unstable weakness set down in Sandro's estimate was justly charged enough. He was one of those who wear their hearts on their sleeves—a very un-Italian fault ! And perhaps his practice formed no exception to the general rule, that people do not usually wear on their sleeves, or in any other similarly exposed position, articles of great value, or much worth the stealing.

Sandro Vallardi, on the other hand, was a very acceptable companion to Casaloni. There is always something agreeable to a young man in the conversation of those whose experiences, and consequent knowledge of life and the world, appear to them to be large. And of course the discovery that the experiences of the Bohemian department of life, however varied, render but a very meagre and stunted crop of any really large knowledge of the world, or of men and things, is the product of a later period of life. But there was also a vein of causticity and reckless cynicism in Sandro's talk and in his manner of viewing all things around him, that stirred the curiosity and excited the interest of Casaloni. He fancied he was listening to the somewhat bitter but wholesome teaching of an Ulysses, drawn from large and wide observation of the manners of many men, and the ways of a vast number of cities ; while, in fact, he was being regaled with the narrow and poor conceptions of a scamp whose path of life had been through low valleys, whence no large or grand views of the higher altitude and great upper table-lands of human existence could possibly be obtained.

“ If a poor devil like me,” said Vallardi, on the second day of their journey, as they were walking down the hill from La Vernia into the valley of the Arno,—“ if such an one as I was to take a rifle on his shoulder and turn out to upset the world, and show those on the sunny side of the hedge that they were not going to have it all their own way any longer, I could understand it ; though, for my own part, I have seen a little too much of the world to take any hand in the venture. That's not my way of righting myself. But why such an one as you, Signor Cesare, should not be content to let things remain as they are, I confess I can't understand. But I suppose that you *did* find the life at the villa with the old gentleman—*buon' anima* !—a little too dull to bear. And you wanted anything for a change, eh ? ”

“ Yes, it was dull enough, and no mistake ! But don't you think, Signor Sandro, that the object the patriots had in view was a noble one ? ” said Casaloni, anxious to place his own views of the matter and conduct in a favourable light.

"As for noble, you are a better judge than I, Signor Marchese, what is noble, and what isn't. I take it each man joined in the game because he was, for some reason or other, discontented to stay as he was. But, God bless you! you might be quite as sure before you began as now how it would end."

"Because we were betrayed, and——"

"Of course, because you were betrayed! And do you imagine that there was any chance that you should not be betrayed? Don't you think that every other man of the whole lot of you—ay, and a great many more than that—was quite ready to sell every man of you to the *sbirri* if he could see his way to a good price?"

"No! Believe it! No! And I would not believe it for all the world!" said Casaloni, flushing up.

"Very well! then keep off from believing it as long as you can, that's all! You'll come to believe it before you are as old as I am. Some would say that you ought to have learned that much already; and then you would have got something by joining the insurrection. As it is, I don't see that you are much the better for it."

"About that there is no mistake. I am ruined by it, root and branch. If I had stayed at home I should have been Marchese Casaloni now, master of the villa, and heaven knows how much else, and of myself into the bargain. And I would not swear that I should have ever joined the movement if the Marchese Adriano had died a month or so sooner than he did. But it is all up with me now."

"Well, that remains to be seen in time. But what do you mean to do now directly?"

"I don't know what on earth I can do," returned the young man with a sigh. "It is no use going to the villa; and it would never do to go to my father and mother in Rome."

"I should think not. And I should think that you would not be very welcome if you did. I take it that tender parents don't want to see much of their sons when they stand in your position. Why, it would simply bring ruin and destruction of the whole family, to say nothing of putting your own head straight into the noose!"

"I am sure I don't know where to go, or what is to become of me!" said the young man again, very disconsolately.

"Well, it seems to me that the best thing you can do would be to come home with me, and stay there for a while. You shall be welcome to the best I can give you. And I think I can guarantee that no *sbirri* will come to look after you there."

"*Davvero*, Signore Sandro, the offer is too good an one to be refused," said Cesare cordially. "I hardly know how to thank you as such kindness to a poor penniless proscrip't deserves. Perhaps the day *may* come when I may have it in my power to show you that I am not ungrateful."

"I dare say that that day may come, and then we will talk about that part of the subject. But, in the meantime, you must know what I have to offer you, and what you have to expect."

"If you will give me a shelter I can put my head under, Signor Sandro, and that, as you say, where no *sbirri* will come to drag me out from it, that is all I want, and more than I could have hoped to find; at all events, at the hands of one whom I had never seen a few hours ago," said Casaloni, with real emotion.

"All that you shall have, and something more; but not much more. The best of what I can offer you is thorough security. We don't see much of *sbirri*, *giandarmi*, and that sort of cattle, in the Maremma; and when they do come it's apt not to agree with them, somehow! You may stay on my rock above old Talamone as long as you like, without any mortal knowing where you are; and if you were never to leave it alive, nobody would be a bit the wiser. So you see that, if I am helping you, you are trusting me," added Sandro with a smile, that to some suspicious minds might not have had an altogether reassuring effect.

"All right," replied Cesare; "my life is not much worth taking by anybody, unless it were to sell it to the Government of our Holy Father the Pope. If you wanted it for any other purpose, I don't know that I should much mind your taking it."

"Thank you, I'll remind you of it if I ever want anything of that sort. Joking apart, though, I must tell you what sort of a place you are going to. I don't live in a villa like that under Montamiata."

"All the better, by Jove! I assure you I was desperately tired of that," laughed Cesare.

"Ay! but suppose mine is quite as dull without being as comfortable. What do you think, Signor Marchese, of living in a house where the only thing in the shape of a servant is a sort of hideous and malicious goblin, who, if you tell him to black your boots, is quite as likely as not to tell you to do it for yourself; and by way of chamber service might, if he was in the humour, dip your sheets in the well, before making the bed? That is not quite what you were used to at Villa Casaloni, I take it."

"Not exactly. There was nothing half so amusing to break the dead monotony of the place. You can't frighten me away from the capital offer you have made me."

"Very good. There is my wife, who will do what she can to make you comfortable. There is the aforesaid goblin; and that is all, except my child, a little girl—a mere child. Not another soul will you see from week's end to week's end, unless you go down the hill into the town, as they call it—the town of Talamone, consisting of a dozen or so of tumble-down huts of a few fishermen. There will be a bed, bread and meat enough of some sort, a glass of good wine, and that's all,—that and safety."

“And what more can one want?” chimed in Cesare.

“Well, some people do want a good deal more, or else they make a deal of fuss and give themselves a precious deal of trouble for nothing,” returned Sandro, with an approach to a sneer.

“I am not one of them. You will not find that I am difficult to content, Signor Sandro.”

“Very well; then there’s no more need be said on that subject.—Only, by-the-bye, I should tell you that I can’t promise to stay at home to keep you company. My affairs often take me away. You must not mind me; but let me come and go as I like. My wife will do what she can to take care of you.”

And so they journeyed on through the day, making quicker progress than they had done. For after they had crossed the Arno, Sandro did not seem to think it necessary to avoid the roads. That night they slept at the house of a friend of Vallardi’s, at the bottom of the hill, on the top of which Siena stands. It was a queer sort of a lonely house, Cesare thought. No host was seen, and Sandro excused the fact by saying that he was away from home. There were beds, however, and a bit of supper for them; and for the third night Cesare slept well, sharing the chamber of his new friend.

On the next day Sandro again struck across the country. The road would have taken them through the little town of Grosseto, the capital of the Maremma. But this Vallardi thought fit to avoid, remarking that it was just as well not to let the police people know that he was taking home a stranger with him.

The country they traversed between Siena and Talamone was very wild,—a tumbled sea of little hills, among which wound a perfect labyrinth of small valleys and streams. It was a district of a character quite new to Cesare Casaloni, and one across which it would have been almost impossible for any but those thoroughly acquainted with every part of it to find their way. Sandro, however, was evidently at home in every inch of it, and brought his guest to his own door, before the sun went down, without ever having passed through a town or a village since he left the lone house at which they had lodged the night before.

CHAPTER V.

“THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.”

It was not the usual habit of Sandro Vallardi to vouchsafe any notice of his coming to the members of his family in the lone house on the promontory above Talamone. He might be expected at any time to make his sudden appearance, and one day or one hour was not more

likely to be marked by his arrival than another. It can hardly be said that his coming was welcome to any one of the little trio who composed the solitary family. The day had been when his return had been looked forward to by his pining wife as the hour for reaching the expected well is looked forward to by a traveller in the desert. His presence had been as the shining of the sun to her. But those days were gone. As continuous dropping will wear the hardest stone, so will unkindness, if perseveringly enough continued, wear out, if not a woman's love, yet at least any active desire for the presence of that which comes but to bring suffering. Sandro Vallardi could no longer make sunshine in the house for Lucia. He came to her as to the others in that lone dwelling rather as the storm comes in a southern sky, sudden, overclouding all brightness, a cause of trouble to all and every one till it be overpast. To Leonora—now a lovely girl in the opening flower-time of her beauty—he was the least personally obnoxious. Although she, too, did not escape a stern word and look now and then, if she ever chanced to cross his will, he rarely went out of his way to be rude or unkind to her. But she could not escape from the feeling that there was a cloud over the house when he was present, and from being sensible of relief when it had passed away.

To poor Gufone the presence of his tyrant, whose servant he was not, not only because he received no wage for his services, was naturally no matter of rejoicing. During Vallardi's absence his life in the lone house had been as pleasant as anything the world was likely to offer to such as he. Easy or indeed little or no work, abundant food, warm shelter, kind treatment (for from Lucia he had never experienced aught else), the free woods to roam in, had made all that Il Gufone could want, or imagine that he wanted,—as long as these had made up the entirety of his life. Then of late years a new subject of interest and amusement had been added to his lot in the teaching and companionship of the child Leonora,—an addition that had made life seem to him quite surprisingly a matter of enjoyment; till all of a sudden a veil had been raised from before his eyes, as has been related, which allowed him to recognise this new element in his life as a curse and a misery, instead of a blessing and a joy, as he had imagined it to be. The coming of Vallardi, however, seemed but to make the suffering from this misery more acute, as it had before spoiled all the enjoyment. Besides, therefore, the ordinary allowance of cuffs and kicks, and jibes and snarls, and platters thrown at his head, and aggravated feelings but imperfectly soothed by railing in return, and by the perpetration of all the impish tricks his imagination could suggest, which the coming home of Vallardi brought with it, to Gufone it was unwelcome on yet other grounds.

Such was the ordinary state of things in Signor Sandro Vallardi's household. But upon the present occasion his return home was attended by phenomena of a quite new and unprecedented sort. The arrival of a stranger, and the sudden command that bed and board were to be forthwith prepared for the new-comer, was something quite out of the experience of any of the members of the family, and was an event calculated to interest all of them considerably in different ways.

The "differentia" of the stranger, as the logicians say,—the nature, quality, and kind of him,—were such as to enhance materially the amount of disturbance which his arrival was calculated to produce. The young Marchese Cesare Casaloni, notwithstanding those circumstances special to Italian society in that day, which tended to lessen the social distance between such as he and such as Sandro Vallardi, and which have been set forth in a previous chapter, belonged very evidently to a stratum of the social system very different from that to which Vallardi and his surroundings belonged.

Upon the host himself this circumstance appeared to make but small, if any, appreciable impression. There was a kind of rude and rough force about Sandro Vallardi, a manifestation of strength not only of person, but of character also, which, in connection with the absence of any such moral characteristic on the part of his guest, and joined to the advantage of his superior age and the position in which he stood for the nonce, of host and protector to the younger man, enabled him to hold towards the latter a tone and manner of equality, if not even of superiority, as it seemed naturally and without effort. There was a kind of cynicism in his mind which assumed, with very tolerable success, a false semblance of dignity. Incapacity to respect anything played the part of the simple nobility of character that fails to recognise any inherent superiority in the mere external advantages of wealth and rank. His intercourse with the stranger within his gates was easy, unconstrained, and confined indeed, for the most part, to frank, convivial companionship during the hours passed together at table; for the presence of Casaloni did not cause any change in Vallardi's usual habits on the occasions of his generally short and far-between sojourns at home. And, upon the whole, he may be said to have taken but little notice of his visitor.

To the Signora Lucia the difference caused by the stranger's presence was greater. In the beginning it was a source of no little trouble and additional weariness of spirit to her. She was, like Martha, careful and troubled about many things, and perplexed by sundry difficulties in the carrying out of the peremptory orders issued by her lord and master. But by degrees she began to feel that this stranger's

arrival had been a good thing, and his stay beneath her roof no inconsiderable blessing to her. It acted, to begin with, clearly and to a great degree as a check upon her husband's usual brutality to her. It was impossible to behave before a stranger, and a man, as Sandro was often in the habit of behaving towards his wife. By degrees, too, the presence of Cesare Casaloni began to be recognised by Lucia as not only positively advantageous, but actively agreeable. He did not affect any concealment from any member of the family as to his real name, parentage, and position, or as to the circumstances which had placed him in the embarrassment in which Sandro had found him. And his conversation, and the glimpses of the great civilised world which it afforded her,—glimpses of life, real, busy, moving life, beyond the dim horizon of the farthest hills, beyond the limits of that dreary Maremma, that had for so many long years been Lucia's world, and her prison-house,—made a very acceptable break in the terribly dismal monotony of her life. And when, after a stay of a week or two, Sandro again left home, merely saying, with reference to the stranger, that he would remain there for the present, and that he, Sandro, should probably be back again before Casaloni would find it expedient to change his quarters, and, coupling his careless word of good-bye to his guest with a passing hint that he would do wisely to abstain from showing himself at Orbetello, or even at Talamone, more than he could help,—when Sandro, without further warning than these few words, once more took himself off, Lucia grew to feel more than ever that the having this stranger in her desolate home was an alleviation, instead of an aggravation, of the sorrows of her existence.

But it was to the two remaining members of the family that the advent of Cesare made the greatest and most notable difference. To Nanni Scocco, Il Gufone, and to Leonora—Leonora Vallardi, as she was presumed to be, and as Lucia had almost come in reality to consider her—the coming of this young stranger was indeed an epoch and an event! It changed everything in the daily current of that monotonous life to one of them, and very many things to the other. To Leonora it was as the drawing up of the curtain which hangs between a child's eye and all the glories of the brightest scenic fairy-land. To Il Gufone it was the addition to his cup of life of a drop of gall so bitter that the entire draught was intensely flavoured with the bitterness.

Of course it could not be otherwise than that all this should be so. Cesare came to Leonora as Ferdinand came to Miranda! She had scarcely ever spoken to any man, had but rarely seen even any other man than her supposed father and Il Gufone. She had on not very frequent occasions, it is true, been down to Talamone, and had

seen the human face divine, in such manifestations of it as the mingled influences of a seafaring life and a Maremma climate had there combined to produce. She had not, therefore, quite grown up in the belief that all the men in the world save her father were made in the likeness of Nanni Scocco. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to imagine that the coming of Cesare Casaloni was of the nature of a revelation to her. How could it be that she should do otherwise than mentally fall down and worship this Adam, so presented to her in her—in any similar sense—unpeopled Eden?

Of course also Cesare found, within five minutes of his arrival at Sandro Vallardi's dwelling, that the utterly unexpected presence in it of such a creature as Leonora made the prospect of his exile assume a very different appearance in his eyes to that which it had previously worn. Sandro, in speaking of the circumstances of the home to which he had invited him, while they were journeying together, had spoken of his "child" as a member of the family, but in such terms as had led Cesare to imagine that the "child" in question was little more than an infant. And it had been with an unconcealed start of pleasurable surprise that he had met the "child" who was to be one of the inmates of the same house with him for an indefinite but certainly considerable time to come.

It is not surprising that the whole aspect of his time of exile should have forthwith assumed a very different complexion in his eyes. Notwithstanding the genuine gratitude with which he had accepted the asylum proposed to him, and the real relief from very serious trouble which the offer had brought with it, the prospect of spending at least several weeks in a lone house in the Maremma, with such society as his friend's description promised him, had seemed dreary and uninviting enough. But any number of weeks so spent in company with the Eve thus carelessly assigned to him as his companion in this lone Eden seemed a vision of happiness. The profounder the solitude, the better! Nobody to interfere with their communing and companionship save the meek and self-effacing Signora Lucia, and that half-human animal, the Caliban of the enchanted island! The desolate Maremma promontory was converted into a paradise forthwith.

And no sort of notion that any sentiments of this kind were likely to arise in his heart, under the circumstances made for him, seemed to suggest itself to either Signor Vallardi or his wife. Whether the former were really blinded to the perception of what must have been abundantly manifest to any other mere looker-on at the circumstances of the case, by his habit of considering Leonora as a mere insignificant brat, or whether he had his own reasons for choosing to be thus blinded, may perhaps be doubted. As for poor Signora Lucia, she had for long years been too much crushed, and her mind too exclu-

sively occupied with dwelling on her own sorrows and troubles, to be capable now of much active speculation or consideration of the affairs of others. Love had been for her too long a thing banished out of this her present world, and belonging only to times, places, and circumstances far distant from those around her, for her mind to initiate any notion that the divine presence could come into the immediate neighbourhood of her, there,—even there,—in that miserable, dreary home !

Cesare Casaloni, as the reader will have seen, is the “hero” of this our epos. But though not only the laws of art require, but the laws of nature also made it inevitable, that he should seem a very godlike and veritable hero in the eyes of Leonora, it is not necessary that any imposture on the subject should be attempted as regards the reader. Cesare had but little in him of the stuff of which heroes of the real genuine sort are made. He was handsome certainly, which is a great point,—handsome both in face and person. Had poor Gufone been as much so, he might have been the “hero” of the action. As it was, the notion would be absurd. Nor was Cesare altogether without other gifts of the heroic sort. He had a certain warmth of imagination, which generally caused his first spontaneous inclinations to be generous, and his likings to lean towards what was good and noble. He had been capable of sufficient intelligence of the nature of the good things desired by the insurgents against the Papal government, and of sufficient desire that the lot of his fellow-creatures should be ameliorated, to induce him to join the movement in the absence of any very accurate conception of the risks of suffering which he was meeting, and in the presence of a very accurate conception of the exceeding dullness of life in Villa Casaloni. He had sufficient power of intelligence and elevation of sentiment to comprehend and admire the great poets of his own language, and to aspire to being—he also—a poet. He was quite as brave as most men are, being ready enough to meet anything disagreeable for a cause, or a thing, or a person he had at heart, provided the disagreeable to be encountered did not last too long. And he had the brave man’s quality of not imagining that he was a bit braver than other men.

And surely here was more than enough to excuse any Leonora for having placed him on the highest hero’s pedestal her heart could imagine, even if he had been presented to her for selection among a considerable number of candidates for the post, instead of being invited to walk over the course, as he was, without a competitor. Such being his qualifications, indeed, it may perhaps be asked by other hero-worshippers of the sex most given to worship, what was there so deficient in my hero as to justify me in throwing doubts on the genuineness of his claims to the character ? And, on looking closely into the matter, I think that the main disqualification con-

sisted simply in this,—that Cesare Casaloni loved himself very considerably better than he loved, or ever could love, anybody else.

It may be thought, perhaps, that the absolute exclusion of him from all pretension to real genuine heroism on this ground is somewhat severe. And yet it may be taken for certain that Leonora, with all her inexperience, would not have set him up on a pedestal, and fallen down and worshipped him, had she been aware of that one fact.

CHAPTER VI.

A RAMBLE IN THE FOREST.

VERY soon the newness and strangeness of Cesare's domestication in the family of Vallardi began to wear off. Before the next departure of Sandro from home, he had, to all intents and purposes, become an accustomed member of the little family circle. The anxiety for news from the outside world, and especially for such tidings from Rome as might help to indicate how soon he might hope for a termination to his exile and his hiding, which had been the main interest of the fugitive's life at the time of his arrival at his place of refuge, ceased to occupy his mind. He no longer looked into the future, and speculated on the probable duration of his present mode of existence, but was perfectly contented with the life which each day brought him.

Leonora's long rambles among the surrounding woods, and even into more distant valleys, continued as before to make the principal and main feature of her life. How like her life was in its monotonous course to her former life before the great revolution,—before the lifting of the curtain that had revealed the new fairy-land glories to her! How like! and yet how utterly unlike!

A certain amount of change had come over the spirit and manner of those long rambles since the memorable occasion on which Leonora had first discovered that she preferred scrambling across the streams herself to permitting Il Gufone to carry her across in his arms. But the rambles had not ceased on that account; nor were they less infallibly made in the companionship and under the protection of Il Gufone. The difference in them, indeed, was for the most part only felt by him. And if Leonora was occasionally made aware, by some word or shade of behaviour on the part of her companion, that all was not between them exactly as it had been, she was far from understanding or guessing the meaning of it, and gave herself little or no trouble to discover it.

Did she understand the difference that had come over her days

now,—under the new circumstances, when the long hours of rambling were shared by a third? Unquestionably, she must have been conscious to the very bottom of her heart that everything she saw and everything she heard was changed to her; that all the sights and all the sounds had a new meaning and an expanded significance to her; that there was a glamour over them all which seemed to place them in a new relationship towards her, and to give them new power of speaking to her heart. Perhaps she was less aware that, whereas, in the old days before the new revelation, she used to return home tired, and, going to her bed after supper, sleep the unbroken sleep of childhood till the morning, now the night hours were many of them spent in reviewing the incidents of the preceding day, in recalling words and tones, in recollecting looks and glances, in looking for latent meanings, and in puzzled searchings for the explanation of the wonderful phenomena which were developing themselves around her.

The forest ramblings were now always shared by a party of three. The first impulse of Il Gufone had been to absent himself when he found that the new-comer was to share in the privilege of accompanying Leonora, which had hitherto been all his own. But some feeling, which he did not trouble himself with any attempt to analyse, interfered to prevent this. He could not bring himself to permit Cesare and Leonora to wander through the woods alone with each other. No word said by either of them had ever given him the right to say or think that they would have preferred to do so. But Il Gufone had not the shadow of a doubt of their feeling upon this subject. And if repeated assertion of the fact could avail to make it certain, it must have been sure enough to his mind. He repeated the fact to himself over and over again while writhing on his sleepless pallet. For neither were his days any longer followed by nights of tranquil slumber. They were nights such as Il Gufone would not have in his moments of greatest irritation condemned even his tyrant Vallardi to pass,—nights of intolerable bitterness and torment. Each night he swore to himself that he would no longer live in the hell which his present life had become to him; that he would not remain to witness every day what it maddened him to see. Yet each coming morning found him again at the stake, in his usual place, ready to take part in the excursion of the day.

The manner of Leonora towards him was perhaps a shade more frankly friendly and easy than it had been before. There was some unconscious feeling in her heart which caused it to be so! But this, too, to the poor Gufone, was no comfort, but, on the contrary, it grated on his sore heart as an additional cause of irritation and bitterness. For it only served to mark to him the more the difference—the immeasurable, the wide-world difference—in the relationship which, it seemed

natural to Leonora, should exist between her and him, and that between her and the new-comer. Cesare, like a booby,—such boobies as lovers oftentimes are,—was sometimes jealous of the frank familiarity thus accorded by Leonora to her old friend, teacher, and companion. But Il Gufone, having the more lucid brain, understood better the meaning and value of such manifestations and shades of manner.

Of course the teachings,—the readings with her old instructor,—had been discontinued. Leonora had no inclination for the former studies. She was learning other lessons. And in truth, besides the lessons which Cesare was specially destined to teach her, his conversation was not without its improving effect upon her intelligence. He was, as has been said, a reader of the poets, not without tincture of poetical feeling and proclivities of mind. And though his intelligence was for every serious purpose a less robust and less acute one than that of the poor Gufone, and though he assuredly would never have had either the patience in labour or the capability of imparting to her the amount of instruction she had received from poor Nanni Scocco, yet his readings of the nature around them, and his renderings of all that the voices of the woods and the waters, and the skies and the earth, had to say to her, had an opening and widening effect upon her intelligence, and a charm for her, which made it seem that she was then able to know the fair world around her as it was, for the first time.

People often speak as if they suppose that the fear of the law is the main cause why men do not much more frequently raise murderous hands against their fellows. But apart from any fear of the vengeance of the law, and apart also from any reasoned or rational conviction of the sinfulness and inexpediency of murder, there is, I think, innate in the constitution of the human mind a very strong barrier against the commission of the crime of Cain. It is no doubt natural to a man to strike when he is angered. And a blow may kill. But I think that a man's mind has large tracts to traverse, and much instinctive repugnance to overcome, before he can determine on inflicting death on another.

Il Gufone, therefore, did not murder Cesare Casaloni. It would be difficult on any other theory to say why he did not do so. Fear of the vengeance of the law can hardly be supposed to have restrained him. There were occasions enough when he might have left him dead in the forest, and easily placed himself where the law would not have followed him. He was abundantly strong enough to have done the deed. And it is hardly to be supposed that human life had any such theoretical sanctity in the eyes of Nanni Scocco, or that his feelings were sufficiently regulated according to the principles of right and wrong, for him to have been withheld from the commission of it by scruples of conscience. It is certain that the

prompting of sufficient hate was not wanting. Had a tiger sprung forth from the Maremma jungle, and torn the stranger limb from limb before his eyes, it may be assumed that the spectacle would not have been otherwise than a very pleasing one to Il Gufone. But he had not become himself a human tiger. In all the meditations of his hate, it never occurred to him to take thought to slay the object of his hatred. But how bitter that hatred was, it is not difficult to understand.

It was intensified by Casaloni's conduct towards the poor Gufone. It was not generous conduct; and it was assuredly not excusable on any of the grounds that accounted for, at all events, if they did not excuse, the hatred Nanni Scocco bore towards him. Of course he could not suspect the unhappy, hideously ugly Gufone of being his rival in the affections of Leonora. But he could not forbear from taunts and gibes directed mainly against poor Nanni's personal deficiencies;—taunts and gibes uttered in Leonora's presence, which, though, to do her justice, she never joined in them, or rewarded them by her smile or any other token of approval, she did not, as it seemed to Nanni, resent as she might have done. How could she resent anything from the new god of her imagination? She would try indeed to compensate for such attacks and mortifications by little manifestations of kindness and regard. But all this served but little to salve the poor fellow's sore heart, and not at all to moderate his hatred against the offender.

It was, no doubt, true that Il Gufone did offend his handsome enemy. His presence was an offence. The old, familiar friendship between him and Leonora was an offence. His persevering attendance on their rambles over the country was a great offence. Casaloni would have so much preferred that these hours should have been passed *a quattro occhi*, as the Tuscan phrase is. Occasions were not wanting also on which some small share of the mortifications, which Casaloni heaped so abundantly on the head of Nanni Scocco, were repaid by Il Gufone. There were things which Il Gufone could do which the magnificent Cesare could not do, and things which the former knew of which the latter was ignorant. There were feats of strength and activity, for the display of which their wanderings by wood, and stream, and crag would sometimes offer an opportunity, which were as child's play to the long arms, sinewy legs, and rope-like muscles of the Gufone, but which the more luxuriously bred and more shapely limbs of the heir to all the Casaloni greatness could not accomplish. And such occasions were not a little disagreeable to the young Marchese.

It came to pass, therefore, that, although it could not be said of Cesare Casaloni that he hated Il Gufone with anything like the same

intensity with which Nanni hated him, it was certainly true that he had no kindly feeling towards him.

On one day it happened that Leonora and her two strangely assorted companions had wandered to a greater distance than usual from home. They were bound on a special excursion which had been planned by them for some days previously. Their object was to visit one of those wonderful dead cities of an extinct race, of which the Maremma contains so many examples, and which prove that the district must at one time, some two thousand years or so ago, have been as thickly populated and as thriving as it is now desolate and poverty-stricken. The proposition had come from Il Gufone, who knew well every hill and valley, and thicket and stream, of the surrounding country, and who knew also in a general way the meaning and the story of the mysterious names of huge walls and Titan-like fragments of the works of human hands, which are to be found hidden in the recesses of pathless forests by those who know where to look for them. Casaloni was not ignorant of the fact that the remains of Etruscan cities were to be met with in the Maremma, and was not insensible to the mysterious interest attaching to them, and to their power of appealing to the imagination. But Il Gufone knew the names and the localities of them, and was not wholly uninstructed as to the general notions respecting the vanished race, who raised them, which have been drawn from the study of them.

It was a beautiful day towards the latter end of November, about a fortnight after Vallardi had left the party of four in the lone house on the promontory above Talamone to their own devices. Perhaps November is the most beautiful month of the year in the Maremma. October may, perhaps, be called so in Italy generally. But in the Maremma October is not free from suspicion of malaria. And the autumnal beauties are still in November making that wild district look like a garden,—like an abandoned and uncared-for garden, it is true; but with all the wealth of colouring that under less mild skies is only rendered to labour. The scarlet berries of the *arbutus* are still making the hill-sides glow in the sunshine; and the reds, the purples, the russets, the yellows, and every hue of orange and of gold, are decking the woods with such colouring as might drive a pre-Raphaelite to despair.

It was on a sunlit morning, one of the brightest of this part of the year, that Leonora, with Cesare and Il Gufone, started early on their expedition. On this occasion, even if the Gufone would have permitted them to go without him, they could not have dispensed with his companionship; for he alone knew the exact position of the place they wished to find, and was alone capable of showing them the way thither across the country. The place in question might have

been reached indeed, or nearly reached, the greater part of the distance might have been traversed, by roads and paths easy to be found; but they must have thus made the distance very much greater. And such was not the method of travel to which they were accustomed. Il Gufone had no idea of traversing the country in any other way than by as nearly following the way "the crow flies" as possible; and he had educated Leonora quite according to his own notions in this respect.

The ancient walls they were bent on visiting are not far from the town of Grosseto, the most considerable in all the Tuscan Maremma, and the high road from Orbetello to the former city would have been the more obvious route for them to traverse. But the traditions which had formed Il Gufone were averse from needlessly approaching towns. And it made no part of his itinerary to touch Grosseto. Many valleys, with their respective streamlets, had to be crossed, and many low ridges of mostly wood-covered hill to be climbed and crossed, before Il Gufone pointed to a somewhat higher eminence in front of them, and told his companions that the ruined city they were in search of lay hidden amid the thicket on the top of that hill. So thick, so pathless, and so thorny are the thickets in question that it is by no means an easy task for a man to win his way through them; and it needed all the exertions of her two attendants to enable Leonora, little as she heeded such difficulties, to reach the walls.

They are a wonderful sight,—standing there nearly complete in their entire circuit, but enclosing nothing save an almost impenetrable wilderness of jungle and underwood, filling up thickly the interstices between forest trees of secular growth. Traces of routes, streets, or roads there are none,—no faintest vestige to be found. Yet other remains of similar cities show us with what a Titanic massiveness of workmanship roads and streets must have been constructed. Nature, in her long holiday time of some two thousand years, has very completely regained her own. But not in two thousand years has she been able to obliterate those giant walls. There they stand where the strong hands of those unrecorded builders placed them, each colossal stone in its place as laid, uncemented and holding its own against time by the sole sufficient force of its own weight! Huge forest trees have profited by the uninterrupted secrecy of centuries to insinuate their roots between the blocks of stone, even as they do in the fissures of nature's rocks, and have become old and enormous trees without displacing them. The places where once there were gates in the walls may be marked; but trace of the ways that led to them there is none. All is now thickest jungle. And malaria has in these days one of her most inexpugnable homes where once was a busy and flourishing city,—probably a port.

For the sea is at the distance of a few miles ; fewer than now separate Pisa from the coast ; and Pisa was a seaport within the historical period. The space that now intervenes between this ancient Etruscan city and the sea is exclusively composed of an alluvial flat, stretching between the old Etruscan hill and the Mediterranean, and doubtless produced by the spreading out of the material which the streams have in the course of ages brought down from the Apennine. Doubtless also these operations of Nature, thus left to work her ends in her own fashion, without any control from the guiding hand of man, have produced the malaria, which now revenges man's neglect by rendering pestilential a district once studded by many cities.

CHAPTER VII.

A BUNCH OF ROSES AND A TOKEN.

THERE are in one place within the circuit of the walls some remains of the substructions of buildings. But it is doubtful whether they belong to the Etruscan period. It is difficult, indeed, to say when, why, or by whom the fragments still visible can have been built. They seem to be the remains of a half-filled cellar, with a small remaining portion of superstructure rising to some ten or twelve feet above the ground. A small portion of the arch which once covered the lower enclosed space, whatever it may have been, remains, and still forms a small amount of shelter,—if any creature save wild boar or wolf can be supposed to have ever had any need of shelter there. There stands this last remaining fragment of a great city,—if, indeed, it be not the work of some long subsequent period,—meaningless in the very thickest of the thick wood. Meaningless, but not without beauty ; for nature can always achieve that by herself. She will not fit the world for man's uses without aid from the labour of man's hands. But even though she be, when left to her own devices, elaborating death for the race of man, she never fails in producing that which is beautiful to his eye.

And this lone fragment of the work of unknown hands has been clothed by her with infinite beauty. The grey of the stones, and the mellow red of the old bricks, in their abundant setting of greenery of every hue of the forest, from that of the young fern, to that of the old ivy, and enamelled with wild flowers, blended into a more cunning harmony of colours than ever Indian weavers designed, are all elements of, and ministers to, the sense of beauty. The wild rose is not common in these forests ; but there are a few plants of it in this special locality, as if they haunted the spot where man had

last lingered here. And one or two plants have thriven wonderfully in the deep mould, the *débris* of hundreds of generations of the vegetable world, heaped on the *débris* of who knows how many generations of man!

The trio of explorers started, as fighting their way through the tangled and thorny underwood, they suddenly came upon the little ruin, struck with the extreme beauty of the spot, and by the unexpected apparition of these unobliterated traces of man's presence in a wilderness where all else had been so effectually obliterated.

Leonora, with an exclamation of delight, threw herself on the ground at the foot of the old wall, where there was a small extent of a few feet breadth only of open turf between the ruin and the thicket. Cesare Casaloni fell to poetising the occasion, in a fashion that was really excusable, considering the provocation. And Il Gufone busied himself with carefully examining every foot of the remains.

"Somebody lived here once!" said he, returning to the spot where Leonora was sitting, and where Casaloni was pouring into her ear trite poeticalisms, which to her had all the charm of novelty and the power to excite her imagination. "Somebody lived here once," said Il Gufone, speaking his truism more to himself than to his companions.

"*O bello!*" exclaimed Cesare, with a sneer; "Il Gufone, after much thought and long examination, has made a discovery! Yes, my poor gnome! there is reason to conclude that real human beings, such as those you, not without wonder, see around you, set up these stones and bricks once upon a time, and lived here! Now it is better adapted as a home for creatures of your species. *Non è vero, S'ora Leonora?*"

"The owls, he means, *Gufone mio!* Yes; it is just a place for a *Gufi*, is it not?" said Leonora, anxious to keep the peace, and to soften, as far as in her lay, the insolence of Cesare's words.

"Ay! The *Gufi* and the *Gufoni* may find a resting-place here now!" said poor Nanni, with a sort of dreamy sadness. "But I am thinking that those who lived here once upon a time, whoever they may have been——"

"And you by some strange chance have learned to read, and don't know that!" interrupted Cesare. "I thought nobody was so ignorant as not to know that these ruined cities were built by the Etruscans—our forefathers."

"I do know, Signor Marchese, though I am but one of the *popolaccio*, that the walls we have been looking at were built by the Etruscans. Whether they were our forefathers is another matter, of which, I take it, your lordship knows as little as I. And whether this bit of ruin was the work of Etruscan hands I very much doubt. But what I was thinking, Signora Leonora, when I said that some-

body had lived here once, was that this place could not have been always as pestiferous with malaria as it is now; and I was thinking of the causes of the change."

"Is this a bad place, then, for malaria?" asked Cesare, looking up from the turf on which he was sitting by the side of Leonora, rather sharply.

"It is one of the worst spots in the Maremma," replied Il Gufone; "and a small opening in the thick wood like this is always the worst bit of the worst, for the opening teems with the bad air as a chimney reeks with smoke."

"What the devil then did you bring us here for, you evil-loving imp of the devil? If you knew——"

There came a dangerous look into the large red-rimmed eyes of Il Gufone for a moment or two, till catching the eye of Leonora with some expression in it which had power over him, he dropped his own to the ground at his feet, and said with slow and constrained words, keeping his eyes fixed on the turf the while, "I thought nobody was so ignorant as not to know that all danger from malaria is over at this time of the year,—especially after the rains have fallen; and I am sure we have had enough of them lately! You need not be afraid for your skin, Signor Marchese, valuable as it may be!"

"I am not thinking of myself, *Gufo*, as you might have guessed, I should have thought, if you had any of the feelings of a man yourself; but——"

"Look!" cried Leonora, suddenly, feeling that some immediate diversion was necessary to avert an open outbreak of quarrel, "look at that bunch of roses there, at the top of that tree;" pointing, as she spoke, to a remarkable cluster, which hung from the topmost sprig of a luxuriant plant that had clambered to the very top of a lofty pine; "who ever saw roses growing in such a place. And of course the finest are always the most out of reach! I wish I could have that bunch of roses to carry home as a trophy of our day's work!"

"*Ecco un' idea, come Lei stessa, tutta poesia!*" cried Cesare, looking into Leonora's eyes, as he reclined on the turf by her side, with enthusiastic effusion; "how I delight in an aspiration which can never content itself with any prize save the highest!"

Il Gufone was already stripping off his jacket. "You shall have the flowers, signora," he said, "if you have a fancy for them!" And without more ado he began to climb the long tapering trunk of the pine-tree by the process known to school-boys as "swarming up." His long sinewy limbs were admirably fitted for the operation; and he went up the tree almost with the facility of a monkey.

"What an animal it is!" said Cesare, stealing, as he spoke a few inches nearer to the side of Leonora.

“He is a very good and faithful animal, the poor Gufone! And I love him very much. You should not tease him so, Signor Cesare!” returned Leonora, while an inexplicable sort of feeling began to steal over her, making her almost regret that she had sent her faithful squire on an errand that would detain him away from her side, overhead and out of ear-shot, for many minutes; although when she had spoken about the roses she had done so for the express purpose of making the opportunity for the little triumph for poor Gufone, which she well knew would result from the wish she had expressed, and which she had intended should help to soothe the irritation and mortification caused by Casaloni’s taunts.

“You should not tease him so, Signor Cesare, if you care so much as you always say you do to please me,” said Leonora; and even as the words passed her lips, she seemed to herself to be afraid of the sound of them, and to be seized by some strange feeling of some sort, that made her wish that Il Gufone would be quick in the execution of his task.

“*If* I care!” said Cesare, insensibly lessening, by some writhing of his body as he lay on the turf, the distance of a few inches which separated his head from hers;—“*if* I care! Is it not the truth, Leonora, that you know at the bottom of your heart that I care for that more than for aught else in the world?”

Leonora could not abstain from darting one glance quick as a lightning flash from under the shelter of her long eyelashes at her companion, before she turned away her drooping head, with a movement that shook forward a wealth of long black silken hair, as a belle of the city might lower her veil. The abundant locks had hung loose, since throwing herself on the turf she had removed the large *contadina’s* hat that had confined them.

“See!” she cried, suddenly clapping her hands, “he has almost reached the bunch of roses! Poor Gufone! he is at the very top of the tree!”

“I wish he would stay there!” cried Cesare.

“Stay there! on the top of that pine-tree!” cried Leonora with an affected non-apprehension of the gist of her companion’s words, which was prompted by her own increasing embarrassment. “What has the poor Gufone ever done that you should wish such a wish?”

“Done! why he is always where he is not wanted!—always following you, as if he were a dog, instead of the stupid *Gufone* he is! If he stayed at the top of the tree, he would not be here, that is all! I never can find a moment to speak to you, Leonora; and—and I do so want to—to—oh, Leonora! don’t you know what I have been so long waiting to tell you? Don’t you know that I love you, Leonora, more—oh a thousand times more than I could tell you if I had from now till nightfall to talk to you without interruption?”

He had taken her hand in his; and though she still kept her face averted from him, she did not make any effort to withdraw it. But as he continued to pour into her ears his version of the same tale that had doubtless been often told in the same spot two thousand years ago, he essayed to insinuate his arm round her waist, as he sat beside her. But she frustrated the attempt by springing to her feet with the agility of a mountain kid; and shading her eyes with her hand, as she looked up into the pine-tree, where Nanni had not without difficulty just succeeded in securing the bunch of roses, cried aloud, "Bravo, bravo, Gufone! Take care! Take care how you come down! It looks very dangerous!"

"Take your time, man. Don't be in a hurry, or you may come down a great deal quicker than you went up!" shouted Cesare, who had sprung from the ground as she rose, and was now again standing close to her side.

"You are not angry with me, Leonora!" he whispered in her ear. "Is it so distasteful to you to be told that I love you? Leonora! I never loved any other! I never knew what it was to love, as the poets sing of love, till I saw you! Now I know it! Leonora, have you not guessed,—have you not known that all my life has come to be love for you? Can you give me no kind word, no kind look, in return for my heart—my whole heart, given to you for ever and ever? Leonora, will you say no word to me before the opportunity of doing so is gone?"

"Oh, Signor Cesare!" said Leonora, who had now withdrawn her gaze from Gufone in the tree, and was holding her face averted from her lover, with her eyes riveted on the ground, while her cheeks burned, and her heart beat wildly. "Oh, Signor, Cesare!" she said, in a constrained voice, that seemed to his ears to have almost the tone of a sneer in it, "how can that be? How can you talk of giving your heart to me—to me, a poor *contadina*,—you who will go away as soon as the Pope will forgive you,—as father says he certainly will soon,—go away to be a marchese, and never think any more of the poor Maremma, or of any of the people in it!"

The tears had come into Leonora's eyes as she spoke thus; but she would not for a thousand worlds that Cesare should have guessed that they were there. And it was doubtless the effort to conceal all indication of that fact that caused her voice, unnaturally constrained, to sound as it did in his ear.

"Oh, Leonora! can you think of me so? You cannot mean it!" he said, still whispering in her ear, while his eye watched the progress of Il Gufone in his descent, to see how many minutes still remained to him. "It is true that sooner or later I shall doubtless be able to show myself at Rome, and that I shall have to leave the hospitable asylum where I have met with so much kindness. But

forget it! never! Never while I have consciousness to remember anything. And forget you! Leonora, if you had ever loved, you would feel that what you are saying is an impossibility—a monstrosity! Leonora, either I shall win your love to bless and to make my entire life henceforward till life is over; or I go hence, not to forget, but to carry with me a broken heart—to go back to the world an outcast, with all life a dreary blank before me! Leonora, it is not the light love of an idle hour that I am offering you. Where is the man that could dare to speak to you in such a strain? I am laying at your feet the devotion of a life. Yes! I am to go back to be the representative of the honours of my house, and the owner of its possessions. But if you will not go with me, if you will not let my lot be yours, and my fortunes your fortunes, how infinitely rather would I forget, not the Maremma and the love I have there learned, but all the rest! How willingly would I pitch my tent among these forests, and forget all else save you,—remember naught else, care for naught else, and live only for love and for you, Leonora! Leonora! For oh! I love—I love you so much—so much, so wholly, so passionately, so desperately, Leonora!”

Il Gufone was now swarming down the trunk of the tree, and in a minute or two more would be standing by their side. Leonora still held her downcast face averted from him; but he had again made himself master of her hand, and he felt that it was trembling in his. He had spoken with an energy of passion which might have sufficed to charm a less inexperienced ear than that of the young and utterly guileless girl by his side, and might have moved to love a heart less well inclined to give all itself in return for that which was promised her.

He drew her gently towards him, and as he did so he could hear the panting of her bosom, and see the tremor which her emotion imparted to every part of her person.

“Leonora!” he said hastily, whispering still more lowly in her ear, “he will be here in an instant. See, now, you shall give me a sign. I leave your dear hand loose in mine. If you cannot love me—if my love is distasteful to you—take your hand away. But if there is hope for me—if you will not cast from you the devotion of a life—let it lie yet an instant in mine!”

The little trembling hand was not withdrawn. It trembled a little more than before; and the face was more completely averted from him than ever. But the hand lay unresistingly in his. And Casaloni knew that Leonora loved him.

In the next instant Il Gufone stood with his bunch of roses by her side.

THE DIGEST OF LAW COMMISSION.

It was in the reign of the first of the Stuarts that the most remarkable of English thinkers directed attention to what, he believed, were the chief defects of the law of England—its vast bulk, and its want of arrangement. At that time our law was comprised in about sixty or seventy volumes of Reports of Judicial Decisions and Statutes; and though it was an uncouth system, and was falling behind the requirements of the age, it was being shaped into a kind of form by the quaint treatise of “Coke upon Littleton,” long the *notum organum* of our legal learning. Yet Bacon did not fail to perceive that a jurisprudence which had already taken the form of a judge-made case-law, occasionally altered by legislation, was pregnant with no inconsiderable mischiefs; and he summed up these in a few sentences, characteristic of his sagacity and forethought. Owing to the huge intricacy of the law, litigation, he said, was greatly protracted; facilities were given to chicane and oppression; the judges possessed too arbitrary power; an undefinable province of equity was being added to our legal domains; scientific legal learning was discouraged; uncertainty and hazard were imported into even ordinary dealings and contracts; “this continual heaping up of laws without digesting them making but a chaos and confusion, and showing the law to be many times as a snare to the people.” The remedy for this state of things, he declared truly, would be an “heroical work;” and in the “De Augmentis” he laid down a bold and elaborate scheme with this object, founded evidently on the example set by Justinian in his reform of the Roman jurisprudence. Not dissatisfied with the substance of our law, to which he inclined “to give light, but no new nature,” Bacon sought to lessen its unmanageable bulk, and to mould it into a coherent system, in harmony with actual ideas and wants, yet not devoid of philosophic method. For this purpose our whole case-law was to be examined, and ranged under heads; what was obsolete or irrelevant was to be expunged; the true principle was to be extracted from doubtful or conflicting decisions; superfluous matter, or repetitions of the same rules or maxims, were to be rejected; and the residuum was to be shaped into a digest, arranged according to a regular plan, and illustrated by sufficient precedents. A similar process of expurgation and revision was to be pursued as regards the statutes; and these when reduced to their fitting number, and classified under appropriate titles, were to be combined into a separate digest, the two forming one “Corpus Juris.”

By these means, in his hopeful language, "the entire body and substance of our law would remain, only discharged of idle, and unprofitable, or hurtful matter ; and illustrated by order and other helps towards the better understanding of it, and judgment thereupon."

Two centuries and a half have elapsed, yet the design of Bacon remains unfulfilled, and until lately was but little considered. While his philosophy has borne magnificent fruits in many and varied fields of knowledge, and his method absolutely rules his countrymen in scientific pursuits and inquiries, his plan for digesting our jurisprudence has been hitherto barren of consequences. Meantime, the law whose cumbrous confusion provoked his criticism has expanded not less than twentyfold in bulk ; and the resulting mischiefs are at least as great as when he reviewed them in his famous treatise. The half-feudal England of James I., undeveloped, and pent within its own seas, does not differ more widely from the mature empire, whose power is felt in all parts of the earth, than the legal system expounded by Coke differs from that of the reign of Victoria. Our case-law fills fourteen hundred volumes, and our statute law about fifty more ; and though parts of this mass have been explained by commentators of varied merit, none of these have been so comprehensive, or have obtained such general authority as the still celebrated annotator of Littleton. This enormous chaos represents the growth of our jurisprudence during six centuries, as, in a state of continual progression and decay, and left untouched by the hand of science, it has been accommodated in successive ages to our ever-advancing civilisation, and has been painfully fitted to modern uses. Since Bacon's time, the elaborate system, intricate, technical, and curiously refined, which made up our law of real property, has, bit by bit, been crumbling away, and has silently undergone a vast revolution. Our law of personal property has embraced large masses of rights unknown in past times ; and our commercial law has been called into being, and has grown rapidly into immense proportions. So, too, our criminal and constitutional law has passed through a number of phases ; our law of evidence and our canons for interpreting the meaning of documents, wills, and contracts, have been almost entirely created ; and the practice and procedure of our courts have been repeatedly and thoroughly altered. These changes could not have been made without vast additions to our jurisprudence ; and as they have been altogether the work of tribunals gradually establishing new rules and principles by improving on precedents, and of Parliaments legislating in a tentative manner, by fits and starts, and for special exigencies, we need not wonder that by this time they have swelled our law into its present amplitude. It should be remembered, moreover, that since Bacon wrote, no attempt has been made to reduce to order the arrays of judicial decisions and statutes which year after year

have been produced; and, accordingly, that whatever is obsolete, mere repetition, or useless in these, remains encumbering the "*Corpus Juris*," undistinguished from what is living and valuable. The result is the chaotic mass known by the name of the Law of England; and though in the ordinary affairs of life, and in the usual round of litigation, the direct and practical evil of this is less than would be thought beforehand, it is nevertheless extremely serious, while its indirect consequences are very pernicious.

We can only briefly indicate the reasons why this state of things has continued so long, with mischiefs increasing from year to year. As Lord Westbury has said, the intense conservatism of Englishmen has had much to do with the matter; the "*Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari*" has been echoed age after age, and has prohibited comprehensive reforms of the law. Something too must be attributed to our insular pride, and to our stubborn respect for precedent; having been told for many generations that our jurisprudence was the best in the world, this has been accepted by us as a general belief. The habit, too, of conferring the prizes of the law on practical talent alone, and of not training scientific jurists, has had at once a tendency to prolong the existence of a defective system, to discourage the peculiar kind of ability that could best appreciate and amend it, and to enlist the prejudices and supposed interests of a powerful profession against large changes. But other and weightier causes have concurred, to be found in the history of the country. Our ancestors during the seventeenth century were too deeply engaged in political contests to think much of purely legal changes, though Cromwell accomplished something in this field, and had he lived would have done more; and, after the Revolution of 1688, they viewed with jealousy—because they saw it identified almost everywhere with despotism—the Civil Law, which would have given them the best means for revising their own. The eighteenth century was obviously unpropitious to any simplification of our legal system. The narrow and wealthy oligarchy in which the power of the State then centred, had a positive interest in keeping the law in a state which made litigation costly, or, at least, except in a few instances, had no motive to abridge or improve it; and the burden it laid on the poorer classes was borne in silence, or was not considered. The result was that while judges of the highest eminence adorned this epoch, and while such parts of our jurisprudence as affected sensibly our aristocracy, were admirably expounded and illustrated, no thought was bestowed on digesting the mass, and setting it out in a definite form. Then came the reaction against the French Revolution, and the obstructive Toryism typified by Lord Eldon; and in those times, it is unnecessary to say, Law Reform not only was disregarded, but was associated with Jacobinism and anarchy. The next era was fruitful

in legal changes, and it would be most ungrateful to detract from their merits. But the law reformers of that generation—the Romillys, Mackintoshes, Broughams, Peels—applied themselves to amending the substance, and not the form of our jurisprudence; and while our old criminal law has been deprived of its atrocious character, while our whole procedure has been happily improved, and our law of real property has been freed from much of its absurdity and subtleties, our *Corpus Juris* remains “a sea of precedents and statutes immeasurable and half-explored.” Modern amendments, indeed, have necessarily added not a little to its extent and obscurity.

This state of our law shocks intelligent minds, and besides is full of positive mischiefs. If some of the objections urged by Bacon are less forcible now than when he wrote, others are decidedly more cogent. The chance medley of our jurisprudence is less positively dangerous than it has been, the system being comparatively matured, the administration of justice being controlled by a powerful opinion and an educated Bar, and the character of the judges having risen greatly since their independence was effectually secured. But though no legal functionaries in our time could safely compass the ends of tyranny through the confusion of our precedents and statutes, our courts, owing to this uncertainty, are sometimes necessarily more arbitrary in their action, and more harassing and vexatious to suitors, than they would be were our law made methodical. So, too, our common law is not now invaded by an indefinite equity, those two spheres of our jurisprudence revolving in tolerably well settled orbits; but it is equally true that their separation is a cause of grievous and needless hardship. Unquestionably every other complaint of Bacon is at present better founded than ever. How seriously litigation is prolonged, and how greatly its expense is enhanced by the undigested condition of our law, must be known to every experienced lawyer. “Opinions” highly paid for, yet doubtful; repeated “consultations” and “attendances;” “points reserved” in bristling multitude of *Nisi Prius*; interminable “law arguments;” and the conflicting “judgments” of ascending grades of legislating tribunals—these are the results of a legal system, which, it has been said, gives scope “for arguing anything.” It is evident what an advantage is thus afforded to wealth in any dispute with poverty; and though it cannot be said at this day, as it was just forty years ago, that our law “is the patrimony of the rich, and the two-edged sword of oppression,” it has not become, as Brougham expected, “the inheritance of the poor, and the staff of honesty.” As for the uncertainty introduced into numberless transactions by our overgrown case-law and statutes, this is far more than it was in the seventeenth century; the mass of decisions on the statutes of frauds, of wills, of limitation and prescription, on the rule in *Shelley’s case*, and the vain distinctions between different

kinds of future interests in the settlement of landed property, show that what should be comparatively simple, is perplexed by great and needless intricacy. Nor can we doubt that, as Bacon showed, the peculiar form of the law of England has discouraged scientific legal learning. Lord Westbury remarked, twenty years ago, to a committee of enquiry on legal education, that our system tended to develop advocates and chamber counsel of the highest ability, but that it was positively distasteful to the finest minds, and that an enlightened study of the philosophy of law, and of the general principles of jurisprudence, was very uncommon among English lawyers. This is probably owing, in a great degree, to the difficulty of comprehending the law, in any of its parts, however imperfectly, and to the sacrifice of generalising power and of deep thought to mere acuteness, produced by constant application to a pursuit in which knowledge can be acquired only by a never ceasing comparison of precedents.

The chaotic state of our law, moreover, leads to mischiefs other than those within the ken of the minds of the Stuart period. We have reached a time when the conduct of men in authority, more than ever before, will be subjected to the control and criticism of the great masses of the British people. Acts of power that cannot be clearly justified, will occasion certainly serious discontent; and an obscure and uncertain condition of law will often expose such acts to suspicion. For instance, many Irishmen, at this moment, think that the law was unfairly strained in the case of the recent trials at Manchester; not merely from a false national sentiment, but because, owing to some legal dicta, they have heard that what is called express malice is a necessary element to constitute murder. Had the apparent difficulty on this point been removed by a plain statement of the law, as we find it in the code of New York, might not some irritation have been allayed, and some popular complaints been lessened? Many examples, of a like kind, might be adduced, as in the case of the rights of aliens, and of the duties of soldiers and peace-officers; in all of these, the complication of our law, and more or less conflicting decisions, have a tendency to expose authority, even in its most legitimate exercise, to much unfortunate opposition and obloquy. The obscurity of our law, moreover, works mischievously in another direction, of which our rulers might well take notice. It withdraws from sight, and as it were veils the defects in the actual substance of the law; and this, though a grievance to all, is especially one to the humbler classes. The common law of husband and wife is in the highest degree unjust; but an heiress about to marry, who hears from her lawyer that it makes another master of her property, secures herself by a proper settlement. So, too, a capitalist farmer usually protects himself by stipulations in a lease, against most of the harsh common law rules that

mark the relation of landlord and tenant; or a rich testator, who wishes to settle his property on his wife and family, knows with what aid he can safely traverse the intricacies of the law of limitation. But the poor continue subject to the operation of these and other doctrines of the kind, the relics of a rude and uncivilised age, which, comparatively unfelt by the wealthier classes, remain embedded in our jurisprudence. If that jurisprudence, instead of being concealed in hundreds of mysterious volumes, and contained in thousands of miscellaneous cases, were set out in a compendious form, and made comparatively easy of access, can we doubt that public opinion, ere long, would remove such palpable errors from it, and reform it in the interest of the whole people?

The merit of any practical efforts to arrange our law into some kind of order—a work, pronounced in 1816, by a Royal Commission to be impossible—belongs, although in different degrees, to Chancellors of a very recent period. Lords Cranworth and Campbell appointed Commissioners to revise certain parts of the statute book; and the criminal Acts of 1861, and the repealing Acts of obsolete statutes, have been the result of their labours. By these measures our criminal statutes have been consolidated into a code, and the statute book has been disencumbered of a vast amount of irrelevant matter; but as they do not attempt to deal with the enormous mass of our case-law, they have effected comparatively little good. In 1863, Lord Westbury reviewed the whole subject in a comprehensive speech, deserving the praise of all law reformers. Having pointed out with his wonted clearness, the mischievous operation of the present system, in aggravating the uncertainty of litigation, and adding to its hazard and expense, he proposed that the remedy put forth by Bacon should be adopted in our day, and that the whole of our case-law and statutes should be formed into a digest, setting out in definite order the entire existing law of England. Without entering at length into details, he evidently thought that the plan of Bacon, itself pursuing a great example, and founded on sound reflection and sense, should be followed in the compilation of the digest; that is, that after pruning away superfluous and irrelevant parts, and all that is antiquated, and mere repetition, the law, as it is, should be expressed in an authoritative summary, with apt illustrations; but we do not collect that he had in view the separation into two divisions of our law declared in cases and statutes. In consequence chiefly of this address, a Commission was appointed in 1866, with Lords Cranworth and Westbury at its head, charged with the duty of making an enquiry “Into the expediency of a digest of law, and the best means of accomplishing that object.” In May, 1867, this body, composed, without exception, of men eminent for real knowledge of law and jurisprudence, or skilled

in legislative composition, or masters of the practice of our courts, drew up and published their first report ; and, last November, they put forward a scheme for carrying out a digest of our law, which they had unanimously pronounced expedient. Having selected certain branches of law, which they thought well fitted to be digested, they invited members of the Bar to draw out brief specimen digests of parts of these, accompanied by one analysis of one whole branch, and by any observations that seemed apposite. The avowed object was to procure by competition a staff of coadjutors to assist the Commissioners in the arduous task of completing a digest, and we are happy to learn that the Bar have shown an honourable readiness to respond to this call.

We have no space to notice at length the report of the Digest Commissioners. After stating what are the elements of our law, it proceeds to describe its bulk and disorder—"a great chaos of judicial legislation"—and it indicates briefly the resulting mischiefs. It shows next how "a correct digest would go far to remedy this," and how such a work would improve legislation, would conduce to the better administration of justice, would "be advantageous to the study of the law," and would "be the best preparation for a code, if at any future time codification should be resolved on." In the whole of this we fully concur, and we are happy to see that the Commissioners insist that a simplification of our law is required "on the higher grounds of national duty ;" it being, "as they conceive, a duty of the State to take care that its laws shall, so far as it is practicable, be exhibited in a form, plain, compendious, and accessible, and calculated to bring home knowledge of the law to the greatest possible number of persons." As regards the scheme proposed by the Commissioners to provide for the completion of the digest, there is every reason to expect its success. The task of examining the mass of our law, arranging, and putting it into shape, under the superintendence of the Commission, could be obviously entrusted to the Bar alone ; and, no doubt, a good selection of persons will be obtained by fair competition. The subjects, too, set out by the Commissioners for specimens of the work to be done, are well chosen, if considered as tests to ascertain the fitness of the candidates, and not as parts of an organic whole, to be afterwards put together and classified. The first, the law of bills of exchange, of promissory notes, and similar documents, could not be analysed in a satisfactory manner without a thorough mastery of our commercial law. A complete and accurate sketch of the second, the law of mortgage, including lien, requires familiarity with our law of tenure, and, indeed, of real property in general, and an insight into our Equity system. Nor could any person succeed with the third, the law of easements and

other servitudes, unless he were really well acquainted with certain parts of the civil law, and with common and real property law, and unless he had some degree of skill in tracing difficult and refined analogies. In short, it may be said with confidence that the successful competitors in these essays will be competent to aid in the preparation of a digest.

It is obvious, however, that these specimen digests must have been intended as tests only, and not as parts of a general work. For their subjects have little relation to each other; they do not admit of being combined according to a logical arrangement; they belong to distinct departments of law, though crossing each other at certain points. And this leads us to say a few words on what, with diffidence, we venture to think will be the true mode of compiling the digest, and in what form it should be cast. Having selected from the competing candidates a certain number of competent assistants—and the number evidently cannot be small—the Commissioners should employ these in collecting, analysing, and putting into shape the materials of the proposed digest. With this object, separate branches of the law will have to be taken in hand by those intrusted with the task, and it will be necessary to master and bring together the whole of the case-law and the statutes, out of which each branch has been gradually evolved. From this mass whatever is obsolete or worthless should be carefully expunged; irrelevant decisions and repetitions should be cast aside as mere rubbish; when the law is certain, it should be declared in distinct language, with apt illustrations, and all doubtful or obscure points should be ranged together and accurately noticed. By this process the substance of the law will be cleared from all superfluous matter, and presented in an intelligible aspect; and its component parts will be made ready for fusion into a systematic aggregate. This last, and by far the most difficult office, should devolve, we think, on the Commissioners themselves, or on a few lawyers of the very highest powers; and it will be best accomplished by laying down a scheme beforehand of the divisions into which the law should fall, according to a scientific distribution, and making them, so to speak, the moulds to receive and give form to the collected materials. In a word, the assistants we have referred to should, in Bentham's phrase, be the hodmen to the work; another body should be the architects, to fashion after a preconceived design the great structure of the completed edifice. A digest framed in this way would be a coherent and methodical whole; it would be an exact republication of our law as it actually exists, but in a scientific shape, in harmony with just legal conceptions, and in a clear and compendious summary; and, except that it would indicate doubtful positions, would cite a few precedents, and refer to them, and would probably have a good deal of borrowed

language, it would be a code in its essential features ; in fact, a code imperfectly developed.

As regards the form such a work should assume, we think that each separate head of the digest should comprise whatever in our case-law, or in our statutes, belongs to it ; to divide this would be utterly illogical ; and, on the whole, we believe the law should, as far as possible, be set forth in the actual words of recorded decisions, and in the very letter of the statutes. In this respect the remarks of Bacon upon the subject recommend themselves.

In what we have said our readers will see we have assumed that the compilation of the digest will be the best means, at the present time, of moulding our law into comparative order. This does not imply that a digest should be the ultimate form of our *corpus juris*—the most perfect expression of our jurisprudence ; on the contrary, we hold that any such work ought to be merely a prelude to a code, and the natural forerunner of it. But, for several reasons, we do not think that in the actual condition of our law we should make a step to a code at once without going through an intermediate stage. In the first place, vast as is its size, and rich as it is in many parts, the law of England is extremely meagre as regards some important subjects, and it would be unfortunate were it codified before the deficiency was supplied. For example, several questions of presumption, and of what we may call the ethics of law, that admit of being clearly defined, have not been settled in our jurisprudence, owing to the want of generalising thought produced by the study of case-law, and to the practice of solving legal difficulties by that convenient instrument, a common jury ; and it is not surprising how often we find in practice that a given case “ is absolutely without authority.” It may be expected that the preparation of a digest will bring out these omissions plainly, and will suggest remedies for them in part ; and it would be much better to obtain this result in this manner than by elaborating a code which would either retain or amend them crudely. In the second place, the substance of our law, as regards some branches, is so behind the age, that it would be unwise to stereotype it into a code without very considerable alterations ; but it is hardly probable that public opinion would permit these to be made speedily by any process of codification, or any Commission appointed for the purpose. The law, for instance, of husband and wife, of marriage, of illegitimate children, and of the limitation of real property, should be in several respects re-cast ; the distinction between Common Law and Equity, a most mischievous accident, should be abolished ; but these changes seem to be, as yet, distant, and a code without them would be premature. It is probable that a well-compiled digest would direct attention to these matters by making the law more easy of comprehension ; and if so, it should

certainly precede any attempt to codify our jurisprudence. And, lastly, we are disposed to think that the task of framing our law into a code without passing it, as it were, through a digest, would be one of such extreme difficulty that the result would hardly answer expectation.

A digest framed as we have suggested would certainly not be a small work, and it would be the product of considerable labour. And, obviously, it would require revision and augmentation, so as, year after year, to absorb the fresh elements added to our law continually by new decisions and statutes. For this purpose the Digest Commission and its assistants should be made permanent, and should be charged with the important task of keeping the digest on a level with the law. Were this done, it might be fairly expected that our jurisprudence would gradually ripen until it had become fit to be codified, and to receive at last scientific expression. Nor, even when a code should have been completed, would it be possible to dispense with the services of some body, like a law council, that would at intervals introduce into the code, in appropriate language and logical order, the new materials which legislation and the application of legal principles to strange or unexpected combinations of facts would create inevitably in the progress of time. For it is idle to suppose that even the most perfect code could anticipate every possible contingency, or claim the character of finality; all that it could effect would be to put the law of a given period into a systematic shape according to actual wants and ideas, and to suggest analogies and general principles to guide the lawyer in novel cases. Accordingly, a code, unless periodically revised, would be always liable to be overgrown by glosses, and to become, at last, a mere text burdened with innumerable loose commentaries; and this has been proved by several examples. The Code Napoleon, for instance, at this moment is almost hidden under its many expositions and the accessions irregularly made to it; and it has been said that the complexity of law in France is already formidable. And that the remedy is what we have suggested is not only evident from the nature of the case, but is maintained by the highest authority. The Indian Law Commission have recorded their opinion "that at intervals of only a few years the enacted law ought to be revised, and so amended as to make it contain, as completely as possible, in the form of definitions, of rules, or of illustrations, everything which, from time to time, may be deemed fit to be made a part of it."

Any difficulties, however, in maintaining a code at the standard of contemporary needs, are no reasons against codification itself. It seems to us idle to argue the question whether the existing chaos of our jurisprudence is to be preferred to an exposition of it in clear order and logical terms, according to a scientific method. Such

apologies as that case-law is more flexible than a rigid code could be, and that our common law and statutes are more comprehensive than any possible code, have served their turn in the cause of obstruction, but at the present time hardly deserve notice. A "flexible" law means one that varies, or that cannot be reduced to distinctness—rather strange qualities in a rule of right; and unquestionably a really good code would have to supply very many deficiencies and omissions in our actual jurisprudence. Equally idle is the objection that a code could not meet all conceivable cases, and that it would be liable to different interpretation, even though ably and carefully penned; as if, however a code fell short of ideal perfection in these respects, it would not be an improvement on things as they are. Nor would any one listen now to the plea that the codification of our law is impossible, since within a century the same task has been actually accomplished by most civilised states; and since the law of the State of New York, in a great measure identical with our own, and formerly almost equally confused, has been lately codified into five moderate volumes. Whatever may be the defects in these efforts to simplify law, we believe they have proved in every instance a national benefit; and as regards the code of New York, we can say that although it is not so well arranged or so elaborate as we could wish, we rise from a perusal of it with genuine admiration for its authors. We doubt not, therefore, the time will come when England will follow this example; and we feel convinced that a digest of our law should not only ever keep a code in view, but should be framed with special reference to this object. For the reasons, however, we have already given, it is desirable that our law should go through a preliminary process of expurgation and arrangement before it shall be thoroughly re-cast; that a digest, embodying the law as it is in a methodical system, and in language distinct and clear, but in use in our courts, should precede the making of a scientific code; and one heartily wishes the Commissioners engaged in this great work good speed in their labours.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES OF THE CONTINENT. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, M.A.
Macmillan and Co. 1868.

EDUCATION is a subject on which every one asserts his right to speak, and the consequence is a multiplication of theories and of treatises so rapid that it far outstrips the reading capacities even of those who are most interested in educational questions. But the study of one really authoritative book spares us the necessity of reading many others, and we cannot be too grateful for a work like the present, written as it is by a man of high genius, who, to his hereditary interest in education, adds a long, ripe, and varied experience, and who describes his facts and states his conclusions in a singularly pure and winning style. In 1865 Mr. Arnold was appointed by the Schools Inquiry Commission to investigate the educational system of the upper and middle classes in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland; and the work now before us is a handsome and convenient reprint of the report which he has drawn up, divested of details in which the general reader would take little interest. It is a narrative of observations continued during seven months in the four countries named; and although Mr. Arnold's facts and inferences must carry with them very great weight in settling problems which have long been under dispute, they are not stated with the heat of a partisan, but in the calmest and most judicial manner. The dignified and persuasive tone which Mr. Arnold has adopted will give him even more weight than if he had entered as a formidable gladiator into the arena of controversy, armed with those keen and polished weapons of wit and satire which no man knows how to wield more effectively than himself. In his short and weighty preface Mr. Arnold points out the entire fallacy involved in the assumption of Lord John Manners and others, that "our primary education is ahead of all countries in the world except Prussia." He shows that the tables from which this conclusion was deduced are wholly untrustworthy; that the sense in which the word "scholar" is used by the Educational Commissioners is widely different from that in which it is used in France and Germany, and implies in most cases an amount of attainment immeasurably inferior; that whereas in England Mr. Fraser "thinks it vain to talk of keeping in school the mass of our children after their tenth year," Swiss and German children, on the other hand, are obliged to be under teaching from their sixth to their fifteenth year; that our schoolmasters are socially and ungenerously discouraged, as though their influence were regarded with positive jealousy; that since the Revised Code, and its payment for results, our education has dwindled more and more into a matter of "the three R's;" and that, in national education, prosperity and compulsores have generally gone together. So that, on the whole, Mr. Arnold evidently inclines to the judgment of a foreign report, which he contrasts with our own too self-complacent imaginations, that "*l'Angleterre, proprement dite, est le pays d'Europe où l'instruction est le moins répandue.*" These reasonings are so important that it seems desirable to draw special attention to them; but the main part of Mr. Arnold's book is devoted, not to the primary, but to the *secondary* education of the Continent; and with respect to this also he endeavours to prove that in England, as compared with France and Prussia, the middle class in

general is brought up on the *second* rather than on the *first* plane ; that technical and special education ought not to be an isolated matter, but "the crown of a long co-ordered series, designed and graduated by the best heads in the country ;" and that, partly from our crude jealousy of State interference, partly from our high opinion of our own energy and wealth, we settle the most important matters (such as competitive examinations and other questions connected with schools) without any appeal to the best educational opinion in the country.

Into Mr. Arnold's most interesting account of the various continental systems which he examined it is, of course, impossible for us in this brief space to follow him ; but if we are ever to have any legislation on the subject which is worth the name, it is the plain duty of all who take part in it to consider carefully the facts which Mr. Arnold has had such exceptional opportunities for observing. No unprejudiced man will, I think, rise from the perusal of his report without a saddening conviction—a conviction possibly deepened by personal experience—that the intellectual training afforded to boys in France and Germany is far more rich and valuable than that enjoyed by the great majority of English boys. That there is another and more encouraging aspect of the matter no one will deny ; for no one in his senses would exchange the brightness, the freedom, the self-government, the healthy and happy elasticity, which prevail in our best English schools for that moping listlessness which we have sometimes observed in German play-grounds, or for the surveillance, the confinement, in a word, the *vie de caserne*, which so unhappily characterises the *lycées* of France. But to assume that we cannot improve our teaching without injuring the physique and high spirits of our boys,—and that all who advocate a wider and more fruitful system of instruction must necessarily desire the evils, due to other causes, which in some cases accompany it,—is to adopt a style of argument so shallow that its prevalence would surprise us if we did not know that it originated in the very deficiencies which some of us are trying to remove.

We are glad to claim Mr. Arnold's high authority for many of the views which have recently been pressed upon public attention by school-reformers. Thus he is opposed to our present "half-disgusting, half-ridiculous" method of flogging (p. 81), a relic of barbarism which will probably have disappeared before ten years are over ; he draws a just distinction between the elementary facts and the philosophic rationale of grammar (p. 83) ; he points out that England alone is still content to make Euclid her text-book of geometry (p. 87) ; he calls attention to the volume and irresistibility of the disbelief in a solely classical culture, and the demand for a scientific training (p. 95) ; he quotes the eminent name of Mr. Marsh in favour of the view that a mere polyglot familiarity with spoken languages "tends to make the thoughts thin and shallow, and so far from in itself carrying us to vital knowledge, needs a compensating force to prevent its carrying us away from it" (p. 267) ; he shows that Greek and Latin, when not taught in a wooden and pedantic manner, but with a real reference to the literature which they enshrine, may be transformed from a dull mechanical discipline into a valuable and formative knowledge (p. 238) ; and, lastly, he tells us how much we lose by our present aimlessness, and how necessary it is to fix a *centre of responsibility* in an educational minister, aided by a high council of education, which shall comprise, without regard to politics, the persons most entitled to a hearing on educational questions.

Generally speaking, he regards the present state of things with unconcealed disquietude. Seven years ago he urged upon us an organisation of our secondary instruction. "That advice passed perfectly unheeded, the hubbub of our sterile politics continued, ideas of social reconstruction had not a thought given them, our secondary instruction is still the chaos it was; and yet now, so urgent and irresistible is the impression left upon me by what I have again seen abroad, I cannot help presenting myself once more to my countrymen with an increased demand,—*organise your secondary and your superior instruction.*"

This brief sketch gives no adequate conception of the extreme value of this book. It is one of the most important contributions to a most important question, and even "amid the hubbub of our sterile politics," it is to be hoped that it may meet with the attention which it so well deserves.

FREDERIC W. FARRAR.

THE ANNALS OF RURAL BENGAL. By W. W. HUNTER, B.A., M.R.A.S., of the Bengal Civil Service. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

THE title of this book does not give a hint of its quality. One does not expect much from Annals of any sort; and although there seemed a chance of something excellent when the Annals might, perhaps, relate to a subject of which so much has to be learnt as native life in India, still a very small performance would have satisfied expectation. The fragmentary notes of an observer during an up-country residence, containing glimpses of the under-currents of native life, would have answered to the title; and if the observer had been shrewd and keen-eyed, the book would have been useful as well as pleasant. But the reader of this volume soon finds himself in contact with something very different, and altogether superior; with the history of India under English rule from a novel point of view, and that history treated by a master's hand. Mr. Hunter, in a word, has applied the philosophic method of writing history on a new field. What concerns him is the people of whom he writes—their ways of life, their social and economic development, their religion; and he does not merely investigate facts—though to have the facts investigated was here a matter of first importance—he uses them, as an historian ought, to illustrate principles of government and of social progress. This is plainly a great thing to do for even a portion of the people of India, who, as Mr. Hunter points out, have been thrust too much in the background in the histories of English conquest. That conquest, in its turn, may not be unsusceptible of philosophic treatment; it has had, and still has, a strong reflex influence on English development, and at a certain stage it must blend with the stream of the real history of India; but, for the present at least, and so long as it is treated mainly as a theme for dramatic narration, it can form a very little part of genuine Indian history, and so Mr. Hunter regards it. In another way he is true to the character of a philosophic historian. He is dealing with primitive races; and he fully appreciates the bearing of discoveries as to the language, customs, ideas, and social organisation of such races, on the problem of early history. With them the past is now become to science more important than the present. We can hardly over-estimate, indeed, the value to sociology of an authentic account of the evolution of early civilisations; among other results, for instance, it must inevitably have a decisive effect on the popular notions of the origin of man and of religions; but such an account is only to be got at by the labours of men like Mr. Hunter. Mr. Hunter's gifts as a philosophic

historian and investigator are fully supported by his talent as a writer. He is equally at home in localising his story, describing the effects of an Eastern famine, photographing a race like the Santals, and restoring the dimmed outlines of the Aryan invasion of India. The grace and ease and steady flow of the writing almost make us forget, when reading, the surpassing severity and value of the author's labours.

The book is Indian history in a new fashion, and it follows that it must be local. India as yet is only a geographical expression, and this mode of writing history requires that especial note should be taken of differences of race and social conditions. There must be many books like the present, and perhaps the social conditions of the various peoples of India must have more in common than is now the case, before a general history will be possible. But the author has the merit of showing the way; while the district he describes must be typical of many others. That district is Beerbhoom and Bishenpore, the western part of Lower Bengal; and in following its fortunes during the ninety years of British rule, we see reflected as in a mirror the main current of the people's history in at least one province of the empire. The thread of the narrative is very simple. The event which immediately preceded the English administration of Bengal was a terrific famine, which cut off ten millions of the people, disorganised the entire community, and laid waste the land. Destruction was wonderfully swift. The hillmen invaded the lower country, and added their ravages to those of famine and pestilence; the robbers were only a little more injurious than the tigers and elephants which roamed at will—the latter trampling down whole villages in their course; peaceful agriculturists, overwhelmed by their calamities, joined the bands of robbers rather than be their victims any longer; in ten years from the famine some parts of the province which had been most populous were covered with impenetrable jungle. All through the early part of this century, and even later, the consequences continued to be felt. It is chiefly with the re-settlement of the Santals, one of the hill-tribes, that Mr. Hunter is occupied in this volume; but he shows generally the new conditions which have been introduced under English rule into the social economy of Bengal. The employment for labour secured by English capital and enterprise has helped to extinguish the old predial slavery; and the formation of roads, and the general amelioration of the province, have extinguished the danger of famine. Orissa, as a district to which English enterprise has not penetrated, is an exception which proves the rule. What happened there in 1866 happened all over Bengal in 1770, and would have been universal again but for the roads and railways which brought supplies from other provinces. Even to blame a Government for not preventing the effects of a famine is a new thing in India; before, it was the order of nature that when the crops perished the people should die. The contrast is worth describing as Mr. Hunter describes it, for it gauges roughly the real benefit of England to India; but there is sufficient in the opposite sense to prove what our shortcomings are. It is pitiable enough to read in the early history of our rule, that, when the people were dying, their sufferings were aggravated by the rigour of the collection of the taxes. But there are modern instances as well. Thus Mr. Hunter's most valuable sources of information were the documents in a forgotten press of a District Treasury, which he stumbled on by accident—reports and memoranda containing the results of many years' inquiries into the laws, customs, and resources of the district, designed as the basis

of a land settlement in accordance with native usage, but forgotten for the last fifty years amid other cares of Government. The work which might have been accomplished fifty years ago has yet to be done. This is one fact which tells its own tale of inadequate government and worse; the other is the cause of the Santal insurrection thirteen years ago. The two millions of this race were actually brought into conflict with their English masters, without any intention to rebel, merely because they suffered from Hindu usurers, and the oppressive powers which the law gave them, and there was no agent of the Government on the spot to *understand* the grievance. The insurrection was crushed; but when the mischief was done inquiry was made, and the demands of the rebels were granted. One may imagine the ruin and anarchy into which Bengal had fallen, when a rule so neglectful has prospered so well in comparison; the neglect is not, therefore, excused. In our premature civilisation, again, Mr. Hunter foresees a new danger. The native races, having no high standard of comfort, multiply rapidly, when the old checks to population by famine and anarchy are removed. They increase at a rate "which threatens to render the struggle for life harder under British rule than under Mussulman tyranny." Unless we provide for the changes of an imported civilisation, we may awake any day to find that the blessings of British rule have been turned into curses. Yet we have not statistics, or the means of getting them, of the population or resources of a single district in Bengal.

This is all too brief an account of one side only of Mr. Hunter's book. Not less important—perhaps more important—are his chapters on ethnology and primæval history. In a general way, it is known that India contains various tribes and peoples; that there have been successive waves of invasion; that the Hindus were themselves invaders; that there is an amalgam of races in some parts, while elsewhere are pure breeds of the most primitive and various types. But Mr. Hunter records precisely the state of the case on the "ethnic frontier" in Lower Bengal, where the wave of Aryan invasion was checked by the highlanders of Beerbhoom. The relations of the borderers, and of conquerors and conquered; their influence on each other's languages and religion; their mutual and different traditions and customs, are all critically examined with an eye to the main issue. What important topics are treated may be seen from some of the conclusions—that Buddhistic monotheism did not succeed Brahmanism, but was the first highly-organised religion, in Lower Bengal; that Brahmanism there expelled Buddhism, but Brahmanism of an impure sort, corrupted by the demon-worship of the aborigines of the land; and—the foreshadowing of a conclusion—that as the Indo-Aryan languages have been traced to a common source, so there can be traced a more primitive common language in which these and the other great branches of human speech have their roots. The comparative dictionary of the non-Aryan languages of India which Mr. Hunter announces, may be looked for with much interest, not only by philologists, but by all who take any interest in researches into early history.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." London: Ellis. 1868.

AT a time when lovers of poetry are overwearied with excess of purely subjective verse, some of it deep and admirable and sincere, much of it mere hollow echo and imitation, and most of it essentially sterile in its solutions, it is no small thing to possess such a poet as Mr. Morris. His mind seems to have

travelled in paths remote from the turgid perplexities of a day of spiritual transition. Either the extraordinary directness and brightness of his temperament have made him unconscious of them, or else they have presented themselves to him for a space just long enough to reveal their own futility and flat unprofitableness, and then have vanished away, leaving him free to follow the lead of his genius. We nowhere see in his work the enfeebling influences of the little doubtings, and little believings, and little wonderings, whose thin wail sounds in a conventional manner through so much of our current writing, whether in prose or verse, weakening life and distorting art. Mr. Morris's central quality is a vigorous and healthy objectivity; a vision and a fancy ever penetrated by the colour and light and movement of external things, just as they stir and penetrate the painter. It is because he is possessed by this most excellent spirit in all sincerity that he is able to produce such perfect effects by the plainest strokes. People who talk the conventional cant about word-painting, this phrase usually denoting a sickening process of accumulated epithet and names of piled-up objects, should turn to a page of the "Jason" or "The Earthly Paradise," and watch how the most delicious pictures are produced by the simplest and directest means. To take the first instance that offers as one turns over the pages haphazard, mark the life, colour, and distinctness in such lines as these:—

"Now, 'midst her wanderings, on a hot noontide,
Psyche passed down a road, where, on each side,
The yellow corn-fields lay, although as yet
Unto the stalks no sickle had been set;
The lark sung over them, the butterfly
Flickered from ear to ear distractedly,
The kestrel hung above, the weasel peered
From out the wheat-stalks unafear'd,
Along the road the trembling poppies shed
On the burnt grass their crumpled leaves and red."

Or this picture of remotest Thule:—

"Then o'er its desert icy hills he passed,
And on beneath a feeble sun he flew,
Till, rising like a wall, the cliffs he knew
That Pallas told him of: the sun was high,
But on the pale ice shone but wretchedly:
Pale blue the great mass was, and the cold snow:
Grey tattered moss hung from its jagged brow.
No wind was there at all, though ever beat
The leaden tideless sea against its feet."

Mr. Morris's descriptions, condensed, simple, absolutely free from all that is strained and all that is artificial, enter the reader's mind with the direct and vivid force of impressions coming straight from the painter's canvas. There is no English poet of this time, nor perhaps of any other, who has so possessed this excellent gift of looking freshly and simply on external nature in all her many colours, and of reproducing what he sees with such effective precision and truthfulness. One trait and consequence of the same quality, by the way, is his sparing use, almost no use, of simile, which is supposed to be the peculiar figure of the story-teller from Homer downwards. More than one fine poem of our day has gone near having its effects destroyed by the writer's excessive resort to a figure which is so soon apt to wear the look of an artifice.

Another of Mr. Morris's most characteristic and most delightful qualities, nearly always found in men of the healthy objective temperament, is the

low-toned, crooning kindness to all the earth which one hears through all his pleasant singing; and akin to this a certain sweet sadness as of the old time. There are not more than two or three passages in "The Earthly Paradise" where this is deliberately and articulately expressed; here is one:—

"Sirs, ye are old, and ye have seen, perchance,
Some little child for very gladness dance
Over a scarcely-noticed worthless thing,
Worth more to him than ransom of a king.
Did not a pang of more than pity take
Your heart thereat, not for the youngling's sake,
But for your own, for man that passes by,
So like to God, so like to beasts that die?
Lo, sirs, my pity for myself is such,
When like an image that my hand can touch,
My old self grows unto myself grown old."

As a rule, this sense of "more than pity" Mr. Morris leaves inarticulate, as the musician is constrained to leave it, and we only feel its presence vaguely, as one may in strains of quaint music. The old men and grey whose adventures form the staple of the prologue, and who sit with modest patience in the background of all the stories, perhaps do something to impart to the whole this effect at once of sadness and of calm. The note of the poem is exquisitely struck in the half-dozen stanzas which open the volume:—

"Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

"So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day."

There were some weak and inappreciative souls, one has heard, who found the "Jason" somewhat touched with monotony of story. They can scarcely find the same fault with "The Earthly Paradise," which is full of change and variety of personage and incident. When it is complete, it is not too bold to anticipate for it a longer duration in the minds and hearts of men than perhaps any contemporary verse. It is less marked than any other with the accidental and transient moods of this time, and most strongly marked with those broad and unsophisticated moods that enchant men for all time. Meanwhile, for us it is full of that reposeful serenity, purity, freshness, and vivid objectivity which the mind loves always, but which it yearns for thirstily in turbid and broken times like these.

EDITOR.

A MEMOIR OF BARON BUNSEN. Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. By his Widow, FRANCES, Baroness BUNSEN. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

THOSE to whom the late Baron Bunsen was only known through books and newspapers are apt to mistake the "place in history" which he filled. On the

other hand, not only his close friends, but even acquaintances whose personal knowledge of him was of the slightest, had no difficulty in understanding the source of his influence, great in Germany, and even greater in England. The *Memoirs* now published by Baroness Bunsen will do much to bring the judgment of public opinion to the level of that of private friendship, so minute and faithful is the picture of the man and his life preserved in her descriptions and the well-selected letters and papers which fill the greater part of the two volumes of biography.

When Bunsen first came to England, Exeter Hall received him with open arms; but this was not a state of things to last, considering how staunch an advocate of free inquiry the German philosopher and statesman was—how set he was on the acquisition of new knowledge, even at the expense of the old—therefore how thoroughly out of intellectual sympathy he must have been with those whom he found so blandly satisfied, as he said, “to go on threshing the old straw.” Thus he naturally came to figure in the minds of a large fraction of the religious world, as he still continues to figure, in the character of a German heresiarch, only too successful in spreading his native rationalism in England by his books and his social influence. Dr. Rowland Williams, in an essay on Bunsen’s “Biblical Researches” in the *Essays and Reviews*, ventured to bring forward his views on Messianic prophecy and other theological topics, setting them forth in the considerate way in which a writer states opinions with which he feels at least a general agreement; and it was fortunate for this Germanising critic that the law stood as a wall between him and the storm of theological fury which he brought down on his devoted head. Still, such a view of Bunsen is quite one-sided. Theologians may call him a heretic, if they will; but few who read his life will deny, what his friends knew all along, that through life the intense religious convictions of his early youth never quitted him, and that there have not lived many men more full of Christian faith and spirit. By the intellectual classes of his own country he was, in fact, looked on as a Pietist. When a student at Göttingen, he went out in the midst of a divinity lecture in disgust at the irreverent handling of sacred subjects by an eminent professor, who remarked, on seeing him leave the room, that he supposed some one out of the Old Testament had slipped in unrecognised. The audience received the sarcasm with much laughter, ill as it defined their fellow-student; for if ever a man came out of the New Testament rather than the Old, he did. Bunsen stood through life as one of a small minority among German theologians, distasteful to the high rationalistic school for his evangelical principles, yet repelled from those who could have sympathised with his devout character and simple faith, by his sense of their intellectual darkness and their bondage (to quote his own forcible words) to “the barbaric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the ‘waste and howling wilderness’ of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall.”

Bunsen’s immense learning, his breadth of view, and the nobleness of his personal character, combined to make him a great theological teacher. But it is necessary to distinguish between the spirit of thought which he could and did transmit to those who came within his wide range of influence, and the dogmatic results of his own researches, which not even his most direct disciples could accept as a whole. The constitution of his mind was, indeed, such as to

make it impossible that his works, full of profound learning and suggestion as they are, should be accepted as standard authority. His power of forming strongly-marked opinions, invaluable for practical purposes, stood him in ill stead when turned on inquiries in ancient history and theology, requiring for their treatment the most cold-blooded and lawyer-like caution. His mind was like a ballot-box with a side for "yes" and a side for "no," and every opinion presented to him must go definitely one way or the other; whereas, the fitting place for even the best opinion as yet attainable on many of the dim and abstruse problems which so largely occupied him, is the intermediate limbo of doubt that lies between proved truth and proved falsehood. In his "God in History," for instance, he observes that the Egyptians were a surviving "antediluvian" people, and he makes this startling assertion (which, I believe, rested on some most inconclusive argument on local Flood-traditions) in as calmly matter-of-fact a way as though he had been stating that they wrote in hieroglyphics, and made mummies of their dead. Yet this same book, invalidated as it is by over-hasty conclusions on insufficient evidence, is not only full of thought and learning, but holds an important place in the development of the now rapidly-growing philosophy of religion—the place which belongs to a bold, original, and catholic attempt to trace the history of the world's "religious consciousness," not in Judaism and Christianity alone, but upward from the ethics of Chinese philosophers and the ecstasies of Tatar shamans. Even in religion and philosophy, Bunsen was not content to be a mere writer, but sought to give more practical result to his views. Thus he not only studied and wrote on Liturgies, but actually made a vigorous effort to introduce into the German Protestant Church a form of services modelled on that of the Church of England. And thus again, not satisfied with taking up and carrying on himself the hieroglyphic researches of Young and Champollion, of which he was one of the first to see the value and importance, he made the matter a national one; for it was through his influence that the German expedition to Egypt was organised, and a beginning made of the researches of the eminent German school of Egyptologists.

The events of Bunsen's life, as we read them in his letters and journals, follow so naturally one upon another, that we are apt not to notice how exceptional were both his character and the career that this character made for him. That the poor student at Göttingen, to whom it was promotion to be made an extra teacher at the Gymnasium, should have succeeded Niebuhr in his diplomatic post at Rome; that he should have risen to such favour at the Prussian court that the courtiers said the King could do no more for him unless he meant to "adopt" him; that he should have become not only Prussian Minister in England, but the most popular and influential of distinguished foreigners—a man to be recognised wherever he went, and stared at, as he said, like a spotted dog—these are points of a remarkable career. As a rule, the German nobility is able to keep such positions for those within its own magic circle; but Bunsen had not only no aristocratic connections in his own country, but was, from first to last, detested by what is now called the Kreuz-Partei, for excellent reasons, both personal and political. His father, an old officer, who had hoped in vain to obtain by good service the promotion only given to family influence, and who at last gave up his profession and went home to copy law-papers for a livelihood, laid on his son the pithy injunction, "ducke dich nicht vor Junkern;" and this advice the younger Bunsen faithfully obeyed. He even took the unusual and

significant step of accepting a life-baroncy, thus making himself a living symbol of an aristocracy of merit as opposed to an aristocracy of birth. Nor were his political sentiments more congenial to the Absolutist party, whose sympathies could not have often coincided with those of a philosopher who published his opinion that the political condition of Germany was one of "civilised slavery and barbarism," an avowal which even we in England, who are tolerably accustomed to plain speaking, must consider as putting in a somewhat extreme light the contrast between the civil rights of Germans and of Englishmen.

Ending his official career with the beginning of the Russian war, Bunsen returned to Germany. In his pleasant home at Heidelberg he went back to his antiquities and philosophy—probably glad to leave the whirl of London society for the terrace where he used to walk up and down meditating, or drawing out some newly-arrived student, and the quiet library upstairs where he liked to show his visitors the Neckar flowing below his windows, and to compare it with the Jordan. I remember taking him there the first account of the discovery of the flint implements in the drift, which he of course seized on as confirmatory evidence of his calculations of the twenty thousand years of Egyptian chronology—calculations in which, whatever we may think of their details, he arrived, at any rate, at general results which have since become more popular. Since his early manhood at Rome, where he married his English wife and became familiar with some admirable types of English character, Bunsen began to establish himself in the important position of a mediator between Germany and England—a German among Englishmen, and an Englishman among Germans. It was, indeed, to his native country that he retired to spend his last years in that genial simplicity of life which Germans, wiser than we are in such matters, take so kindly to. Yet he must have looked to events and prevailing opinions in his adopted country with more satisfaction than at home. It would be a hard task to try to ascertain exactly the effect Bunsen produced on the English mind at large; but there is no doubt that he did influence strongly many leading Englishmen with whom he came in contact—men of the stamp of Arnold, Gladstone, and Stanley—to say nothing of others whose minds were less sympathetic with his own. And whether his share was small or large in promoting the growth of the Broad Church party, it is plain that the tendency of this influential and increasing section of English theologians has been, in great measure, toward the principles which Bunsen so enthusiastically advocated. Could he have lived a few years longer, he would have rejoiced to see, in the increased intelligence and more philosophic tone of our better theological literature, effects of a progressive movement which has as yet shown no symptoms of decline.

E. B. TYLOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF ROME. By THOMAS HENRY DYER, LL.D.
London; Bell and Daldy. 1868.

THE special design of this history is very clearly indicated in the preface. It is to rescue the early Roman annals from oblivion, and to undo, as far as may be, the work of destruction to which almost all recent historians of Rome have devoted themselves. "‘Negemus omnia; comburamus annales, ficta hæc esse dicamus;’ such seems to have been the maxim of almost every critic and historian who has handled this subject since the days of Niebuhr. . . . The work now offered to the public is written on a directly opposite plan. The

object of it is to preserve, instead of to destroy, as much as it may be possible of the ancient history; and in this respect, at least, it may lay claim to comparative novelty." No one can hesitate to acknowledge our great obligations to German scholars. With marvellous enthusiasm and with characteristic thoroughness they have devoted themselves to the most uninteresting drudgery of literature; they have collated manuscripts, purified texts, searched all extant literature for references and quotations, heaped together in voluminous commentaries huge masses of learned opinions on all disputed or disputable points, and so rendered it possible for others to complete what they themselves have left unfinished. At the same time we may congratulate ourselves that English scholarship is becoming, after a long slavery, once more independent. Undiscriminating belief provoked and justified a universal scepticism, but surely the end of scepticism is not only to remove the chaff, but to sift out the wheat. It may be improbable that Rome was founded by Romulus, but it is perfectly certain that it must have had *some* foundation, and to discover its true origin, and not merely to disprove contradictory or uncertified traditions, is the proper business of the historian.

Perhaps the most suggestive part of Dr. Dyer's book is the preliminary dissertation on the sources of early Roman history and the credibility of its internal evidence. The first question is whether *letters* were known at Rome in the time of the kings; and if they were, whether there is any reasonable ground for supposing that they were employed to record the political events of that period. The evidence on this point seems so much beyond dispute that Dr. Mommsen places at an immemorial period the introduction of alphabets and writing into Italy, whilst scarcely the most sceptical historians can offer more than vague suggestions and doubtful inferences in opposition to the concurrent testimony of the ancient authors. Letters may, indeed, have been rare, as Livy himself infers, and what we may call "literary purposes" may scarcely have come into existence in the time of the earliest kings. Nevertheless, not only was writing employed for public records, but these very records, Dr. Dyer urges, are the original sources of early Roman history. Some of them escaped destruction at the hands of the Gauls, but even those which were lost in that great calamity had existed long enough, and were known well enough, to be remembered, and so to furnish a trustworthy foundation for those more recent compilations by which they were replaced.

The first in importance of the ancient records were the *Annales Maximi*, which Dr. Dyer infers from a passage in Cicero, *De Oratore* II. 12, were still extant, even in Cicero's time. Quoting other evidence of the nature of these *Annales* and their existence in comparatively modern times, and the use made of them even by Livy himself, he answers with great sagacity the objections of Schwegler, Niebuhr, and others, exhibiting the extreme weakness of the inferences by which Niebuhr arrives at the conclusion that it is certain that the *Annales Maximi* perished in the Gallic conflagration.

"Let us advert," says Dr. Dyer, "for a moment to this curious specimen of argumentation, where a conclusion considered 'as certain' is deduced from a series of the loosest conjectures. Thus it is said that the earlier annals *may* have perished; that Livy and other writers state this to have happened, but *without specific mention* of the 'Annales Maximi'; that this fate may have befallen them, as the tables *perhaps* were not yet transferred into books, and it is *still less likely* that any transcripts of them were in existence; besides, they *may not* have been preserved in the Capitol. From which series of conjectures follows the very satisfactory conclusion that it may now be considered *as certain* 'those annals really met with such a fate.'" (Preliminary Dissertation, p. xxviii.)

Both to Niebuhr and to Becker Dr. Dyer replies that the Regia where the Annals were kept was not burnt till the fire in Nero's reign, and that the German critics have completely mistaken the nature of these Annals. They did not consist of cart-loads of boards, but, as Cicero says in the passage already quoted, the Pontifex first of all wrote the events of the year down, and then transferred them to an album. The whole record, therefore, may have consisted of one or two portable volumes more easily saved from the conflagration than the utensils of Vesta's temple.

It is impossible in a short notice to do anything like justice to Dr. Dyer's argument, but he examines with the utmost care,* and with continual reference to the objections of the modern historians, all the other sources of the early history, as, for example, the *Commentarii Pontificum*, funeral orations and family memoirs and records, with other collateral sources which might have served to check and confirm the history, and were needful to suggest restorations. He then alludes to the architectural and plastic monuments of the regal period, and completes his survey of the external evidence for that period by inquiring how its history has been treated by the writers who made it their subject. He awards the highest praise to Livy, of whose history the narrative portion of his own work is little more than a translation; calling attention to the fact that Livy was a highly judicious, not to say sceptical, writer, and that this scepticism renders what he has accepted all the more valuable.

He then passes to the internal evidence, refuting the theory that the early Roman history is founded on ancient poems, a theory which is already pretty universally rejected by scholars. He next examines the opinion that the best materials for the early Roman history were nothing better than a direct bare-faced forgery; proving that there is no reasonable way of accounting for the manner in which a demand for such forgeries could have arisen, and much less the means by which the demand could be satisfied. He then examines with great minuteness Schwegler's view of the origin of the early history, answering not only his objections to its credibility, but also the theories by which he accounts for its original composition. He concludes:—

“The objections which have been urged against the history on the ground of its internal probability are altogether insufficient to invalidate its origin from contemporary record. The argument drawn from the supernatural accounts which it contains is futile, since similar accounts are found in much later and unquestionably authentic history. Their greater frequency in the early period confirms, instead of invalidating, its authenticity, as showing it to have been written in the superstitious and comparatively illiterate times which it records. Its alleged contradictions are chiefly the result of the paucity of materials, of their partial destruction, of our own ignorance, as well as the ignorance and want of judgment of Dionysius and Plutarch; but, after all, these contradictions have been much exaggerated, and are not of a nature to obliterate the general historical picture. Lastly, the arguments adduced against the history from chronology are also often the result only of our own ignorance, or are founded on the mistranslations, misapprehensions, and whimsical fancies of the sceptical critics themselves. But though this part of the history is undoubtedly the weakest, yet it is not of a nature to invalidate the whole narrative, nor to leave us without hopes that by careful investigation we may ultimately succeed in clearing it up.”

Dr. Dyer's narrative is short, and almost a translation of Livy, but his critical remarks are exceedingly careful and impartial. The whole book is a most valuable contribution to the history of regal Rome, and may do very much to bring about a revision and amendment of those rash canons of historical credibility which, if they were worth anything at all, would go far to destroy even history itself.

WILLIAM KIRKUS.

